June 20, 1964

THE NEW YORKER

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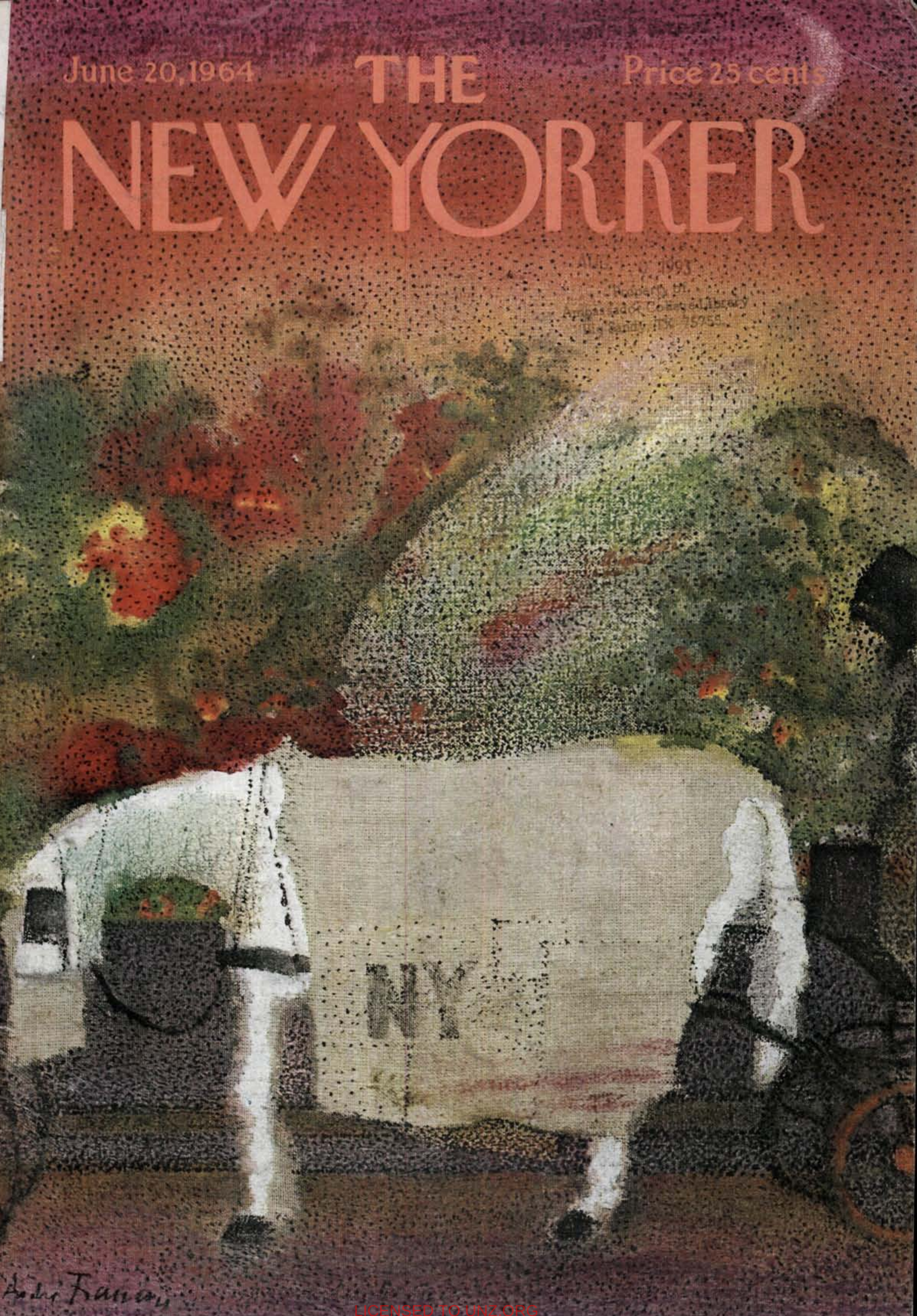

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Any Wednesday—A gay little comedy by Muriel Resnik that has to do with the tribulations of a doxy who is being maintained by a millionaire industrialist in an executive suite. Sandy Dennis is droll and winning as the girl, and she gets fine support from Rosemary Murphy, Don Porter, and Gene Hackman. The play was directed by Henry Kaplan and has a pleasant set by Robert Randolph. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Baby Want a Kiss—Three unfortunate people—Joanne Woodward, Paul Newman, and James Costigan—wandering about in a mindless drama that deals with a flashy Hollywood couple on a visit to an old reclusive chum. Mr. Costigan wrote the thing. (Little Theatre, 44th St., W. BR 9-6100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Barefoot in the Park—Neil Simon's aimless but agreeable little comedy about a young couple's struggles to make life worthwhile in a walk-up apartment with few conveniences. Penny Fuller, Robert Redford, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar are among those happily involved. Mike Nichols did the direction. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Blues for Mister Charlie—A rambling discussion about the differences that exist between blacks and whites who are trying, with no success whatever, to live together in the Southern area of the United States. Written by James Baldwin, the drama has several splendid performances, and fine direction by Burgess Meredith. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

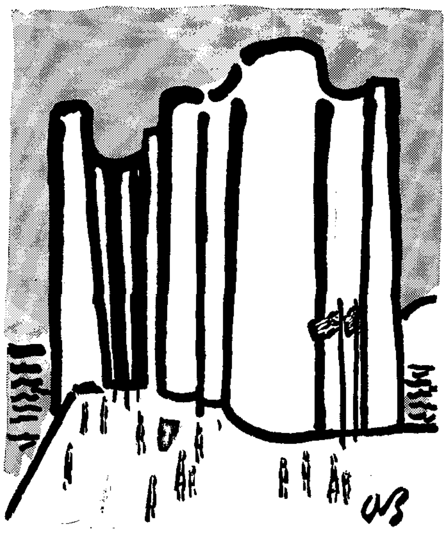
The Deputy—Rolf Hochhuth's controversial drama about the dealings between the Curia and the Third Reich, in an adaptation by Jerome Rothenberg. The work has been cut down from five acts to two, but even in its shortened form it is compelling. David Carradine now heads the large and, for the most part, competent cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Dylan—Sir Alec Guinness turns in a virtuoso performance as the poor sad bad glad mad Welsh poet on the loose in America. A thoroughly satisfactory play, written by Sidney Michaels. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hamlet—Richard Burton makes an unusually robustious Prince of Denmark, and Hume Cronyn makes a superb Polonius in this production, which was directed by John Gielgud. Eileen Herlie, George Rose, Alfred Drake, and Linda Marsh are also prominent in the cast. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Nobody Loves an Albatross—Barry Nelson in a comedy about the way things go in West Coast TV circles. It was written by Ronald Alexander, and it benefits mightily from the lively direction of Gene Saks. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Subject Was Roses—A trio of Irish-Americans—mother, father, and son—resident in the Bronx, have a bickering time of it while they establish that they are really a model of togetherness. The play was written by Frank D. Gilroy, and features Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, and Martin Sheen. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

Long Runs—**mary, mary:** Mindy Carson, Murray Hamilton, and Howard Morton are in this Jean Kerr comedy about an estranged couple trying to repair the marital rift. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **never too late:** Dennis O'Keefe, Will Hutchins, Martha Scott, and Fran Sharon in a farce about a sixty-year-old who finds that he is to become a father for the second time in his life. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Fade Out - Fade In—The good old foolish days in the Hollywood of the thirties. Not a very original idea. The book is by Adolph Green and Betty Comden, and the music is by Jule Styne. Fortunately, Carol Burnett and Jack Cassidy are capably on hand. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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Funny Girl—The late Fanny Brice is portrayed by Barbra Streisand in a musical that is loud and splashy but only intermittently funny. Isobel Lennart provided the book, Jule Styne and Bob Merrill the music and lyrics, and Garson Kanin the direction. The late Carol Haney staged the musical numbers, and Jerome Robbins supervised the whole thing. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hello, Dolly!—Fun and games with Carol Channing, who is delightful in this adaptation of Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker." The music and lyrics, by Jerry Herman, are stimulating, and the book, by Michael Stewart, keeps things moving in reasonable style. The redoubtable Gower Champion is responsible for the direction and choreography. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Here's Love—Something about a Macy Santa Claus who thinks he's for real. The book, music, and lyrics are by Meredith Willson, who, on this occasion, is a little lacking in magic. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

High Spirits—In this musical version of Noël Coward's "Blithe Spirit," Beatrice Lillie cuts up as a daft spiritualist. The book, the music, and the lyrics, by Hugh Martin and Timothy Gray, are pleasant, and Tammy Grimes, Louise Troy, and Edward Woodward are very helpful. Mr. Coward is the director. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

110 in the Shade—An in-and-out musical adaptation of the play called "The Rainmaker." Joan Fagan is substituting for Inga Swenson as the heroine. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

What Makes Sammy Run?—Budd and Stuart Schulberg's description of the life and times of a horrible upstart who bulldozes his way to a big job in Hollywood. A little on the monotonous side, the play has music and lyrics by Ervin Drake and features Steve Lawrence, Sally Ann Howes, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**a funny thing happened on the way to the forum:** Dick Shawn and other zanies doing as the Romans do, or did. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **how to succeed in business without really trying:** About a young man determined to reach the top of the ladder in the business world. Darryl Hickman is the ambitious youth, and Rudy Vallée is the president of World Wide Wickets, Inc., a citadel of industry. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **oliver!:** Young Mr. Twist, more or less. The book, music, and lyrics were fashioned by Lionel Bart, and Georgia Brown and David Jones are in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The Three Sisters—An adaptation by Randall Jarrell of Chekhov's drama, with Kim

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

Stanley, Geraldine Page, Shirley Knight, and Barbara Baxley. Directed by Lee Strasberg and presented by the Actors Studio Theatre. *Previews through Saturday, June 20. Opens* officially on Monday, June 22. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Lincoln Center Repertory—"Marco Millions," Eugene O'Neill's satire, now thirty-six years old, which contrasts the mercenary values of a Western wheeler-dealer with the placid values of the philosophic East. A fine big spectacle in which Hal Holbrook, David Wayne, and Joseph Wiseman figure to good purpose. Final performance Thursday, June 18, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Arthur Miller's lengthy drama "After the Fall," which is apparently autobiographical and deals with intellectual and political difficulties of all sorts, is several cuts below his best work. Performances Friday, June 19, at 8; Saturday, June 20, at 2 and 8; and Tuesday through Thursday, June 23-25, at 8. . . . ¶ "But for Whom Charlie," S. N. Behrman's seriocomic drama about a noble philanthropist who employs a very tricky character to help him operate a foundation aimed at improving the lot of literary types, is certainly not top-drawer Behrman, but it has one large redeeming feature—David Wayne in the role of a sprightly seventy-year-old author full of iconoclastic opinions. Performances Sunday, June 21, at 2:30 and 7:30; Friday, June 26, at 8:30; and Saturday, June 27, at 2:30 and 8:30. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600.)

New York City Center Light Opera Company—"My Fair Lady," with Myles Eason, Marni Nixon, Reginald Gardiner, and Russell Nype, is the last in a series of three shows. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 28.)

APA at the Phoenix—Lively and often stylish productions of an assortment of classics by one of the best repertory companies around. Maxim Gorky's "The Lower Depths": Thursday and Friday, June 18-19, at 8:30; Sunday, June 21, at 7:30; and Wednesday through Friday, June 24-26, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Luigi Pirandello's "Right You Are If You Think You Are": Saturday, June 20, and Saturday, June 27, at 7 and 10. . . . ¶ A Molière twin-bill, "Scapin" and "Impromptu at Versailles": Sunday, June 21, at 3, and Tuesday, June 23, at 8:30. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Closes Sunday, June 28.)

The Blacks—Jean Genet's occasionally stunning, occasionally windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Blood Knot—An obvious, tricky, but often effective drama about a pair of South African brothers, one a Negro and the other half-white. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. *at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through* Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Boys from Syracuse—A rousing revival of the Rodgers and Hart musical. The songs are, of course, wonderful, and they are well sung by the high-spirited company. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cindy—A cheerful little musical about a Miss Cindy Kreller, who works in a delicatessen and gets to go to a ball at the Plaza. The music and words are agreeable enough, but it is the singing and dancing of the refreshing young cast that give the show its charm. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday at 8:40, and Saturday at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday June 21, for two months.)

Dutchman and **The American Dream**—"Dutchman" is a nightmare tragicomedy about the encounter of a respectable young Negro and a mad and maddening blonde in a subway car. The author is a most promising dramatist named LeRoi Jones, whose language is often as brutal and tough as the occasion demands. As a companion piece, the management is reviving, for the fifth time, its knockout production of "The American Dream," Edward Albee's sardonic family portrait. No one under eighteen admitted. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Home Movies—This dishevelled, irreverent musical is not for the touchy or tender-skinned, but it has its comic moments all the same. Many of them are provided by Sudie Bond in the role of a nutty teen-ager, and by Orson Bean who doubles as producer. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-1515. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In White America—A chronological arrangement of official and private documents recounting the history of the Negro in this country. It may not make a play, exactly, but, as recited and acted by six able performers, it certainly makes a dramatic and moving evening. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Knack—Ann Jellicoe's farce, which has been directed by the inventive Mike Nichols, is a British import, and so is half its cast. The theme is seduction, and the story, such as it is, concerns three young men and a girl on her way to the Y.W.C.A. The show has its ups and downs, many of the ups being provided by the fine comic acting of Brian Bedford. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Six Characters in Search of an Author—A brisk production of Pirandello's tantalizing comedy about a group of stray characters who break in on a theatrical rehearsal. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 28.)

The Streets of New York—The songs, by a bright new team—Barry Alan Grael (lyrics) and Richard B. Chodosh (score)—and the direction of Joseph Hardy transform Dion Boucicault's creaky old opus into a thoroughly delightful musical comedy in which every performer is highly satisfactory. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Third Ear—A program of improvisation, directed by Elaine May. (Premise, 154 Bleecker St. GR 7-9260. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11.)

This Was Burlesque—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. Sometimes comic and sometimes merely dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, at 2:30.)

The Trojan Women—This production of Euripides' tragedy of the aftermath of the Trojan War is always clear and visually satisfying. Michael Cacoyannis was the director, and the beautiful translation is the work of the late Edith Hamilton. The individual performances vary considerably in quality. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The World of Kurt Weill in Song—Martha Schlamme and Will Holt in a return engagement of their program of Weill songs. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3:30. May close Sunday, *June 28.)*

DANCE PROGRAMS

Bayanihan Philippine Dance Company—Fifty dancers and musicians, in a three-week engagement. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Mondays,

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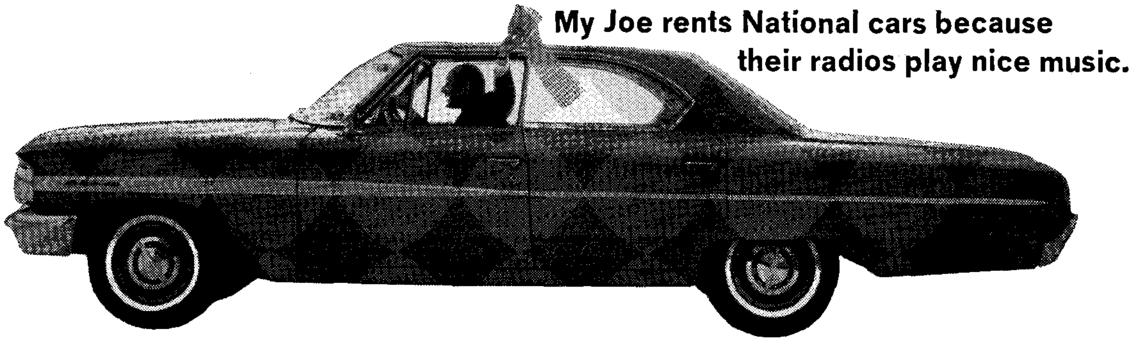
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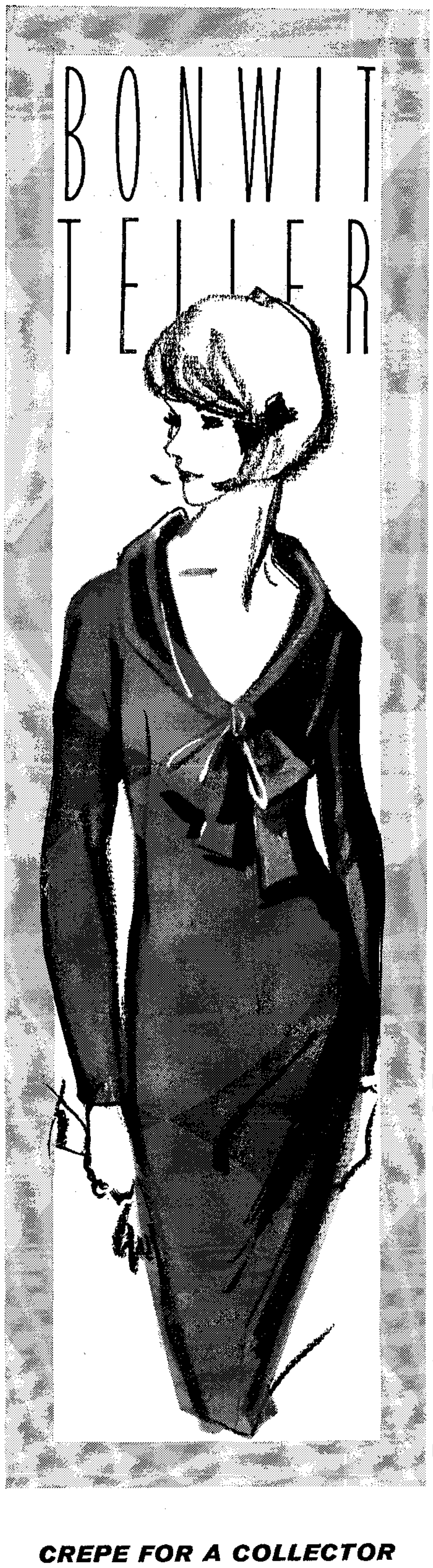

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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MISCELLANY

Folies-Bergère—The Parisian revue, with a cast of seventy headed by Patachou, Georges Ulmer, and Liliane Montevecchi. Presented by Stephen W. Sharmat and produced by Arthur Lesser. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Fiesta Mexicana—The American première of Servando Gonzalez's film "Yanco" (performances Sundays through Thursdays at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10), plus exhibits of Mexican paintings and folk arts, a Mexican buffet, Mariachi bands, and other entertainment. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Nightly, 6 to midnight; through Sunday, June 28.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of "Hamlet," with Alfred Ryder, Julie Harris, and Howard Da Silva. The first in a series of three plays by the company. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly at 8. Through Saturday, July 4.)

Anna Russell—In a solo revue, "All by Myself." (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. LA 4-6731. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—At dinner and supper, the Royal Box puts onstage the dinner jackets of Liberace, who must be planning to become a display window at Cartier's as soon as he has finished his piano lessons. On Monday, June 22, he is to be replaced by Frank Fontaine, who in his time has told (though with rather more humor) tales as absorbing as any that the Grimm Brothers invented. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—A Park Avenue showplace (or almost showoff place, such is its ornamentation), with digestive music from eight to ten and dancing music thereafter, all of it created by George Anaya's Latinos. There's also tea dancing Sundays from one to three; no music Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—"Vanity Fair" done to the life, but in modern dinner dress. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Freddie Jagels' larricking orchestra are on the dead run all the night. The alcove called the Champagne Room, intended for immobile types, is gilded by Freddie Fassler's violin, which would a-wooing go at the drop of a lace handkerchief. Closed Sundays.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—Once up the gangplank, one would never guess that this four-decker is a reorganized Longchamps and not the gorgeously bedizened Fall River Line's Priscilla on her night run to Newport. Below the (literal) saloon deck are Stan Rubin, his Tiger Town Five, and his Riverboat Ramblers, who set to at seven (Fridays and Saturdays at eight) with music contemporaneous with both the Priscilla and the *bossa nova.* No music Sundays.

New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000)—The Seven Hills is, or are, a set of picture windows overlooking a remarkably calm Rome on one hand and a small dance floor on the other. I Cavalieri di Roma, a fine body of Italian bandsmen, begin at eight and go home at one. Dino Palermo, their troubadour, is passion personified. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the gallant little Café Pierre, a handful of Ben Cutler's liveliest music-makers do a hand gallop every night.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Late to bed and late to rise makes a girl wealthy, if one understands correctly the drift of Eartha Kitt's arias, which take place during dinner and supper in the Persian Room. Emil Coleman's sonorous band and Mark Monte's cheerful little earfuls do dance tunes the rest of the time. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Except Mondays, Leo LeFleur's duo burbles in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, before doing a reprise in the Edwardian Room between seven and nine. At eight, Gunnar Hansen moves his violin into the Palm Court, where a dessert sort of menu, plus light wines and light hearts, prevails until one. He does this every night but Sunday.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The summer solstice begins here on Saturday, June 20, when the Maisonette, the home of the cascading band of Peter Duchin and the Latin declensions of Quintero's group, ends its season. La Boite, small and tranquil, which has music with every course (Walter Kay's piano and Jani Sarkozi's fiddle) between the hours of eight and two every day but Sunday, follows suit on Tuesday, June 23. . . . ¶ On Wednesday, June 24, to the surprise of absolutely no one, the Roof opens. Once again, it will be a playground for Charles Turecamo's band and Quintero's ensemble, which will operate from eight to two. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Columns, which gets real perky dance music from the small band of Arturo Arturos between seven-thirty and twelve-thirty, is also calling it a night on Saturday, June 20.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (PL 5-0600)—There's Egypt in your dreamy eyes the moment you set foot in this freehand reconstruction of the celebrated Cairo hostelry; there's music in your ears (the simultaneous doings of recordings and a brace of trios); there's also an aura of pie in the sky and goose hangs high. Eight to four, every night of the week, is the house rule.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Paul Anka (lo, a little child shall lead them) is singing in the Empire Room at dinner and supper for all the town's boy and girl graduates enjoying their final release from school days. The best of the three million Meyer Davis orchestras (conducted by Emery Davis) and the band of Horace Diaz go on practically all the time. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(*No dancing, unless noted.*)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Night school for beginning young men about town and their little doves—not that the old grads of this coeducational project don't flock back to the campus in force. The party begins at cocktail time with pensive piano by Sam Hamilton, proceeds through the dinner hour with piano by Goldie Hawkins or Wayne Sanders, and ends up after the theatre with a double-team deal by the Messrs. Hawkins and Sanders. Closed Sundays. . . . **In Boboli**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A scholarship here entitles one to sit in the middle of a big, happy Florentine family that undertakes to instruct one in the production of *spiedini,* Puccini, and *vini.* The Puccini portion of the week happens every night, and an easy-does-it dance band operates from Thursday through Saturday; there is song, piano, concertina,

我喜歡居留在

Atlanta

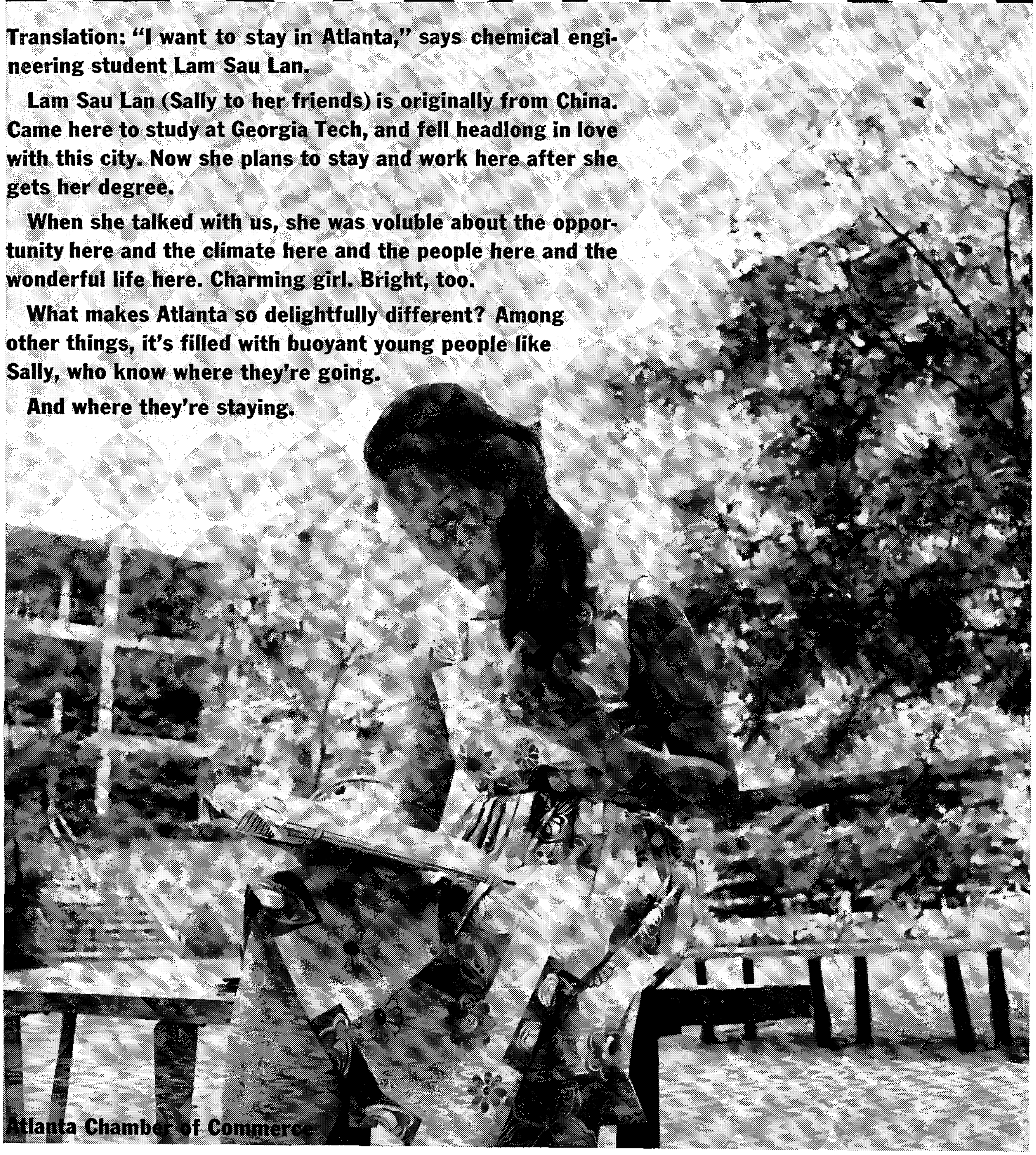
Translation: "I want to stay in Atlanta," says chemical engineering student Lam Sau Lan.

Lam Sau Lan (Sally to her friends) is originally from China. Came here to study at Georgia Tech, and fell headlong in love with this city. Now she plans to stay and work here after she gets her degree.

When she talked with us, she was voluble about the opportunity here and the climate here and the people here and the wonderful life here. Charming girl. Bright, too.

What makes Atlanta so delightfully different? Among other things, it's filled with buoyant young people like Sally, who know where they're going.

And where they're staying.



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5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

and whatnot the rest of the time. The leader of the whole thing is Aldo Bruschi, a fairly glorious basso profundo. Closed Mondays. . . . **LE CAPRICE**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): A promenade for liege lords and ladies, along which are to be found the tinkling piano of Jules Kuti from cocktails through dinner; the effervescent piano of Otis Clements from then on; and, after ten-thirty, the piano, trio, and ballads of Bobby Short, which have a zip code that is theirs alone. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ AMBASSADOR**, in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): Ray Hartley, who has distinct (and sensible) ideas of his own about the way show tunes should sound on a piano, is on a tour of duty that runs from seven to one every night but Sunday. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Lovers' knots and lovers' snarls untied while you wait as Mabel Mercer, a ruler all serene, imparts her own special underemphasis to a bouquet of songs that no one else ever seems to discover. Sam Hamilton is, as he should be always, her accompanist. Friday and Saturday nights after ten-thirty is the extent of her domain. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Very nearly the most venerable Spanish settlement in the New World. The natives, unrestless during the day, go nuts about singing and dancing at night. Audience participation is legal. Closed Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Forrest Perrin has the run of the piano every night but Sunday in this state apartment for cocktails, dinner, and supper. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): An amusing reminder of the days when a man's home was his castle. The master of revels is Norbert Faconi, dean of the entire fleet of wandering-about-at-night violinists. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another medieval real-estate deal, likewise decorated in a fashion that is full of the oddest bodkins. From throne room to pavilion and back again, George Cardini circumnavigates with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A night of some grandeur on the town that sits beside the Tiber. A set of jolly street musicians marches up and down from six until two, and so does the chef. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Sidewalk tables on the sunny side of the Via Veneto. Vigorous contributions to the traffic jam are made by a posse of patrolling violinists and guitarists. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Dressed fit to kill describes this *salle à manger*, and it's a vivacious setting for the guitar of Gustavo Lopez, whose calm music is at home in both Manhattan and Madrid. Mondays are silent nights. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): A cheery decompression chamber for young people who are deep, deep in the performing arts. Sort of ranch-house are the mood and the diet, and the spirit of relaxation is enhanced by a tireless jazz trio. Sundays, a pianist fills in. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room, pillar of society, the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday are assigned to Rack Godwin for the construction of his own special fugues for piano. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): How to restore a turn-of-the-century town house while also restoring the inner man. From conservatory to bar, all delights the eye, and in the bar the ear is cozened—from five to seven-thirty and again from nine to two—by piano that never interferes with conversation. No music Sundays. . . . **MICHELANGELO**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): The good life as it can be lived up in the north of Italy, along with the regional culinary perquisites. There's dream-life piano as early as five every night, and there's Joe Candullo and his trio making north-of-America dance music after nine-thirty, plus (Fridays and Saturdays) a few vocal embellishments. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The piano of George Feyer, which observes all the conventions, is the square of the social circle that operates here from dinner on through supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Perpetual emotion in favor of the good old days in Budapest emanates from lips and strings as the music goes on and on into the night. Tibor Rakossy, the Hungarian Rossano Brazzi, is the best of the crooners. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **PETROUSHKA**, 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): The White Queen of this miniature White Russia is its *doyenne*, Marina Fedorovskaya, whose songs of passion are largely (and appropriately) Slavic and French. When she is not proclaiming them in her clear and dulcet voice, violin and piano brood away in one corner. Seven-thirty until two is the time span. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Everybody from busboy to chef wants to get into the act, which is "Tosca," "La Forza," or a kindred confection. Closed Mondays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): Apply here for your complete cross-section of the city's nightlifers, who are at table until nine and then at exercise on a dance floor of the most modest dimensions. . . . **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Mondays through Fridays, from six to nine-thirty, is the curriculum of Conrad Monjoy, the pianist of this small-scale Alhambra. . . . **NANDO'S MIRAMAR**, 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): Straightforward, sans-serif piano (two players: no waiting) is the lot of those who dine; the same piano, often with lyrics, is the diet for those who sup. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Not to be taken very seriously is the bayadere performance of Rita Dimitri, the proprietress of this small restaurant, when she moves onto the floor in full battle array to do her bumptious songs; her real spirit is evidenced by her cooing duets with her pianist and guitarist, Stanley Brilliant. She shows up at dinner every night, and also at supper Fridays and Saturdays. Leisurely dancing, too, to Kurt Maier's trio. Closed Sundays. . . . **PLACE LAUTREC**, in the New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): The bandonion, a twice-as-big-as-life concertina of interest to antiquarians and concertina-goers alike, is given full play by its master, Mario Peralta, from cocktails until ten every evening but Sunday.

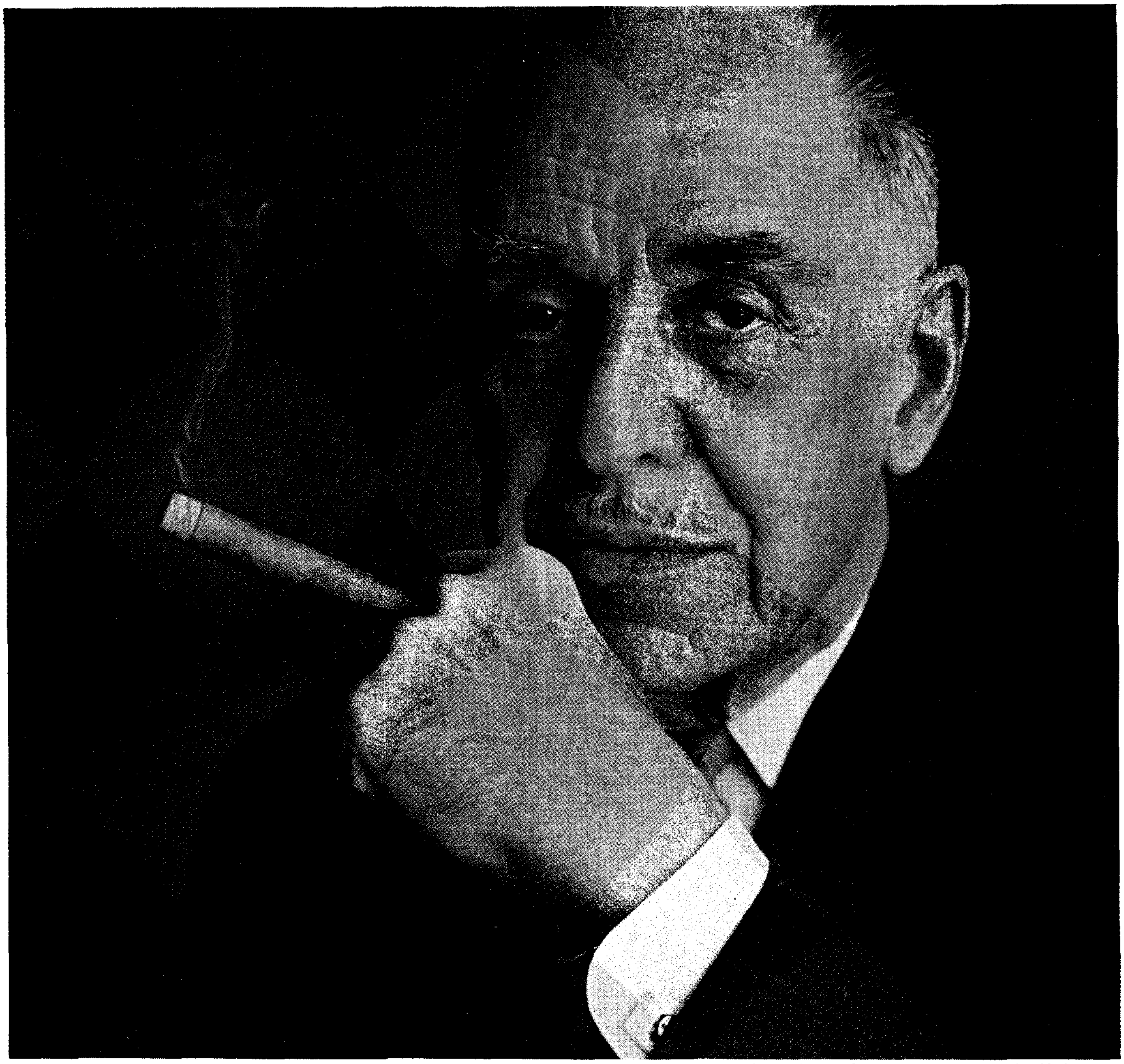
BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Everything comes up peaches on this spreading Tree of Life. The peaches—three dozen of them, thin-skinned, thin-garbed—are the center of an extravaganza in which light, color, and movement are well met. This fine body of girls is escorted by the Bernard Brothers, whose pantomime can be very broad-gauge; Norm Crosby, one of those talk-talk-talk humorists; and the Ayos Ballet, which is Argentine. Dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Fond as you may be of folk music, the malice-aforethought treatment that the Smothers Brothers afford it is certainly the most likely to succeed. Believers in the jump-for-joy treatment of the ballad are certainly to be pleased by Trini Lopez. Closed Sundays. . . . **INTERNATIONAL**, Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): Once in a generation comes a captain of the chorus with the high kicks, good looks, sass, and impudence of Jeanie Stevens, who is up in the front lines with her troops, a fine set of girl athletes, in "Vive les Girls," the best-turned-out and liveliest track meet ever put on in this gymnasium. On Saturday, June 20, the cast will be augmented by Joe E. Ross, a common-denominator wit, but a good one.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): The world is so full of a number of things (that's one of its big troubles), and "Baker's Dozen," this season's Julius Monk revue, picks on the ones that nobody else does anything about. The picking is firm, fast, and funny; the pickers—especially Gerry Matthews and Barbara Cason—are deft and daft. Carl Norman, Robert Colston, and Paul Trueblood are the pianists. Twice a night, except



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A FEW YEARS BACK, no one had ever heard of the Shakespeare *Habana* cigar. It was still only a dream in the mind of Ralph Schuyler Williams, the illustrious *"Mr. Havana Cigar."*

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Inside a locked vault, the sixth Mr. Mülhens prepares your next bottle of 4711.

To outsiders, our zeal for keeping things secret might seem a little outlandish.

Take the way we've passed down our cologne's secret formula for 171 years, from father to son and so on.

(Six generations of the Mülhens family in all.)

Or the way we go about preparing it, in a locked vault that only a Mülhens may enter.

(4711's many extracts, essences, etcetera, are run into the vault through a series of separate pipes. Then the sixth Mr. Mülhens draws them off in proportions known only to himself.)

Outlandish? Maybe; but it works.

We're still the only ones who know 4711's secret. And we still prepare it in Cologne, from the Carthusian monks' original formula.

The monks used 4711's secret formula as early as the eighteenth century.

They called it Aqua Admirabilis: "Miracle Water." Which may have been stretching things a bit.

On October 8, 1792, one of the monks gave the formula to his closest friend, a young banker named Mülhens.

Soon young Mülhens began preparing the formula in a little house on Glockengasse (Bell Lane) across the street from the Cologne stage coach station.

Travelers used to drop over for a bottle or two, and word spread. The cologne from Cologne became Europe's favorite; an honor it still holds.

Because we've never tampered with its original formula, 4711 is still a refreshant cologne. Not a perfumed cologne.

So both men and women can use it, with aplomb.

Men like it as a bracer, after shaving. Women, as a subtly fragrant freshener. Both, as an invigorating ending to a bath or shower.

In fact, in Europe, both men and women have used 4711 since 1792. With a complete concurrence of opinion.

When you stop and think about it, that's kind of unusual.

Almost outlandish.

EAU DE COLOGNE
4711

The House of 4711

Sundays, is the pattern.... **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): "The Wrecking Ball," a new edition of the practically permanent revue put on by the Second City personnel, pays more attention to the sidewalks of New York than to the highways of the world, but its eye and tongue are in no way diminished. Severn Darden, a boon to any revue, drifts through it, and Bob Dishy, Avery Schreiber, Mina Kolb, Jack Burns, and Dick Schaal are great helps. The orchestra—Tom O'Horgan's harp and piano—uses a score by Mr. O'H. Starting time is eight-thirty, and things go on until midnight or later; Mondays are dark.... **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España, out for an evening's turn around the plaza, simply can't help bursting into song (do or die for dear old love) and music (brass-bound). They are accompanied on their stroll by Isabella and Miguel, bent on dancing their hot little Spanish feet off. Twice weekdays, thrice on Saturdays, only at ten-thirty on Sundays is the program. The customers, no slouches at footwork themselves, are given further time on the dance floor by a band, led by Emilio Reyes, that dines exclusively on gingersnaps.... ¶ After ten in the tiny alcove just off the bar, there is the Pied Piper guitar of Juan de la Mata, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life.... **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Felicia Sanders, pillar of fire, is letting her ballads know who's boss around the house. The piano work of Irving Joseph and Warren Vaughn, her supporters, is sort of sumptuous. Mr. V. likewise supports Isobel Robins, who imparts a fine daffadowndilly quality to whatever she sings. Miss Robins' last night is Sunday, June 21. Closed Mondays.... **CAFÉ AU GO GO**, 152 Bleecker St. (SP 7-4530): An establishment capricious about changes of mind and of cast. Still, it is possible that the current curriculum includes Mort Sahl, a compulsive but compelling speaker who is almost but never quite on the verge of exhausting the supply of lost causes to espouse. Tobi Reynolds, a decorative and gallant soprano, should also be on hand. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Max Morath, who knows all the gimcrackery piano tricks of our early days and the foolish lyrics that went with them, has a bumptious time at the keyboard. He is assisted by a quartet. Closed Mondays.... **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The local *Kaffeeklatsch* depends on real coffee and nothing else; the folk music—a compulsory course here—at least depends on real performers, not subdeb amateurs. At the moment, they are Joan Toliver and Cass Elliot and the Big 3. But the toasts of the evening are Jim, Jake & Joan, prodigies who are not only infant but infinite, doing bits and pieces of great variety, all of them funny; they will be absent on Thursday, June 18. The regulars are off duty Tuesdays.... **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB**, 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): Marian McPartland's trio, which represents the sunny side of progress, is making the noise here, along with Jimmy McPartland's Dixieland threesome. In addition, John Bunch plays piano in the bar from seven until two. A rather British cuisine goes with all this. Closed Sundays.... **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Hand-to-hand and horn-to-mouth combat, beginning—early in the evening—with music to hully and gully to, and ending up with Maynard Ferguson's skirling band and Red Allen's battering-ram quartet. On Monday, June 22, the Dukes of Dixieland will replace the Ferguson group. Guest performers snatch up the instruments on Sundays.... **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Nina Simone, always more than semidetached from her audience, nevertheless manages to cast a

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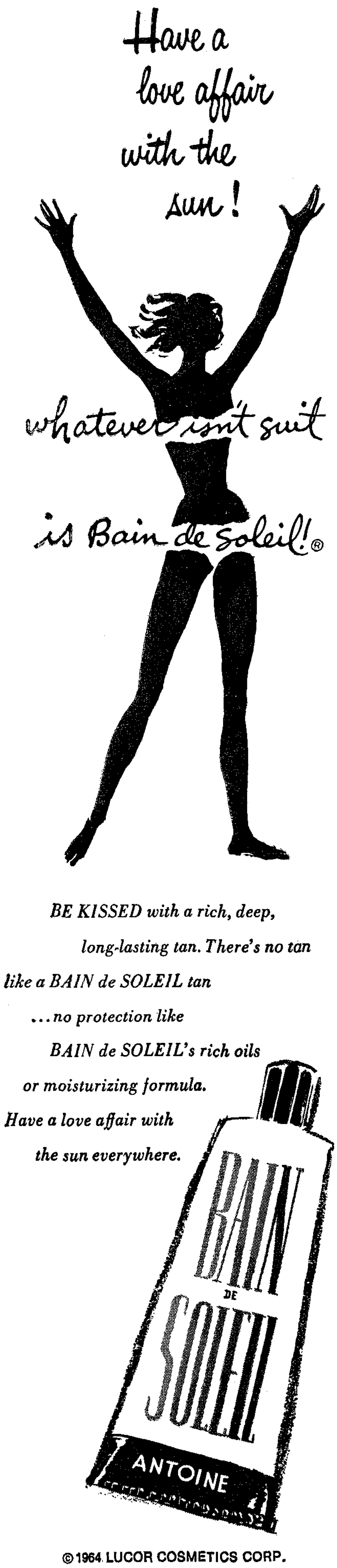
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spell as she sings her faraway songs or sits in at the piano with her quartet. Mondays are visitors' nights. . . . HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A rest home for players who like to make their public statements before an attentive audience. Lennie Tristano's quintet, which now includes Lee Konitz, will be succeeded on Friday, June 19, by Wes Montgomery's trio. Closed Mondays. . . . EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Hot mulled jazz, made from an old, old recipe, is dispensed through the night by Peanuts Hucko, Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Dave McKenna, and Yank Lawson. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . FIVE SPOT, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Charlie Mingus is trying, with his mighty fingers and bull fiddle, to say something about jazz that has not been said before. His quintet is supplemented by the Ron Carter trio. Mondays are outsiders' nights. There are, in addition, Sunday-afternoon sessions, from four to eight, by guest artists. . . . THE EMBERS, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The jazz on tap now does not amount to much; the point of interest is Tessie O'Shea, the all-out London music-hall blossom who did so well for herself in the late "The Girl Who Came to Supper." Her turn comes at midnight Monday through Friday, ten-forty-five and twelve-forty-five on Saturday, and ten-thirty on Sunday. . . . HICKORY HOUSE, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Mary Lou Williams, an education to many a pianist and many a public, is persuading the piano inside the bar into many a mood. Two sidemen help out. No action Mondays. . . . JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The little gray home in the west of 52nd Street where so many of us were brought up is offering—on a new site—the same sort of courses as before. Cliff Jackson's riverboat piano and Zutty Singleton's drums are audible throughout the week. Mondays through Wednesdays, Wild Bill Davison joins them; Thursdays through Saturdays, Tony Parenti signs on as their running mate. No music Sundays. . . . RED ONION, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The spirit of a football rally on a coeducational campus prevails; on a shelf overlooking the young people sits a squadron of banjoists (the Banjokers) who, from nine to three or four every night, give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. . . . RED GARTER, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): Here, too, the banjo fills the air, aided (in this instance) by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. The place is open every night. . . . FOLK CITY, 11 W. 4th St. (AL 4-8449): Anita Sheer, one of the few Americans who know what the Sevillian flamenco musicians have on their minds, is bent over a hot guitar every night but Monday. . . . BROKEN DRUM, 1544 Second Ave., at 80th St. (AG 9-9798): Wilbur de Paris's band, on whose roster are Sidney de Paris and Garvin Bushell, is keeping Early Americana green. On Mondays, the Ragtimers, a banjo-washboard threesome, have the floor. . . . PENTHOUSE CLUB, 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): Joe Mooney, applying the most unusual twists and turns to both organ and vocal music, begins his odd threnodies at ten every evening but Sunday.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

ALBERTO COLLIE—Sculptures; through Saturday, June 20. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

BERNARD KRIGSTEIN—Paintings; through June 30. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St.)

LUCIANO MINGUZZI—Twenty-one bronze studies for the fifth and final door of the Cathedral in Milan by a contemporary Italian; through Friday, June 26. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

HENRY MOORE—Early and recent sculptures; through July 31. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

REUBEN NAKIAN—Four large sculptures; through June 30. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

KURT SELIGMANN—Twenty years of prints and drawings; through June 30. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

STUYVESANT VAN VEEN—Watercolors, gouaches, and drawings; through Saturday, June 20. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

CHARLOTTE YAZBEK—Sculptures in bronze; through June 30. (Fulton, 799 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the AMEL, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: John Goodyear, Minda Hess, Reginald Neal, Helen Soreff, and Paul Zelanski are participating in a show called "The Hard Eye;" through July 4. . . . BANFER, 23 E. 67th St.: Paintings by members of the gallery, including Carlyle Brown, Jared French, and Maurice Grosser; through Aug. 1. (Closed Mondays; closes Saturdays at 4.) . . . CASTELLI, 4 E. 77th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and other works by, among others, Robert Rauschenberg, Roy Lichtenstein, and John Chamberlain; through Friday, June 26. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.) . . . DE NAGY, 149 E. 72nd St.: Robert Goodnough, Fairfield Porter, Jane Freilicher, and eight other painters; through Saturday, June 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . DINTENFASS, 18 E. 67th St.: Robert Gwathmey, William King, John Paul Jones, and others on the regular roster in an exhibit of paintings, sculptures, and drawings; through June 30. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . DURLACHER, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.: Some of the participants in this showing of paintings are Richard Mayhew, Gordon Russell, and Pavel Tchelitchew; through July 24. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . GRANVILLE, 929 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Ronnie Elliott, James House, James Brewer, and others; through Friday, June 19. . . . GREEN, 15 W. 57th St.: Hard- and soft-edge paintings by Burgoyne Diller, Neil Williams, Tadaaki Kuwayama, Darby Bannard, and Richard Smith; through Friday, June 26. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.) . . . KRAUSHAAR, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings and sculptures by such twentieth-century artists as Leonard DeLonga, John Heliker, and John Koch; through July 3. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . LEWISON, 50 E. 76th St.: Paintings by Ernest Lawson, George B. Luks, Theodore Robinson, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists; through Saturday, June 27. (Closed Mondays; Saturday hours: noon to 5.) . . . MARLBOROUGH-GERSON, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by (for instance) Adolph Gottlieb, Robert Motherwell, and Jacques Lipchitz; through July 24. (Closed Mondays.) . . . MIDTOWN, 11 E. 57th St.: A season's retrospective of works in a variety of mediums, by Isabel Bishop, Raimondo Puccinelli, William Thon, and other gallery artists; through Saturday, June 27. . . . MILCH, 21 E. 67th St.: Childe Hassam, John Singer Sargent, and Adolf Dehn are three of the artists represented in a display of nineteenth- and twentieth-century painting; through July 30. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . PHOENIX, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: A show of paintings, sculptures, and graphics by the gallery artists, among them Frank Bernarducci, Herbert Simon, and Alice Forman; through Saturday, June 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.) . . . ROKO, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.: Paintings, sculptures, and graphics by Robert Chapman, Herbert Kallem, Ann Freilich, and others; through Monday, June 22. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . SCHOELKOPF, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St., and ZABRISKIE, 36 E. 61st St.: A joint exhibition of paintings and drawings of New York City, by (to mention a few) George C. Ault, John Marin, and Herman Rose, plus sculpture by Louise Nevelson; through Friday, June 26. (Both galleries are closed Mondays and Saturdays.) . . . SLOAN, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by members of the Hudson River School, including Albert Bierstadt, Jasper Francis Cropsey, and Homer D. Martin; through July 30. . . . SOUTHAMPTON, 145 E. 72nd St.: New works by Robert Indiana, Andy Warhol, Claes Oldenburg, and the like; through June 30. (Closed Mondays.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the ALAN, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Paintings, collages, and sculptures by David Hockney, Bruce Conner, Reuben Tam, and others; through July 31. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: Paintings from 1949 to the present by such artists as Jackson Pollock, Alberto Burri, and Larry Rivers; through Aug. 14. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **MARKS**, 19 E. 71st St.: A selection of paintings and sculptures by (for example) Frans Krajcberg, Roger Bolomey, and Picasso; through June 30. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.) . . . **SCHWEITZER**, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by Childe Hassam, Albert P. Ryder, and Paul Serusier (to name a few); through Aug. 31. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **WORLD HOUSE**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Hans Hofmann, Pierre Soulages, and Alberto Giacometti are three of the exhibitors in a painting-and-sculpture show; through Sept. 25.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **HAHN**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings and drawings by twentieth-century French masters, including Miró, Chagall, and Giacometti; through July 24. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: "European Mainstreams," an exhibition of paintings and sculptures by such artists as Pierre Alechinsky, Julius Bissier, and Pol Bury; through July 31. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **SLATKIN**, 115 E. 92nd St.: "Fair Ladies," as depicted in eighteenth- to twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Boucher, Morisot, Degas, Rodin, and others; through July 17. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: An exhibition of paintings, by sixteenth- to twentieth-century French masters, among them Charles Lebrun, Delacroix, Cézanne, and Gauguin; through Sept. 12.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"World's Fairs—The Architecture of Fantasy," an exhibit of prints and photographs covering sixteen expositions and focussing on such structures as London's Crystal Palace in 1851, the Eiffel Tower for the Paris Fair in 1889, and the 1939 New York World's Fair's Trylon and Perisphere; through Oct. 18. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Helen Frankenthaler, Robert Motherwell, and Larry Rivers are three of the artists represented in an exhibition called "American Painters as Lithographers;" through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ "The Photographer's Eye," a loan show of some two hundred pictures by, among others, Mathew Brady, Edward Steichen, and Cartier-Bresson; through Aug. 23. . . . ¶ Eighty drawings from the Museum's collection, by such artists as Seurat, Matisse, and Leonard Baskin, are being shown along with a collection of prints from seventeen artists, including Pierre Bonnard, André Derain, and Ben Shahn. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 11; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Post-Impressionist paintings and sculptures (by Cézanne, Renoir, Modigliani, and others) from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman; through Oct. 15. . . . ¶ The fourteenth national print exhibition, consisting of a hundred and sixty-five examples by artists (among them Boris Margo, Sam Francis, and Seong Moy) from thirty states; through Aug. 16. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—"The Art of Nepal," a showing of fifth- to early-nineteenth-century sculptures, paintings, and manuscripts; through Aug. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—Book illustrations, magazine covers, and posters by Maxfield Parrish; through July 26. . . . ¶ Oils, drawings, and prints by the Barbizon painter Charles François Daubigny; through Aug. 2. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A loan exhibition of sixty paintings and sixty drawings by van Gogh selected from the collection of his nephew, V. W. van Gogh; through June 28. . . . ¶ Environmental sculpture by the architect, designer, and sculptor Frederick Kiesler; through June 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Thou Shalt Have No Other Gods Before Me," an archaeological exhibition containing sculptures, reliefs, and artifacts of various peoples

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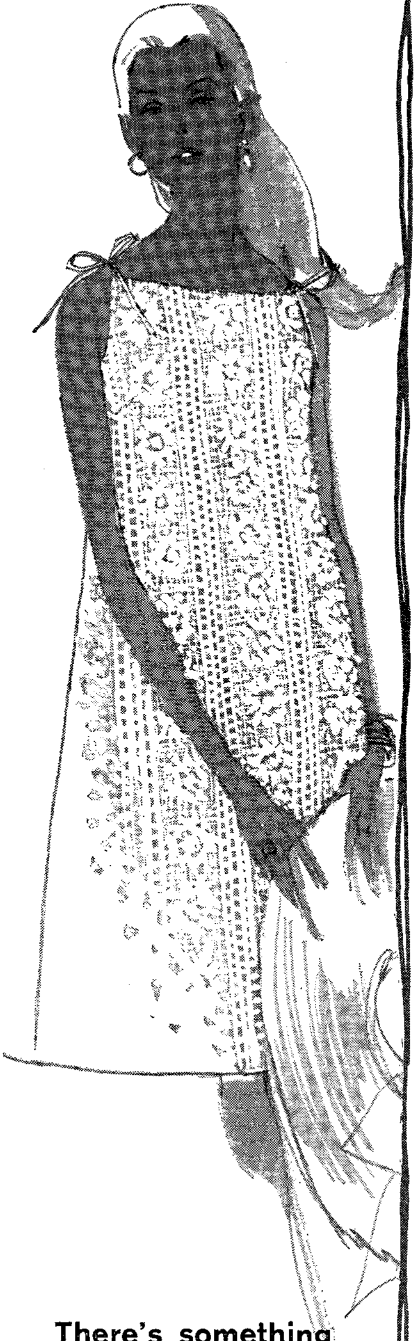

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

who lived in the Near East in Biblical and pre-Biblical times; through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ Studies for paintings and other drawings (1927-47) by Arshile Gorky; through Tuesday, June 23. . . . ¶ Artifacts from and photographs of the excavations of the Philistine City of Ashdod; through Aug. 23. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Thursday evenings until 9; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"A Shakespearean Tribute": Early quarto editions of the plays, the four folios, Shakespeare's source books, and forgeries of his works; through Friday, June 19. . . . ¶ "From Fair to Fair": An anthology of acquisitions 1939-64—illuminated manuscripts, early printed books, master drawings, historic bookbindings, literary manuscripts, and autograph letters of authors and artists; through Sept. 4. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts, 49 W. 53rd St.—Portraits, landscapes, genre scenes, weather vanes, trade signs, metal and wood sculptures, and so on, from the collection of Mrs. Edith Gregor Halpert; through Sept. 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Masterpieces from the Americas," comprising pre-Columbian jewelry and other objects of gold, Eskimo masks, Mexican stone sculptures and ceramics, South American textiles, and the like; through Nov. 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Paintings, sculptures, graphic art, and architecture by newly elected members—Hans Hofmann, Louis I. Kahn, and Theodore Roszak (to name a few); through Aug. 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The twenty-fourth anniversary exhibition of the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors (Milton Avery, Louise Nevelson, Sidney Gross, and others); through Aug. 2. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—The upper floors of the museum are closed for one week while the next show, "Between the Fairs: Twenty-five Years of American Art, 1939-64," is being hung, but the first floor remains open, with a sampling of works from that show, which opens officially on Wednesday, June 24. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

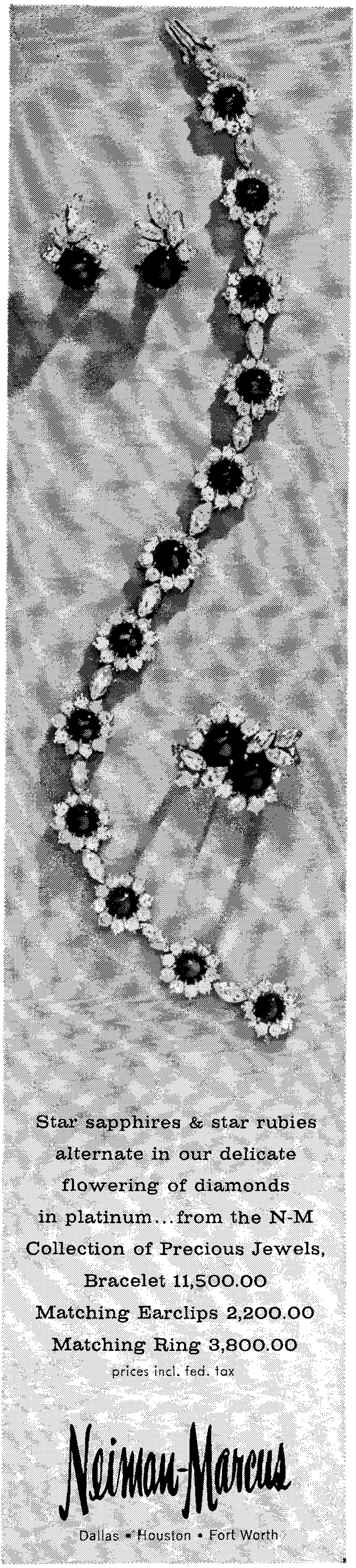
MUSIC

Stadium Concerts—The Stadium Symphony Orchestra in the opening performances of the season, which will run through Saturday, Aug. 8—Tuesday, June 23: Alfred Wallenstein conducting, with Leonard Pennario, piano; Sidney Harth, violin; and Leslie Parnas, cello. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 24: Alfred Wallenstein conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 25: Alfred Wallenstein directing an all-Mozart program, with Adele Addison, soprano; Louise Parker, contralto; Leopold Simoneau, tenor; Chester Watson, bass-baritone; and the Schola Cantorum of New York. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 27: Alfredo Antonini conducting a program of Italian-opera music, with Lucine Amara, soprano, and Richard Tucker, tenor. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are available at the Judson Hall box office, 165 W. 57th St., JU 2-4090. Evenings at 8:30. In the event of threatening weather, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC and at 7:07 P.M. over WQXR.)

American Brass Quintet—A program of Renaissance and baroque music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. CI 7-7460. Thursday, June 18, at 8:30.)

Central Park Mall Concerts—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 14.)

Riverside Park Concerts—Frederique Petrides conducting a symphony orchestra in the first of two concerts, this one with Frances Magnes, violin. (Monday, June 22, at 8:30.



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SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

BASEBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Boston, Thursday, June 18, at 6. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Friday, June 26, at 8, and Saturday, June 27, at 2. . . . **SHEA STADIUM:** Mets vs. Philadelphia, Friday, June 19, at 6 (twi-night doubleheader); Saturday, June 20, at 2; and Sunday, June 21, at 1:05 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Mets vs. Pittsburgh, Tuesday, June 23, at 8, and Wednesday and Thursday, June 24-25, at 2.

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, June 19: Carl (Bobo) Olson vs. Johnny Persol, light heavyweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, June 26: José Stable vs. Vince Shomo, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

CREW—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Friday and Saturday, June 19-20.) . . ¶ Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. Saturday, June 20; varsity race at 7:15.)

GOLF—Women's Metropolitan Golf Association Championship. (Baltusrol Golf Club, Springfield, N.J. Monday through Friday, June 22-26.)

HORSE SHOW—Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien. Thursday through Sunday, June 18-21.)

MOTORBOAT RACING—Albany-New York Outboard Marathon, Sunday, June 21.

POLO—At Blind Brook Polo Club, Purchase: Sundays at 3:30.

RACING—**BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Tuesday, June 30. The Bowling Green Handicap, Saturday, June 20; the National Stallion (for colts and geldings), Monday, June 22; and the Saranac Handicap, Saturday, June 27. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 8. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48. A boat leaves Battery Park at 10:15, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.) . . . **WOODBINE,** Toronto: The Queen's Plate, Saturday, June 20.

SOCCER—International Soccer League—Sunday, June 21, at 3:30: Blackburn Rovers vs. Bahia. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 24, at 7:30: Hearts vs. Blackburn Rovers and Lanerossi vs. Bremen. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island.)

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Thompson Raceway, Thompson, Conn.: Sunday, June 21, at 2.

TENNIS—New Jersey State Men's Championships. (East Orange Tennis Club, East Orange, N.J. Through Sunday, June 21.) . . . ¶ Eastern Men's Clay Court Championships. (Oritani Field Club, Hackensack, N.J. Saturday, June 20, through Sunday, June 28.)

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weekdays at 8:15; through Wednesday, July 29. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 24.

YACHTING—Start of the Newport-to-Bermuda race, Saturday, June 20.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend meetings of the Trusteeship Council (which is tentatively scheduled to adjourn on Friday, June 19), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so Mondays through Fridays from 9 to 8:45, and Saturdays and Sundays from 9 to 4:45.

POETRY AND PROSE READINGS—Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton in a benefit performance postponed from June 7. (Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. JU 6-5555. Sunday, June 21, at 8:30.)

TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE MOON—This will occur on Wednesday, June 24, commencing at 5:58 P.M., with the fullest phase at 9:06 P.M.

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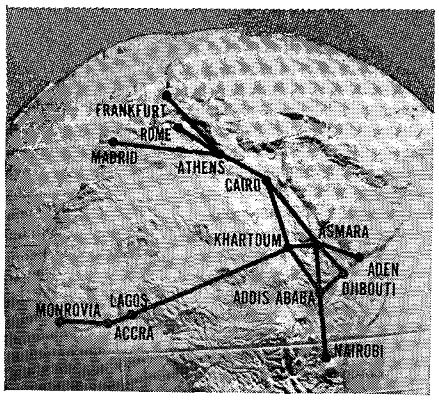

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Becket—Richard Burton as the Archbishop of Canterbury and Peter O'Toole as King Henry II, in a rousing and surprisingly witty adaptation of the Anouilh play. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Best Man—The well-known Presidential aspirant, Gore Vidal, has written an electric melodrama about a Presidential convention. On hand are Henry Fonda, Lee Tracy, and Cliff Robertson, ably directed by Franklin Schaffner. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through June 23.)

The Chalk Garden—Dame Edith Evans, Hayley Mills, Deborah Kerr, John Mills, and Felix Aylmer have a marvellous time acting out this rather old-fashioned tale of tangled family matters. The setting is green England. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

Cleopatra—Oh, go ahead and see it. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb—Stanley Kubrick's fantastically bold and abusive comedy, starring Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through June 23. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting June 24.)

The Easy Life—An Italian melodrama, featuring Vittorio Gassman and directed at a fantastic pace by Dino Risi. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through June 21. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; through June 23. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting June 24.)

The Fall of the Roman Empire—A Western in classical dress, with Stephen Boyd, Christopher Plummer, Sophia Loren, and Alec Guinness. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431.)

From Russia with Love—Another ample chapter in the dangerous life and incessant lecheries of Secret Service Operative 007, ably embodied by Sean Connery. (68th St. Playhouse. 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting June 24, tentative.)

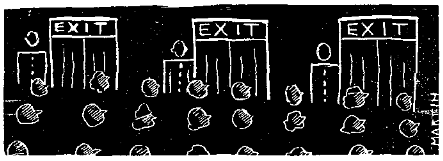
It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World—A Cinerama comedy. Never have so many done so little with so much. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2, and Saturdays at 1 and 4:45. Reserved seats only.)

The Night Watch—Jacques Becker has directed a gifted group of non-professional actors in a thrilling account of an attempted escape from a French prison. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

The Organizer—Marcello Mastroianni is oddly captivating as a modest professor bent on righting social wrongs in nineteenth-century Italy. Directed by Mario Monicelli. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

The Servant—Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles in a spooky tale of corruption above stairs and below. Stylishly directed by Joseph Losey. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

Seven Days in May—As chilling a melodrama as you could hope to see, in which the country is nearly kidnapped by a Fascist-minded military cabal. Starring Fredric March, Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas, and Ava Gardner, and directed by John Frankenheimer. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through June 23, tentative. . . . ¶ New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; June 19-22. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)



The Silence—Ingmar Bergman sketches his dark notion of how we all fail to connect, possibly because God has given us up as a bad job. With Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom. (Rialto, B'way at 42nd, LO 5-9795.)

Tom Jones—A happy-go-lucky cartwheel of a comedy, based on Fielding but owing much of its success to the skill and high spirits of its director, Tony Richardson. With Albert Finney, Susannah York, Hugh Griffith, Joyce Redman, and many others. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

The World of Henry Orient—Two little girls named Tippy Walker and Merrie Spaeth and quite a big boy named Peter Sellers having a merry time in Manhattan. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; through June 23.)

Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow—Vittorio De Sica puts Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni through their paces in a funny three-part comedy of high and low life in Naples, Milan, and Rome. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

REVIVALS

The Balcony (1963)—Taken from the savage comedy by Jean Genet and acted by Peter Falk, Shelley Winters, and Lee Grant. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; June 19-22.)

The Big Deal on Madonna Street (1960)—A takeoff on the "Rififi" school of melodrama, imported from Italy. Among the foiled criminals are Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, and Totò. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 18.)

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall in the Raymond Chandler tale of blackmail and murder. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting June 23.)

The Blue Angel (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through June 23.)

Breakfast at Tiffany's (1961)—A comedy derived from the Capote novella, with Audrey Hepburn and George Peppard. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through June 23, tentative.)

The Bridge on the River Kwai (1957)—A description of life among a group of British soldiers captured by the Japanese during the Second World War. Alec Guinness, William Holden, Jack Hawkins, and Sessue Hayakawa. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; through June 23.)

Camille (1937)—Greta Garbo, coughing delicately and looking fragile. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, PL 1-1535; June 21-24.)

Devil in the Flesh (1949)—The trials and cruelties of adolescent love. A French picture, with Gérard Philipe and Micheline Presle. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 21.)

Fanny (1961)—Life among the passionate Marseillais. With Maurice Chevalier, Charles Boyer, Leslie Caron, and Horst Buchholz. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; June 22-24.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—Charlie Chaplin's classic, stepped up with narrative and music. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Hud (1963)—A tug of war between three generations of males on a Texas farm. Paul Newman, Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Neal, and Brandon deWilde. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through June 24, tentative.)

I Am a Camera (1955)—Julie Harris as a madcap English girl on the loose in Berlin in 1931. A British film. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; June 19-22. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—A French study of an unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. With Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner, and directed by François Truffaut. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 19.)

The Lady Eve (1941)—A Preston Sturges film, with Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda as, respectively, a heartless siren and a millionaire boob. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting June 19.)

Lord of the Flies (1963)—Peter Brook's adaptation of William Golding's novel. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; June 19-22.)

The L-Shaped Room (1963)—An English tale of star-crossed lovers, one of them French. Leslie Caron is the girl and Tom Bell is the boy. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through June 21.)

The Merry Widow (1934)—The waltz and the old Lehár music, with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald most in evidence. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; through June 20.)

Modern Times (1936)—Chaplin, you know. Consequential, educational, essential. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Ninotchka (1939)—Garbo laughs. Melvyn Douglas chuckles in it, too. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, PL 1-1535; through June 20.)

Richard III (1956)—Shakespeare's chronicle of the last of the Plantagenets. An English film, with Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, and Claire Bloom. (57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; June 18.)

Rose Marie (1936)—Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in a duet in the Canadian wilds. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; June 21-23.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—A Hitchcock picture that deals with everything from tennis to schizophrenia. With Farley Granger and Robert Walker. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting June 23.)

Suspicion (1941)—Another Hitchcock job, this one based on Francis Iles' "Before the Fact." Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 23.)

This Strange Passion (1955)—A Mexican variation on the old theme of jealousy, written and directed by Luis Buñuel. Arturo de Cordova is the new-day Othello. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 20.)

Tomorrow Is My Turn (1962)—A French picture about the Second World War, starring Charles Aznavour and Georges Rivière. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 19.)

Treasure of Sierra Madre (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; June 18. No afternoon performances.)

Two Women (1961)—An Italian movie concerning a young widow who flees wartime Rome with her daughter. Sophia Loren, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Eleanora Brown. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 21.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through June 20: "His Majesty the American" (1919), with Douglas Fairbanks and Marjorie Daw. . . . ¶ June 21-24: "Warning Shadows" (1922), a German film, with Fritz Kortner. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				18	19	20
21	22	23	24			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through June 22: "The Pink Panther," David Niven, Peter Sellers.
From June 23: "A Shot in the Dark," Peter Sellers, Elke Sommer.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"What a Way to Go!," Shirley MacLaine.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
THE FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"How the West Was Won," revival.

Loew's Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through June 22: "Windjammer," revival.
June 23-24: Theatre closed.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
THE CHALK GARDEN.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Lady in a Cage," Olivia de Havilland, Ann Sothern.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Bedtime Story," Marlon Brando, David Niven.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
Through June 23: "Honeymoon Hotel," Robert Goulet, Nancy Kwan.
From June 24: "The Long Ships," Richard Widmark, Sidney Poitier.

Rialto, B'way at 42nd. (LO 5-9795)
THE SILENCE.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CLEOPATRA.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
BECKET.

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
"This Madding Crowd" (in Japanese).

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through June 23: **THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI**, revival.
From June 24: "633 Squadron," Cliff Robertson, George Chakiris.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through June 23: **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German), revival; and "Stella" (in Greek), revival, Melina Mercouri.
From June 24: "The Cool World," Hampton Clanton, Gloria Foster.

New Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; no afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)
June 18: **TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE**, revival; and "Rear Window," revival, James Stewart, Grace Kelly.
June 19-22: **SEVEN DAYS IN MAY**; and **I AM A CAMERA**, revival.
From June 23: "Yojimbo" (in Japanese), revival; and "The Magnificent Seven," revival, Yul Brynner, Eli Wallach.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through June 23: "Wild and Wonderful," Tony Curtis, Christine Kaufmann; and "The Strangler," Victor Buono.
From June 24: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 23: **THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI**, revival.
From June 24: **DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through June 23 (tentative): **SEVEN DAYS IN MAY**; and **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S**, revival.
From June 24 (tentative): **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE**; and "The Mouse That Roared," revival, Peter Sellers, Jean Seberg.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
Through June 23: **THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT**; and **THE EASY LIFE** (in Italian).
From June 24: "The Long Ships," Richard Widmark, Sidney Poitier.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through June 20: **THE MERRY WIDOW**, revival; and "The Student Prince," revival, Ann Blyth, Edmund Purdom.
June 21-23: **ROSE MARIE**, revival; and "Girl of the Golden West," revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy.
From June 24: "Bitter Sweet," revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy; and "The Firefly," revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Allan Jones.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through June 23: "Lady in a Cage," Olivia de Havilland, Ann Sothern.
From June 24: "633 Squadron," Cliff Robertson, George Chakiris.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"What a Way to Go!," Shirley MacLaine.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through June 22: "Voice of the Hurricane," Muriel Smith.
From June 23: "A Shot in the Dark," Peter Sellers, Elke Sommer.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through June 23: "The Evil of Frankenstein," Peter Cushing; and "Nightmare," David Knight.
From June 24: To be announced.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Kapo," Susan Strasberg.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
MODERN TIMES, revival; and **THE GOLD RUSH**, revival.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE ORGANIZER (in Italian).

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
Through June 20: **NINOTCHKA**, revival.
June 21-24: **CAMILLE**, revival.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
TOM JONES.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Cool World," Hampton Clanton, Gloria Foster.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through June 21: "Ring of Treason," Bernard Lee.
From June 22: "The Troublemaker," Thomas Aldredge.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW (in Italian).

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through June 24 (tentative): **HUD**, revival; and "Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through June 23: "Adorable Julia" (in French), Charles Boyer, Lilli Palmer; and "The Guest," Donald Pleasence.
From June 24: "Honeymoon Hotel," Robert Goulet, Nancy Kwan; and "Night Must Fall," Albert Finney, Susan Hampshire.

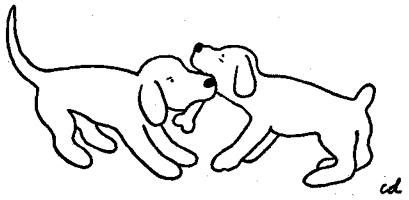
R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through June 23: "Wild and Wonderful," Tony Curtis, Christine Kaufmann; and "The Strangler," Victor Buono.
From June 24: To be announced.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"How the West Was Won," revival.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
June 18: "No Sun in Venice" (in French), revival, Françoise Arnoul, Christian Marquand; and "The Army Game" (in French), revival, Christian de Tilière.
June 19-22: **LORD OF THE FLIES**, revival; and **THE BALCONY**, revival.
From June 23: **STRANGERS ON A TRAIN**, revival; and **THE BIG SLEEP**, revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through June 21: **THE EASY LIFE** (in Italian); and "The Law" (in French; formerly called "Where the Hot Wind Blows"), revival, Gina Lollobrigida, Yves Montand.
June 22-24: **FANNY**, revival; and "Rebel Without a Cause," revival, James Dean, Natalie Wood.



8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through June 23: **THE BEST MAN.**
From June 24: **DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB**; and **THE EASY LIFE** (in Italian).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
THE ORGANIZER (in Italian).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through June 23: **THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI**, revival.
From June 24: "Honeymoon Hotel," Robert Goulet, Nancy Kwan; and "Night Must Fall," Albert Finney, Susan Hampshire.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through June 23: **DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB.**
From June 24: "Adorable Julia" (in French), Charles Boyer, Lilli Palmer; and "The Guest," Donald Pleasence.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through June 23: "The Evil of Frankenstein," Peter Cushing; and "Nightmare," David Knight.
From June 24: "Wild and Wonderful," Tony Curtis, Christine Kaufmann; and "The Strangler," Victor Buono.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through June 21: **THE L-SHAPED ROOM**, revival; and "Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala.
From June 22: To be announced.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW (in Italian).

57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
June 18: **RICHARD III**, revival.
From June 19: "Othello," revival, Orson Welles.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
THE SERVANT.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
THE NIGHT WATCH (in French).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through June 23: **THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI**, revival.
From June 24: "Honeymoon Hotel," Robert Goulet, Nancy Kwan; and "Night Must Fall," Albert Finney, Susan Hampshire.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
June 18: "The Birds," revival, Rod Taylor, Jessica Tandy; and "To Catch a Thief," revival, Cary Grant, Grace Kelly.
From June 19: **THE LADY EVE**, revival; and "Palm Beach Story," revival, Claudette Colbert, Joel McCrea.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through June 23: "To Catch a Thief," revival, Cary Grant, Grace Kelly; and "Vertigo," revival, James Stewart, Kim Novak.
From June 24: **DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB**; and "The League of Gentlemen," revival, Jack Hawkins, Nigel Patrick.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
June 18: **THE BIG DEAL ON MADONNA STREET** (in Italian), revival; and "Rififi" (in French), revival, Jean Servais.
June 19: **JULES AND JIM** and **TOMORROW IS MY TURN** (both in French and both revivals).
June 20: **THIS STRANGE PASSION** (in Spanish), revival; and "The Naked Night" (in Swedish), revival, Harriet Andersson.
June 21: **TWO WOMEN** (in Italian), revival; and **DEVIL IN THE FLESH** (in French), revival.
June 22: "Il Grido" (in Italian), revival, Steve Cochran, Alida Valli; and "The Eighth Day of the Week" (in German), revival, Sonja Ziemann.
June 23: **SUSPICION**, revival; and "Rear Window," revival, James Stewart, Grace Kelly.
June 24: "The Devil and the 10 Commandments" (in French), revival; and "The Damned" (in French), revival, Henri Vidal.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through June 23: "Adorable Julia" (in French), Charles Boyer, Lilli Palmer; and "The Guest," Donald Pleasence.
From June 24: "La Poupée" (in French), revival; and "The Good Soldier Schweik" (in German), revival, Heinz Ruhmann.

THE WORLD'S FAIR

GENERAL INFORMATION

Hours—Grounds open daily at 9 A.M.; individual exhibits from 10 A.M. to at least 10 P.M. Depending on the weather and the number of people still around, some exhibits stay open later; the Fair gates are closed at 2 A.M. . . . ¶ The Fair looks its best and is least crowded between 9 and 10 in the morning and under the lights at night. . . . ¶ Nightly fireworks-water-music mixture at Fountain of Planets at about 9 P.M.

Admission—Adults $2, children (2-12) $1.

Children—Young ones up to eight may be left in the Protestant and Orthodox Center's Children's Center ($1 per hour, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.); children up to twelve in the Danish Pavilion's Tivoli Garden Playground (twenty-five cents an hour; fifty cents minimum). . . . ¶ There is a maze designed for small children at the Johnson Wax Pavilion, and a diaper-changing room in the Scott Paper Enchanted Forest.

Music—Guy Lombardo provides music for dancing at the Tiparillo Band Pavilion every night except Monday from 9:30 to 12:30.

TRANSPORTATION

Automobile—There are three Fair parking lots, with room for twenty thousand cars; $1.50 a day, with free bus shuttle to nearest Fair gate.

Trains—L.I.R.R. trains from Pennsylvania Station direct to Fair, 9 A.M. to 2 A.M. daily, leaving as soon as they're full (five to fifteen minutes) from Tracks 15 and 16. Twelve-minute trip; fifty cents each way.

Subways—Only the I.R.T. Flushing line goes directly to the Fair; frequent express trains from Times Square, Fifth Avenue, and Grand Central Station.

Buses—Gray Line buses direct to the Fair hourly between 9 A.M. and 9 P.M.; from the Fair, on the half-hour between 10 A.M. and 2 A.M. They leave from 42nd Street and Tenth Avenue; 40th Street and Eleventh Avenue; Gimbels, 32nd Street and Broadway; Hotel Manhattan, 45th Street and Eighth Avenue; parking lot, 50th Street between Broadway and Eighth Avenue; and Shelton Towers Hotel, 48th Street and Lexington. $1 each way.

Boats—Hydrofoils leave from the dock at the foot of East 26th Street every twenty minutes between 9 A.M. and 9 P.M. Fare $6 round trip; run takes about twenty-five minutes.

Helicopter—New York Airways helicopters leave Kennedy International Airport for the Fair approximately every hour between 10 A.M. and 10 P.M. Adults $6, children $3.

At the Fair—Buses and three-coach tractor trains slowly traverse the Fair, stopping at frequent stations; twenty-five cents a ride. . . . ¶ Motorized lounge chairs, driven by guides, seat four. Fares are $9 an hour for two people, $10 for three, $11 for four; minimum, $3 for twenty minutes. . . . ¶ Baby strollers $2 a day. Wheelchairs $4.50 a day. . . . ¶ Helicopters taking off from the Port Authority Heliport provide six-minute sightseeing tours of the Fair; adults $6.50, children $3.50.

SPECIAL EVENTS

Nevada—Nevada Day will be celebrated at the Federal Pavilion on Friday, June 19.

Fathers—Sunday, June 21, is Fathers Day and Byelorussian Nationality Day.

Art—The Pavilion of Fine Arts, which did not open last Tuesday, should be open this Tuesday, June 23. It was formerly called the Argentina Pavilion, which did not open at all.

Mattresses—Simmons Beautyrest Center Day will be observed at the Simmons Beautyrest Center on Wednesday, June 24, which also happens to be Hoboken Chamber of Commerce Day.

ATTRACTIONS OF NOTE

(Some aspects of a few of the Fair's more than a hundred exhibits.)

CULTURE AND ENLIGHTENMENT

Automobile Companies—Both Ford and General Motors provide free rides into the future, and the Chrysler exhibits include a show about a talking carburetor, which children might enjoy.

Better Living Center—One of the best shows at the Fair is at the Better Living Center, which is crowded with pitchmen selling blenders, ironing-board covers, Great Books, headrests, pearl oysters, oscillating chairs, fudge, handwriting analysis, Jayne Mansfield scarves, and contact lenses.

Du Pont—A commercial musical show followed by a series of chemical demonstrations goes on about forty times a day. Du Pont products are praised, and the waiting lines are long.

Federal Pavilion—On the first floor of the United States exhibit, a short film called "The American Voyage"—mostly about immigrants to this country—is shown every half hour, and on the second floor, open cars are frequently launched past a short impressionistic movie about American history that is projected onto more screens of various shapes and sizes than is necessary.

Billy Graham Pavilion—In a 70-mm. Todd A-O film, voices speaking for St. Augustine, Pascal, and Tolstoy support the evangelist's claim that men and women of culture generally have faith in God. Multilingual spiritual counsellors may be consulted after the film, which is shown hourly.

I.B.M.—The I.B.M. Pavilion is the most beautiful structure at the Fair, and even standing on line for two hours to see its fifteen-minute film is more fun than visiting most other Fair exhibits.

Indian Pavilion—Indian art and crafts are displayed on the first floor, and there are industrial exhibits upstairs. Saris are sold.

Illinois—Drums, trumpets, and a choral recitation of the Preamble to the Constitution loudly proclaim the appearance of Walt Disney's mechanical reincarnation of Abraham Lincoln, who stands up and makes a short speech in a groaning voice. The audience is ushered out by loud singing of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." Fortunately, there is also a display of photographs of Lincoln, as well as a collection of manuscripts, including one of the Gettysburg Address.

Johnson Wax—A short non-commercial film called "To Be Alive!" is shown every half hour or so in the Golden Rondelle theatre. The movie, which is projected onto three screens, shows moments of pleasure and happiness in people's lives, and it is an excellent reason to come to the Fair.

Republic of Korea—Among the exhibits are prints of the Korean alphabet (ten vowels and fourteen consonants) and a model of the world's first iron-clad warship, invented at the end of the sixteenth century by Admiral Sun-Shin Yi.

Republic of the Sudan—The Sudanese exhibit includes an archeological museum (admission is fifty cents), ivory carvings and leopardskin purses for sale, Sudanese paintings, and a small outdoor restaurant that never seems to be crowded.

Republic of Venezuela—Eighteenth-century religious carvings; pre-Hispanic ceramics; cans of juice, fish, and coffee; jars of fertilizer; photographs of Venezuelans; and a collection of paintings dating from colonial times to the nineteenth century.

West Berlin Pavilion—Art, clothing, and machinery are displayed in plastic bubbles, and newsreels stressing the importance of Berlin are shown.

West Virginia—The exhibits include a replica of a section of a coal mine, with occasional sound effects, and a functioning handblown-glass factory. Handblown glass and a packet of historic documents, including the Declaration of Independence and the Monroe Doctrine, are on sale.

Wycliffe Bible Translators, Inc.—The main feature here is a mural, projected onto a screen, that illustrates the conversion to Christianity of a savage Peruvian Indian, who, we are told, eventually visited this country and was very happy to see so many Bibles in our stores and hotels.

PERHAPS LESS ENLIGHTENING

Circus—A one-ring affair, assembled under a yellow-and-white striped roof in the Amusement Area. Four shows, at 1:30, 3:15, 5:30, and 7:15, on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays. Six shows, at 1, 2:10, 3:20, 5, 6:10, and 7:20, the rest of the week; $1.

Pepsi-Cola-UNICEF Small World—A delightful boat ride past Disney-animated dolls dressed in native costumes and singing, dancing, and playing musical instruments. Adults ninety-five cents; children sixty cents.

Les Poupées de Paris—A puppet show advertised as "sophisticated" offers an original score by Sammy Cahn and Jimmy Van Hensen and a puppet that looks like Frank Sinatra. Shows at 3, 4:30, 7, and 8:30, and a 1:30 show on Saturdays and Sundays. Adults $2; children $1.

"To Broadway with Love"—A large cast performs approximately forty-one song and/or dance numbers, including "Dixie" and "There's No Business Like Show Business," on a giant stage in the Music Hall of the Texas Pavilion. At 3:30, 7, and 10. Admission 99¢ to $4.80.

Walters Wax Museum—*The museum's inhabitants include Daniel in the Lions' Den, Doris Day, and Dracula. Adults $1; children fifty cents.*

RESTAURANTS

(Most of the foreign pavilions and several of the state exhibits include at least one eating place of some kind, but it is almost impossible—except, perhaps, for the unusually efficient and farsighted—to get a table at any civilized dining hour. The majority of the restaurants do not accept reservations.)

African Pavilion—The Tree House Restaurant is a very pleasant place for a long lunch on a weekday. The cold cucumber soup and the fruits-of-Africa salad (avocado, melon, orange, mango, banana, coconut, peanuts, and lettuce) are delicious. For reservations, call AR 1-3440.

Brass Rail Refreshment Stands—Unfortunately, these stands, though numerous, are mysteriously designed for complete chaos and discomfort.

Caribbean Pavilion—There is a three-dollar minimum, a small menu, and a more or less continuous, more or less Caribbean stage show. For reservations, call Mr. Bronber, AR 1-2710.

Danish Pavilion—The Kattegat Inn serves open-face sandwiches or any one of almost thirty other entrées for about three dollars. The Restaurant of Denmark serves a six-dollar "grand cold table" at lunchtime and, at dinner, the cold table or anything else on the large à-la-carte menu. The service is excellent.

Festival of Gas—A good, expensive restaurant run by Restaurant Associates. For reservations, call Mr. Bailey, AR 1-5070.

Florida—Fresh orange juice is sold for a quarter a glass at a Florida Citrus Commission stand inside the Florida Pavilion.

Granada—One of the three restaurants in the Spanish Pavilion, serving Spanish food such as gazpacho and paella. Good and fairly expensive. The service is efficient; reservations are not accepted. The best time to try to get in may be after nine on a week night.

Hilton Café International—A large, moderately priced restaurant in the Better Living Center. There is buffet service from five open kitchens labelled North American, South American, European, Mediterranean, and Oriental, and some of the tables are out on a terrace with a good view of the Fair. Open from noon to 10 P.M.

Indian Pavilion—Good, fairly expensive Indian food for lunch and dinner. Call AR 1-4123 for reservations.

Indonesian Pavilion—An Indonesian lunch costs about $3.75, dinner about $6.50. There are shows featuring Balinese and Sumatran music and/or dancing at 12:30, 2:30, 7, and 9:30. The restaurant closes at 10 P.M. For reservations, call AR 1-8106-7-8-9.

Swiss Exhibits, Inc.—A stand in the Swiss Pavilion sells frozen custard made with Tobler chocolate for twenty-five cents.

Top of the Fair—A large, expensive restaurant with a good view of the Fair from some tables. No reservations.

Note—There are benches all over the Fairgrounds and picnic tables at the Oklahoma Pavilion for those who feel like bringing their own food.

Who knows as much about scotch as the Scots?*

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF • BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE POINT-TO-POINT RACES, KENT, ENGLAND.

*We English.

HAIG & HAIG
SCOTCH WHISKY

The Scots distill it—
we jolly well drink it.
Of hundreds of scotches,
Britain's largest seller
is Haig.

Why do people with $13,000 to spend, know that a handbuilt Aston Martin is worth every penny of it?

THE DAY, the most exciting day of your life, that you take the wheel of the most satisfying-to-own motor car in the world, is also the culmination of a story that had its beginning at the Aston Martin plant in the township of Newport Pagnell, amongst the green swards of Buckinghamshire, England.

A LABOUR OF LOVE

Twice a day, at the David Brown Aston Martin plant, a legend begins to come to life. Twice a day Joe Unwin, Cliff Petts, Jim Wilds, Tom Williamson, Walter Payne and his son, Bert, start work on a work of art, an Aston Martin DB5. These men care. They are only six of the hand-picked craftsmen who believe in what they're doing. They know they are creating one of the finest quality cars in the world today. By hand. *This* is what makes the Aston Martin the most worth-every-penny-of-it car of all, to look at, to drive.

Messrs. Bert Brooks and Bill Daniels hand-constructed, hand-shaped the magnesium aluminium alloy panels of your car using 'flippers' and planishing hammers. Quaint? Perhaps. Painstaking? Definitely, like the twenty-two coats of paint (count them) in any colour you like, every other coat hand-rubbed down 'wet' to give it a glow, a luminous sheen that you can see deep down into: 22 coats of paint deep down.

The 4-litre engine is a pedigree world championship engine that made history on the race tracks of Europe (282 brake horsepower at 5,500 r.p.m.). This is Frank Hughff's department. Mr. Hughff has been assembling Aston Martin engines for 16 years. He assembled yours. Who do you know in Detroit?

WHO SAID THEY DON'T BUILD CARS LIKE THEY USED TO?

Each day, for 98 days, another part of your Aston Martin was fitted, by a specialist, by hand. Every part's important; from the special diaphragm clutch to the air-conditioning; the AC alternator (instead of a dynamo) to the finger-tip operation electric windows. Performance? Matchless –zero to 120 m.p.h. and back in 23 seconds —with safety first and last; power-assisted twin servo disc brakes, and the steel platform chassis keeps the centre of gravity way down, Gran Turismo fashion.

Danger? Yes. Your wife may drive your DB5—and never let you have it back. You can enjoy your Aston Martin with 5 speed stick shift or fully automatic transmission. Parts? Stocked by many U.S. Distributors supported by the U.S. subsidiary Aston Martin Lagonda Inc., Penn.

START THE MOTOR

Silence? Yes, inside. Outside, the unmistakeable, rich, deep note of the twin exhausts tells you this car is a thoroughbred. Luxuriate. Settle back into your seat (infinitely adjustable). Comfortable? You know it's upholstered in finest quality coach hide from the tanneries of Lancashire. The carpet is famous English Wilton, deep piled, hand-fitted throughout—that's your Aston Martin DB5 all over.

Yes. When you change *down* into fourth at 100 m.p.h. you know, instinctively, *this* is how driving ought to be.

LONDON
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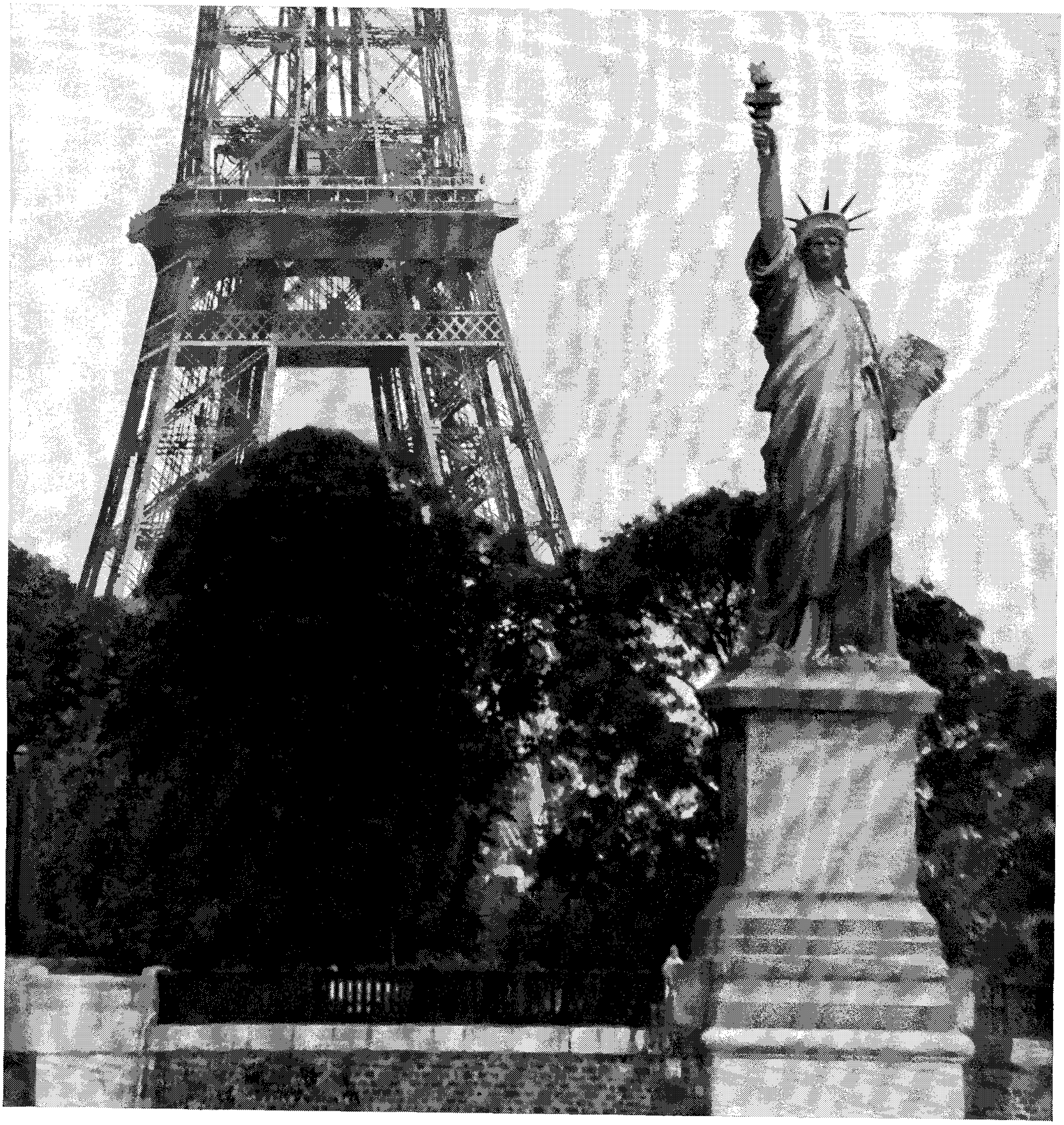

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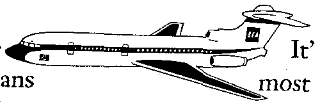

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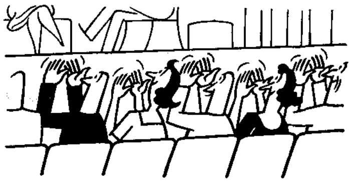
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE yield to no one in our love of applauding at the theatre. Even after a bad play, we like to applaud. The key word here is "after." Lately, it has seemed to us that audiences are in a state of almost continuous (and noisy) gratification from the moment the curtain first goes up—applauding the presence of scenery, the entrances of actors, the delivery of speeches notable for their comedy, tragedy, or length. Let Actor X unravel his celebrated second-act declamation, in which he simultaneously confronts the ghosts of his first six wives and tries to atone for the Battle of Jutland, and as soon as he is done (and some other actor is speaking), the audience offers a polite clatter of handclapping, as though afraid that if it were not to do so, Actor X, a prey to moods and glooms, would feel professionally unloved, unwanted, and would stalk off the stage to spend the rest of the evening outside the theatre making offensive remarks to the drivers of rented limousines. Let Actor Y utter a particularly humorous line—written by, let us say, Sir Arthur Wing Pinero in a back bedroom of the Alhambra Arms in 1922—and the benefit gathering at the Martin Beck, in the finest tradition of audiences at television broadcasts, is beside itself with appreciation, hardly able to wait to stop laughing so that it can start clapping, in the hope, perhaps, that this will encourage Actor Y to think up something just as funny for later in the scene. There are times, admittedly, when a certain amount of early applause is justified, as in the case of a playgoer applauding the scenery when he has been to sixteen consecutive plays in which there was no scenery. And there is doubtless some propriety in applauding a difficult line well handled by an actor one has had dinner with that evening and knows to be drunk. In these instances, one applauds the element of surprise, which is rare enough, onstage or off, to be worth taking note of. But consider the happy flurry of handclapping that greets a leading player on his first appearance of the evening, even when his first appearance comes halfway through the third scene, at which point he is carried onstage wounded and despondent, the victim of dirty Rugger by the Irish Republican Army. Surely the advertisements have already hinted that the actor will appear. The marquee lists his name. The playbill confirms it. It is hardly possible that there is much doubt in the audience's mind about his connection with the enterprise. ("I wonder if Claypool will be onstage tonight." "Oh, but he's in the play, you know." "Yes, but you never can tell with actors. Let's give him a big hand if he shows up.") We can only conclude that audiences these days are increasingly motivated by a powerful, deep-rooted desire to please the actors, which is nice of them but unnatural, unhealthy, unnecessary, and unhelpful to the smooth movement of the play. We like actors, too, but we are curious to know what they're saying.



Unapathetic Book

THE process of writing and publishing a book is normally so elephantine that we can't help being impressed by what may be a record-breaker in the field—"Thirty-eight Witnesses," a slim but stiff-spined forthcoming volume by A. M. Rosenthal, the metropolitan editor of the *Times*. He set out to write it on May 5th, and the first copies came back from the printer, ready for distribution, on June 4th. The book is based on that memorable, disturbing *Times* story—initiated by Rosenthal and written by Martin Gansberg—about the murder of Catherine Genovese, the young woman who was savagely killed in Queens while more than three dozen onlookers or listeners did nothing about it, not even call the police.

The story ran on March 27th, and was widely reprinted. Quite apart from his professional concern with the incident, Mr. Rosenthal felt a growing uneasiness about it; he couldn't get it and its implications out of his mind, and he made it the basis of a reflective article, "Study of the Sickness Called Apathy." Before this was published, John Stewart, of the paper's book-development department, saw it and suggested that Rosenthal amplify his study into a book, and McGraw-Hill expressed interest in the idea. The *Times* ran the article in its Sunday magazine for May 3rd. Two days later, Rosenthal closeted himself in a *Times* office far from his own and, between 10 A.M. and 5 P.M., wrote the book. Some of the text he culled from what the *Times* had already run, but he also churned out nearly ten thousand fresh words during that fecund stretch. That was a Tuesday. On Wednesday, Rosenthal resumed his regular editorial chores—he presides over what other papers call the city room—and that night he polished his manuscript. The book was set up in type about ten days after it was conceived. Its official publication date is July 8th, but on June 8th Robert Gutwillig, Rosenthal's editor at McGraw-Hill, distributed five hundred copies of it at the American Booksellers Association Convention in Washington.

We sought out Mr. Rosenthal, a

chubby, soft-spoken man, and he presented us with a copy of the book. It is dedicated, with the words "*Bahut bahut mahabat se*," to his wife, Ann Marie. "That's Hindi for 'With a great deal of love,' " explained the author, who for ten years was a *Times* correspondent in India and other foreign countries. "I don't know any Hindi, and neither does my wife. I got the phrase from Sunil K. Roy, the Indian Consul-General here, with whom I became friendly when we were both in Poland. The book is only eighty-seven pages long, but the way I look at it, if it has a hard cover and a Library of Congress card number, it's a book. I'm not so sure my assistant metropolitan editor, Arthur Gelb, would agree. He and his wife, Barbara, spent something over four years on a nine-hundred-page biography of Eugene O'Neill."

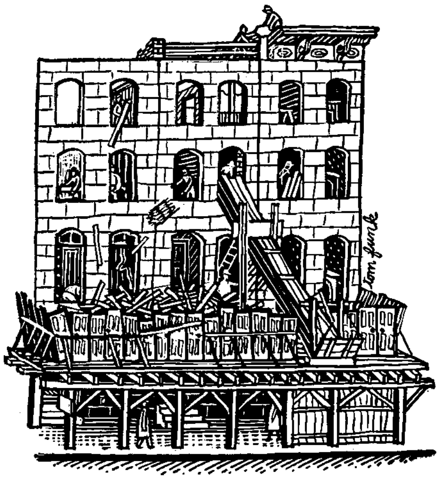
Mr. Rosenthal told us that since the appearance of the first *Times* report of the murder in Queens, the paper has been flooded with tips on what the city staff have come to call apathy stories. "It's as if everybody in New York were watching to see how apathetic everybody else was," he said. "Maybe 'apathy' isn't the right word after all. Maybe it should be 'callousness' or 'dissociation.' Whatever it is, there seem to be an awful lot of people who have been turning away from this or that. People don't seem to be connected to other people any more. I keep thinking about something that happened one day in New Delhi, years ago. I was walking along with another American, and a scabrous beggar grabbed my arm. I pulled away, but my companion reached into his pocket and gave the beggar a sour ball. I asked my friend why he'd done that. 'I haven't any money to give him, but I didn't want to give him nothing,' he said. 'I didn't want to break the connection.' You know, it's a strange thing. I always thought that if I wrote a book, it would be about India or Poland or Africa or Japan or some other faraway place I've spent some time in, but here I end up writing one about Austin Street, in Queens, which I've never been to at all."

Exclusive

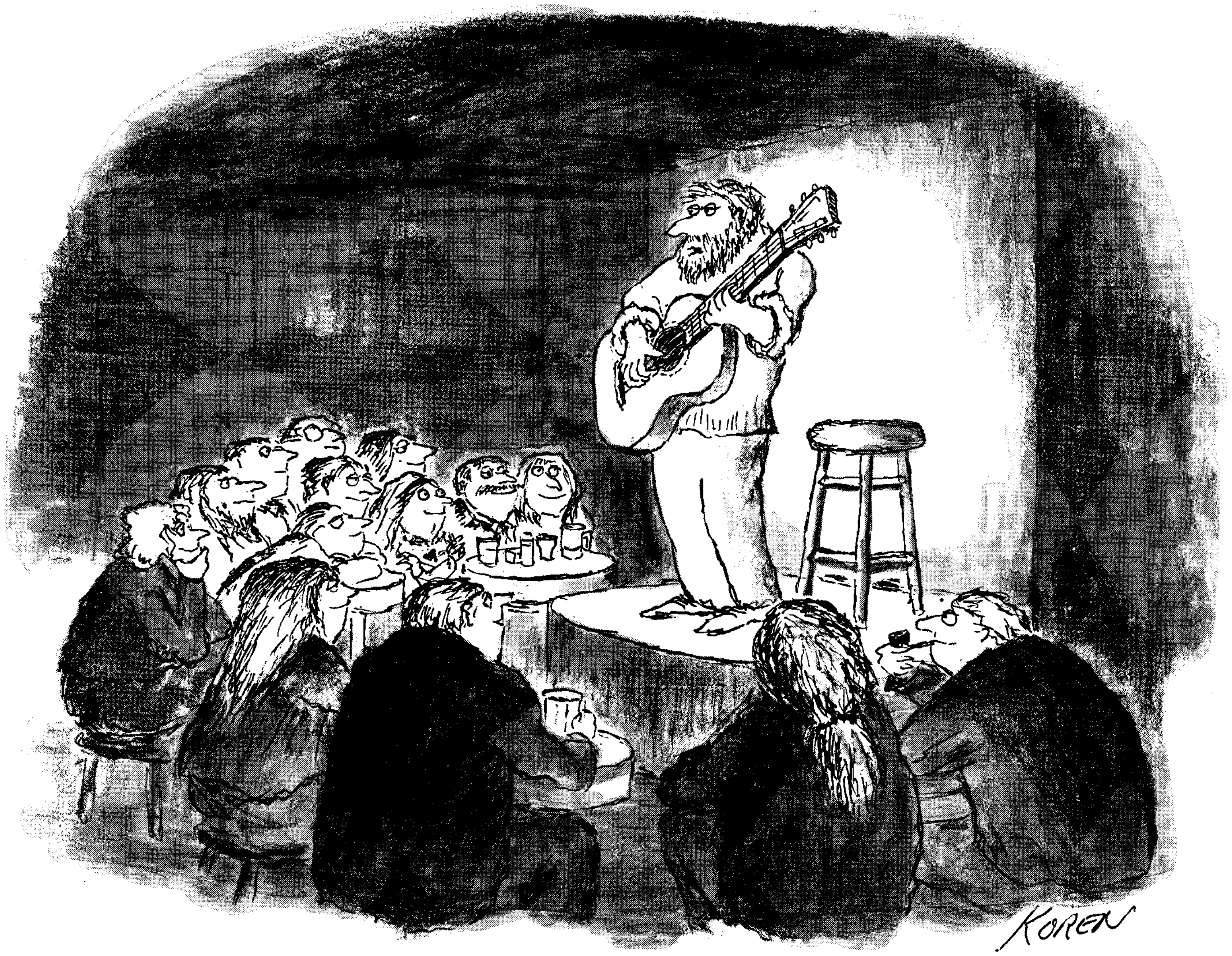
A WOMAN we know who had two nieces graduating this month, one from Smith and the other from Radcliffe, decided, after some pondering, that she would give the girls gold college-seal charms as graduation presents. Throwing caution to the winds, she called up Tiffany's, and was pleasantly informed by a clerk that the shop had charms for only one college—Vassar.

Luminous

IT isn't often that reporters are present at great scientific events. When Mme. Curie isolated radium, there wasn't a newsman in sight. However, we were there the night Mr. Gilbert T. Schmidling, of 609 West 174th Street, observed glowing moon spots. There has been a new burst of speculation recently about some reddish spots on the moon—to be precise, some reddish spots in the neighborhood of the two craters Aristarchus and Herodotus, which are on the upper left-hand section of the moon. The spots have been the subject of recurrent controversy, centering primarily on the question of whether they exist at all, for although astronomers have been reporting their presence since 1787, when William Herschel claimed to have seen them glowing even in the dark of the moon, they have never been photographed, and unphotographed telescopic observations are tricky things at best. The spots have occurred at irregular intervals, and not always in precisely the same place. The same observers have seen them at different intensities as well, and one nineteenth-century observer saw them as blue, not red. The spots have been reported only a few times in the twentieth century, the most noteworthy time being in 1955, when they came to the notice of a Russian astronomer, N. A. Kozyrev. At first, he thought the glowing patches might indicate deposits of some sort of phosphorescent material, but then, in 1961, after taking some spectrograms, he suggested that the phenomenon might be caused by molecular hydrogen escaping through volcanic fissures and fluorescing under the sun's rays. Volcanoes on the moon would mean that the moon was not the cold, dead cinder most astronomers consider it to be, and as far as future astronauts were concerned, volcanoes might be the most comforting, homelike objects on the moon, and might serve as a source of heat, and possibly even of water. However, the Kozyrev theory received little attention for some time, many astronomers being inclined to regard the red spots as a bit of Soviet moonshine. Then, on the evening of October 29, 1963, two astronomers at the Lowell Observatory, in Flagstaff, Arizona, saw the spots through a twenty-four-inch, or medium-sized, visual-refractor telescope. "At 6:50 P.M. I noticed a reddish orange color over the domelike structure on the southwest side of the Cobra Head [part of a valley near Aristarchus]," Mr. James A. Greenacre, one of the Lowell astronomers, reported in the December, 1963, issue of *Sky and Telescope*. "Almost simultaneously, I saw a small spot of the same color on a hilltop across Schröter's Valley. Within about two minutes, these colors had become quite brilliant and had considerable sparkle. . . . I had the impression that I was looking into a large polished gem ruby but could not see through it." On the night of October 29, 1963, the moon had been at its closest point to the earth during its cycle, and one theory that was offered held that the extra pull of the earth's gravity had momentarily opened volcanic fissures. At that time, with the moon about three-quarters full, Aristarchus was just entering the month-long lunar day, and consequently the sun's rays raked the crater at a steep, sunrise angle. The Lowell Observatory predicted that the spots might be visible again in the early morning of June 4th, 5th, and 6th of this year, when conditions would be similar. If the prediction proved accurate, it would go a long way toward substantiating the existence of the spots.



Unfortunately, the mornings of June 4th, 5th, and 6th were overcast and moonless in Flagstaff, but here in New York it was clear and starry on June 6th, when we met Mr. Schmidling, a lunar recorder of the Amateur Astronomers Association of New York, at the Association's observatory, on the roof of the Fieldston School auditorium, in Riverdale. It was one-thirty, and Mr. Schmidling, who was dressed warmly against the early-morning dew, met us in the auditorium and conducted us by a series of staircases to the roof, a flat, gravelly expanse on which the observatory loomed up as a small gray dome silhouetted against the luminous smog of the Bronx. It was pitch-black inside the observatory. We banged against a



"Next I want to sing a song about the House Rules Committee and how the legislative functions of Congress are tyrannized over by its procedural calendar, dominated in turn by an all-powerful chairman hamstringing the processes of democracy."

• •

metal object, which proved to be the telescope, and Mr. Schmidling advised us to stay still until we had gained our night vision. "You've got to give your eyeballs time to elongate," he said solicitously. While we were waiting for this to happen, Mr. Schmidling introduced us to his son David, a young man who is attending the City College of New York; to Mr. Stoddard D. Platt, a youthful lawyer; and to Mr. Glen St. Clair, a young staff representative at the R.C.A. Exhibition Hall. Since the moon wouldn't rise until three-twelve, Mr. Schmidling instructed David to rustle up something on the telescope for us to look at—perhaps a particular globular cluster that he knew was directly overhead. Then he asked us how our night vision was coming, and we said our eyeballs seemed to be lengthening.

While David was turning the dome around, so that its narrow slit would permit the telescope to face in the opposite direction (we had the sensation of being inside a jar whose lid was being unscrewed), Mr. Schmidling offered us peanuts from a can and said he was not certain that we would see the spots that night, even assuming that Aristarchus performed on time, because New York is notably smoggy on the best of evenings, and, besides, our telescope was only a small, eight-inch reflector. But Mr. Schmidling had been bucked up by reports from a group in Japan, who were the only other astronomers to report seeing the spots, and who had seen them through a telescope just two inches bigger than the one at Fieldston.

Mr. Schmidling popped a peanut into his mouth, glanced at the eastern horizon and then at his watch—it was two-fifteen—and remarked that he favored the phosphorescence theory to explain the red spots near Aristarchus. We weren't surprised to hear it, because the last time a representative of this department had seen Mr. Schmidling, in 1942, he had been particularly interested in luminescence; in fact, he had been pulverizing fireflies and extracting the phosphorescent material in their tails to see what made them light up. (He is still working on fireflies, but he no longer advertises for them in the newspapers, as he did in 1942.) Another hobby of his is luminous fish. All in all, he has been big in luminescence since 1927, when he was in on the development of the first fluorescent light, and today he is a consultant on television tubes. Mr. Schmidling said that the known facts about Aristarchus fitted a phosphorescence theory as well as they did a volcanic one. A phosphorescent material stores light and then emits it in the dark, and because of the deep-freeze-storage effect of cold on phosphorescent light, the material might glow when Aristarchus was entering the lunar day, which was the case when the men at the Lowell Observatory saw the spots. We asked Mr. Schmidling whether he had devised any way of testing his theory that night, and he said no—he was just terribly anxious to see this most mysterious and elusive of all glows.

At two-thirty, David reported that Saturn was over the New York Botanical Garden. The planet, orange against black, suggested a hovering oriole.

At three o'clock, Mr. Schmidling announced that it was time to get ready for the moon. He turned on the light in the dome—a fluorescent one—and set a briefcase labelled "Moon Charts" on a table. He said we weren't to worry about our night vision, because we wouldn't need it for an object as bright as the moon.

Mr. Schmidling was working over his moon charts, moving a finger between craters and along valleys as though he were planning a trip on a road map, when the moon rose into the soupy fog above the Bronx. It glowed red until it broke out of the pollution and into the sky proper. Then it reverted to its normal size and to its familiar pale bluish green—a color that Mr. Schmidling, who had now turned off the light, said men attribute to the moon partly because night vision is most sensitive to that color. David took up a position at the telescope and found the moon through it. Then Mr. Schmidling recited directions he had memorized for finding Aristarchus.

"Get the moon's terminator, the line between the light and the dark. Got it?"

David said he had it.

"Now go up the terminator about a quarter of the way. Then turn right. It's not the first crater. It's not the second crater. Go up a bit. That should be Aristarchus."

At that point, Mr. Schmidling took a peep through the telescope himself, roundly denounced David for coming up with the wrong crater, and spun some wheels until matters were righted. We squinted through the eyepiece. Aristarchus, twenty-seven miles in diameter, was a great pale pockmark, and to its right was a slightly smaller one—Herodotus. Schröter's Valley was a spidery arm extending downward from Herodotus. We announced that we saw a tiny russet smudge on what appeared to be a spur connecting the two craters, and then that the smudge had resolved itself into a hard reddish-brown dot against the side of Herodotus. Mr. St. Clair took a look and said he saw it, and so, a moment later, did David. Mr. Platt wasn't sure, but after a full minute at the telescope he said he thought he could make out a faint glimmer.

"Let me have a look at it," Mr. Schmidling said. He stared into the telescope, but after several minutes he said sadly that he couldn't see any glow. "Some people can distinguish one hundred shades of white, and I can't even see a red glow," he added fretfully. He took his glasses off and tried again.

Meanwhile, David and Mr. St. Clair drew rough maps of where they had seen the glow. The maps were alike—a fact that seemed to confirm the reality of the phenomenon. We took another look at the craters, and this time there was a second speck of russet on a spur jutting upward from Aristarchus. This was confirmed by Mr. St. Clair, and so was an impression we'd gained that the spots were redder than before.

Mr. Schmidling was beside himself. "I can see all the features, but I'll be *darned* if I can see any glow," he said querulously.

The morning twilight had begun, and the birds of Riverdale were starting to twitter. David and Mr. St. Clair set about tidying up, but Mr. Schmidling kept his eye glued to the telescope.

"Hey!" he cried, at last. "Now I see it! It's a sharp glow, like a real ruby gem."

Mr. Schmidling then said that the Astronomers Association would make an announcement to the press, and the session concluded with peanuts all around.

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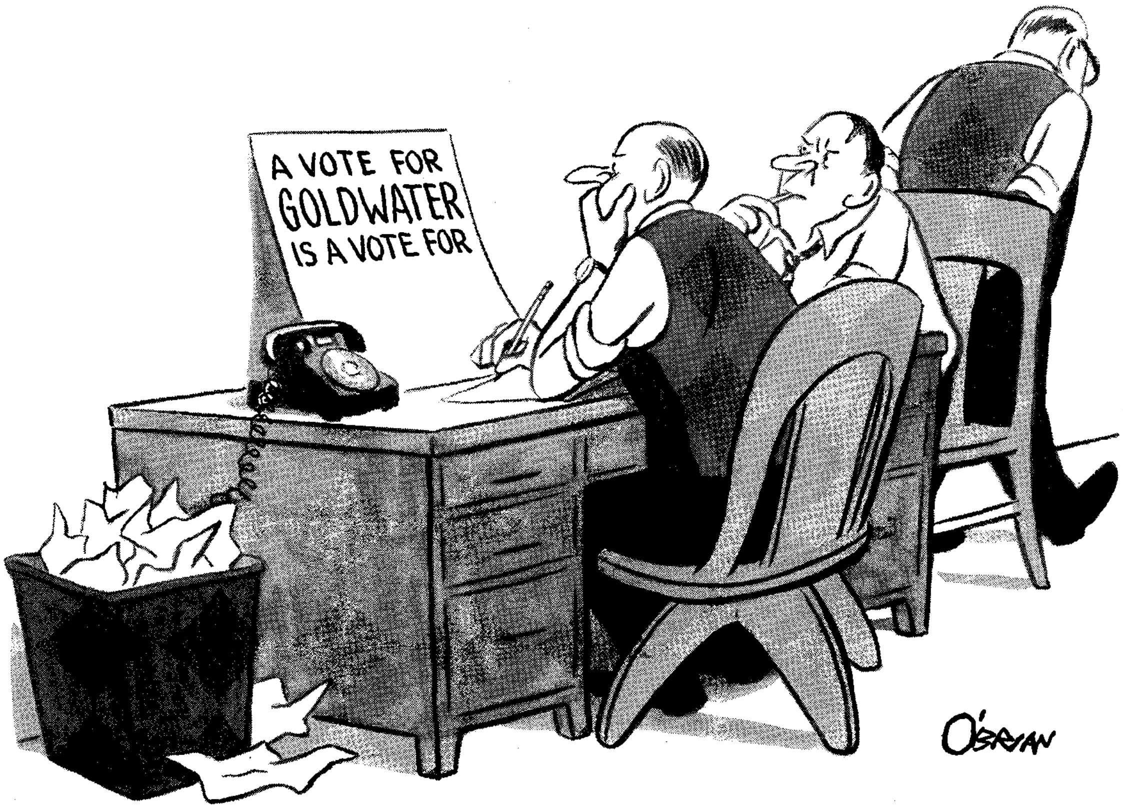
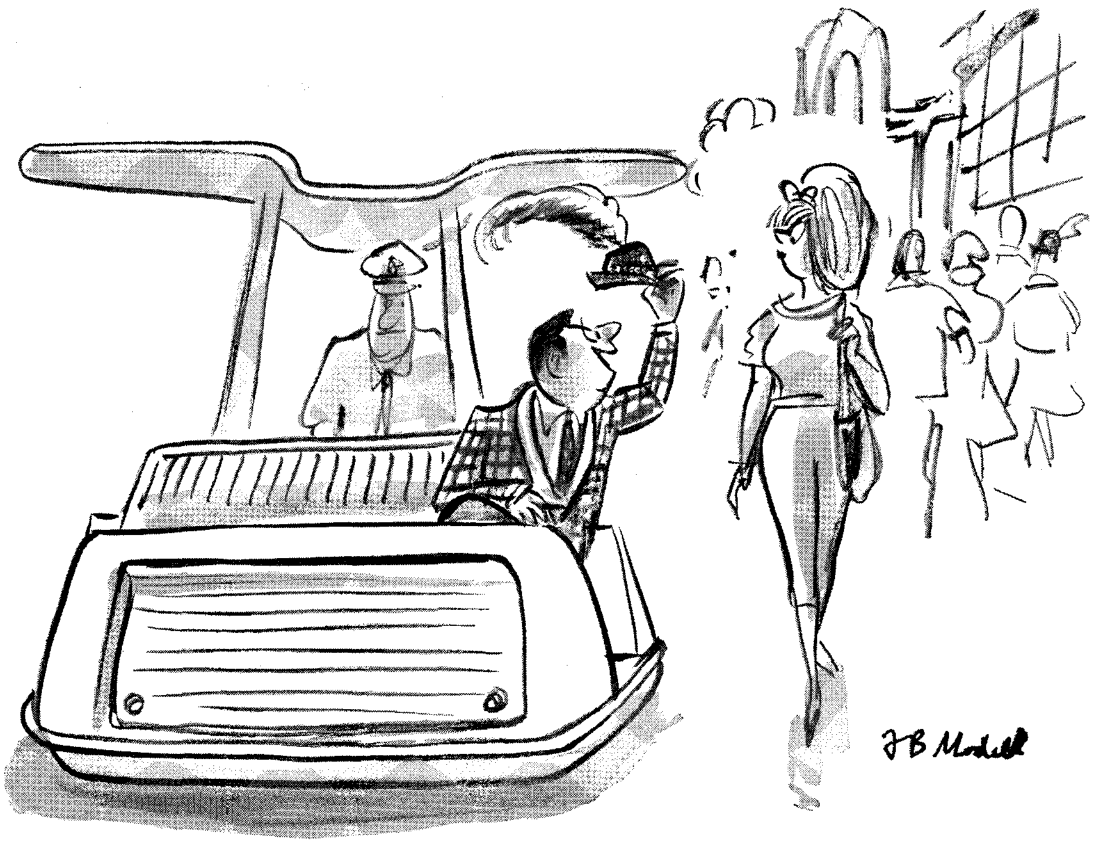
A HOLLYWOOD nursery, according to its advertising, will provide you with "Plants, Landscapes, and Aquafalls."

Greetings

HAVING learned that Mr. Joyce C. Hall, the greeting-card millionaire who is president of Hallmark Cards, was in town from Kansas City, Missouri, to open a vast greeting-card shop, the Hallmark Gallery, at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-sixth Street, we called him up to extend a word of greeting to *him*, and were rewarded by an invitation to have breakfast with him in his rooms, in the Plaza. When we arrived, Mr. Hall, a tall, candid-looking man wearing a dark tie decorated with Hallmark's hallmark—a white crown—greeted *us* cordially, asked what we wanted to eat, ordered it over the phone, and obligingly told us something of his history. "I was born in David City, Nebraska, seventy-two years ago," he said. "It had a population of eighteen hundred then and it has a population of eighteen hundred now. Very pro-





"May I give you a lift to the Amusement Area?"

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gressive place. My paternal grandfather had settled there and was a retired farmer. My father, who died when I was a boy, was a jack-of-all-trades and an itinerant preacher. My widowed mother, who was born in Mark Twain's town of Hannibal, Missouri, moved with us children—there were four of us—to Norfolk, Nebraska, when I was eight or nine. I began to work, after school and during vacations, in a book-and-stationery store owned by my two brothers, who were then around twice my age. I swept the place out, waited on trade, and read the books. By the time I was fourteen, I had saved one hundred and fifty-eight dollars. Picture postcards were the rage then; people put them in albums. I persuaded my brothers to put up capital sums equal to mine, and we bought a regional distributorship of picture postcards. I sold them in the store and, summers, in the surrounding area, wholesale."

A waiter brought the breakfasts, and over shirred eggs and coffee Mr. Hall continued, "We did all right. By the time I was seventeen, I had saved up thirty-five hundred dollars and had conceived the idea that Kansas City would be a better scene of operations—a cigar salesman from there had told me about the Kansas City spirit—so I quit high school in my senior year and went there. I couldn't think of ridiculous things like geometry. I became a full-time jobber." A few years later, in 1913, the distinguished dropout shifted from picture postcards to greeting cards; one of his brothers joined him, and in 1914 they bought a small engraving plant and began publishing their own cards. "There was a struggle for several years," he said, "but by 1917 we were making a nice profit."

"How are you doing today?" we asked.

"I'm not much on figures, but I have a feeling that we manufacture seven and a half million cards a day and sell most of them," Mr. Hall said. "We have forty thousand outlets. We have seven plants in the United States and others in Toronto, London, Dublin, Paris, Frankfurt, and Australia. We have a stable of five hundred artists in our Kansas City headquarters, and we're making arrangements to manufacture in Mexico. We publish in Spanish, French, German, and Italian as well as in English."

Having done some quick calculating, based on a five-day manufacturing week, we asked, "You make around two billion cards a year?"

"I'm not much on figures, but that sounds about right," Mr. Hall replied. "Our biggest growth has come since the Second World War; I think the moving around of people has had something to do with it. When America entered the war, we heard some very dire things about what was going to happen to the greeting-card business. We hired Edward Bernays to have a look at it. He was amazed. He found that it was a communications business, not a souvenir business. He reported that it took care of inarticulate folks—which meant almost everybody. The thing that interests me is taste. I have a terrific interest in taste. I'm sorry it isn't taught in every primary and secondary school. I find that my own taste—in greeting cards, that is—is terrifically influenced by demand. Taste improves rapidly, and we try to keep up with it; we make twelve thousand items every year. Ninety-eight per cent of our designing is done in our own plants, but we've used many outside artists, including Michelangelo, El Greco, Renoir, Walt Disney, Norman Rockwell, and Sir Winston Churchill. We signed Churchill up in 1958 and sold four and a half million of his cards the first year. I think of our business as the unsophisticated art. Bennett Cerf once said it was a halfway step to the fine arts—just as jazz is to symphonies, I guess."

We thanked the benefactor of an inarticulate world and stopped in at his Gallery, where thirty thousand cards are arranged in alcoves under lighted signs reading "Friendship-Cheer," "Cheer," "Birthday," "Special-Humorous Birthday," "Birthday for Relatives," "Relative Birthday-New Baby," "New Baby-Amusing," "Amusing," "Wedding-Thank You," "Graduation Cards," "Religious-Sympathy-Birth Ann.," and so on. "I sure do like to kiss you. You taste better than the 70¢ spread," we read on one of them, and, on another, "Sorry about your accident. Just take it EASY and GET WELL ON THE DOUBLE," and, on the double, we headed for the door.

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OVERHEARD in a Statler Hilton elevator, seersucker to gabardine: "You'll like Jack a lot. He's a salesmen's salesman."

A PICTURE HISTORY OF THE WAR

KELLERMAN, gigantic with gin, runs through the park at noon with his naked father slung under one arm. Old Kellerman covers himself with both hands and howls in the tearing wind, although sometimes he sings in the bursting sunlight. Where there is tearing wind he howls, and where there is bursting sunlight he sings. The park is empty except for a pair of young mothers in greatcoats who stand, pressed together in a rapturous embrace, near the fountain. "What are those mothers doing there," cries the general, "near the fountain?" "That is love," replies the son, "which is found everywhere, healing and beautiful." "Oh what a desire I have," cries the general, "that there might happen some great dispute among nations, some great anger, so that I might be myself again!" "Think of the wrack," replies the son. "Empty saddles, boots reversed in the stirrups, tasteful eulogies—" "I want to tell you something!" shrieks the general. "On the field where this battle was fought, I saw a very wonderful thing which the natives pointed out to me!"

On the night of the sixteenth, Wellington lingered until three in the morning in Brussels at the Duchess of Richmond's ball, sitting in the front row. "Showing himself very cheerful," according to Müffling. Then with Müffling he set out for the windmill at Brye, where they found Marshal Blücher and his staff sitting in the front row. Kellerman, followed by the young mothers, runs out of the park and into a bar.

"Eh, hello, Mado. A Beaujolais."

"Eh, hello, Tris-Tris," the barmaid replies. She is wiping the zinc top with a dirty handkerchief. "A Beaujolais?"

"Cut the sentimentality, Mado," Kellerman says. "A Beaujolais. Listen, if anybody asks for me—"

"You haven't been in."

"Thanks, Mado. You're a good sort."

Kellerman knocks back the Beaujolais, tucks his naked father under his arm, and runs out the door.

"You were rude with that woman!" the general cries. "What is the rationale?"

"It's a convention," Kellerman replies. The Belgian regiments had been tampered with. In the melee, I was almost instantly disabled in both arms, losing first my sword, and then my reins, and followed by a few men, who were presently cut down, no quarter being asked, allowed, or given, I was carried along by my horse, till, receiving a blow from a sabre, I fell senseless on my face to the ground. Kellerman runs, reading an essay by Paul Goodman in *Commentary*. His eye, caught by a line in the last paragraph ("In a viable constitution, every excess of power should structurally generate its own antidote"), has wandered back up the column of type to see what is being talked about ("I have discussed the matter with Mr. and Mrs. Beck of the Living Theatre and we agree that the following methods are tolerable").

"What's that?" calls the first mother. "On the bench there, covered with the overcoat?"

"That's my father," Kellerman replies courteously. "My dad."

"Isn't he cold?"

"Are you cold?"

"He looks cold to me!" exclaims the one in the red wrapper. "They're funny-looking, aren't they, when they get that old? They look like radishes."

"Something like radishes," Kellerman agrees. "Dirty in the vicinity of the roots, if that's what you mean."

"What does he do?" asks the one in the blue boots. "Or, rather, what did he do when he was of an age?"

Kellerman falls to his knees in front of the bench. "Bless me, Father, for I have sinned. I committed endoarchy two times, melanicity four times, encropatomy seven times, and preprocity with igneous intent, pretolemicity, and overt cranialism once each."

"Within how long a period?"

"Since Monday."

"Did you enjoy it?"

"Which?"

"Any of it."

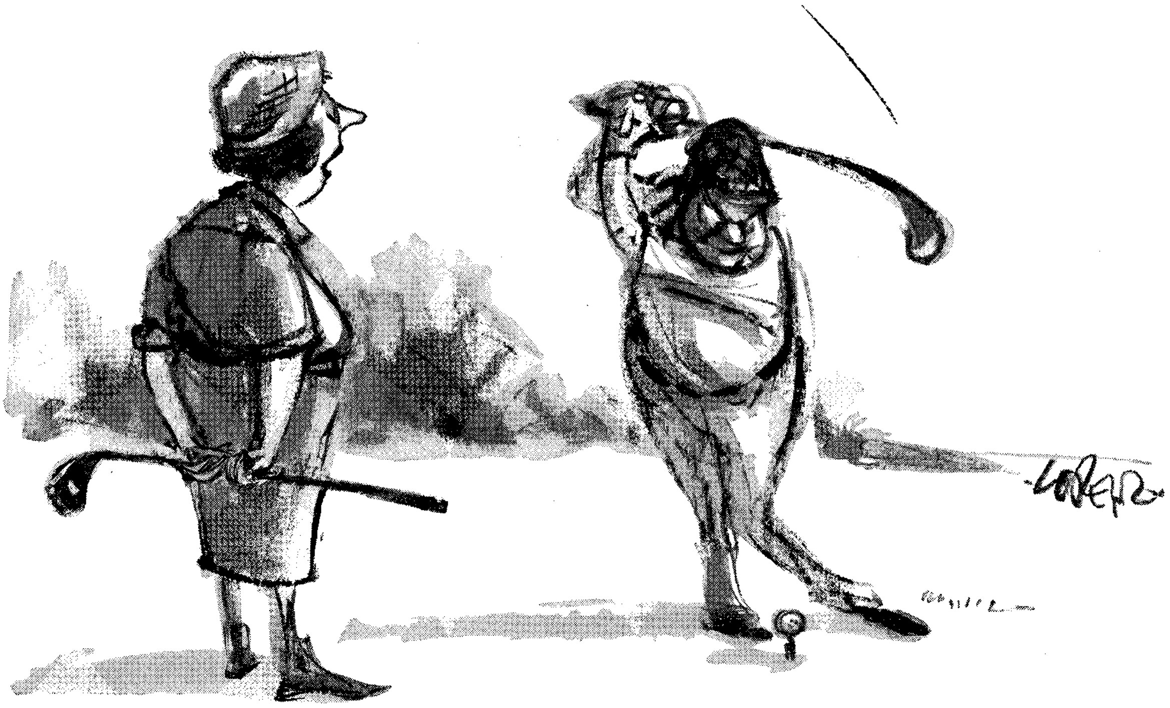
"Some of it. Melanicity in the afternoon promotes a kind of limited joy."

"Have you left anything out?"

"A great deal." On the field where this battle was fought I saw a very wonderful thing which the natives pointed out to me. The bones of the slain lie scattered upon the field in two lots, those of the Persians in one place by themselves, those of the Egyptians in another place apart from them. If, then, you strike the Persian skulls, even with a pebble, they are so weak, that you break a hole in them; but the Egyptian skulls are so strong, that you may smite them with a stone and you will scarcely break them in.

"Oh what a desire I have," cried the general, "that my son would, like me, jump out of airplanes into aggressor terrain and find farmers with pitchforks poised to fork him as he drifts into the trees! And the farmer's dog, used for chivying sheep usually—how is it possible that I have a son who does not know the farmer's dog? And then calling out in the night to find the others, voices in the night—it's incredibly romantic. I gave him a D-ring for a teething toy and threw him up in the air, higher than any two-year-old had ever been, and put him on the mantel, and said, 'Jump, you little bastard,' and he jumped, and I caught him—this when I was only a captain and chairman of the Machine Gun Committee at Benning. He had expensive green-gold grenadiers from F.A.O. Schwarz and a garrote I made myself from the E flat on his mother's piano. Firefights at dusk on the back lawn at Leonard Wood. Superior numbers in the shower room. Give them a little more grape, Captain Gregg, under the autumnal moon."

"Now, Agnes, don't start crying! We better go see Uncle René all together right away, and he'll ex-



"The ball, I presume, is me."

plain anything you need to know."

"Interesting point of view," the ladies remarked. "Does he know anything about skin?"

"Everything."

Touched by the wind, the general howls.

"He was a jumping general," Kellerman explains to the ladies, "who jumped out of airplanes with his men to fall on the aggressor rear with sudden surprise and great hurt to that rear. He jumped in Sicily with the One-Oh-Bloody-One Airborne. The German cemetery at Pomezia has twenty-seven thousand four hundred," Kellerman declares. "What could he have been thinking of, on the way down? Compare if you will the scene with the scene at the battle of Borodino, at the battle of Arbela, at the battle of Metaurus, at the battle of Châlons, at the battle of Pultowa, at the battle of Valmy—"

"Eh, hello, Mado. A Beaujolais."

"Eh, hello, Tris-Tris. A Beaujolais?"

"Listen, Mado, if anybody asks for me—"

"You haven't been in."

"Bless me, Father, for I have sinned. I wanted to say a certain thing to a certain man, a certain true thing that had crept into my head. I opened my head, at the place provided, and proceeded to pronounce the true thing that lay languishing there—that is, proceeded to propel that trueness, that felicitous trularity, from its place inside my head out into world life. The certain man stood waiting to receive it. His face reflected an eager acceptingness. Everything was right. I propelled, using my mind, my mouth, all my muscles. I propelled. I propelled and propelled. I felt that trularity inside my head moving slowly through the passage provided (stained like the caves of Lascaux with garlic, antihistamines, Berlioz, a history, a history) toward its début on the world stage. Past my teeth, with their little brown sweaters knitted of gin and cigar smoke, toward its leap to critical scrutiny. Past my lips, with their tendency to flake away in cold weather—

"Father, I have a few questions to ask you. Just a few questions about things that have been bothering me lately." In the melee, I was almost instantly disabled in both arms. Losing first my sword . . . and then my reins. And followed by a few men, who were presently cut down, no quarter being asked, allowed, or given . . . I was carried along by my horse, till— "Who is fit for marriage? What is the art of love? What physical or mental ailments can be hereditary? What is the best age for marriage? Should marriage be postponed until the husband alone can support a family? Should a person who is sterile marry? What is sterility? How do the male reproductive organs work? Is a human egg like a bird's? What is a false pregnancy? What is artificial insemination? What happens if the sex glands are removed? In the male? In the female? Is it possible to tell if a person is emotionally fit for marriage? Why are premarital medical examinations important? What is natural childbirth? What is the best size for a family? Can interfaith marriages be successful? Can a couple know in advance if they can have children? Are there any physical standards to follow in choosing a mate? How soon after conception can a woman tell if she is pregnant? What is the special function of the sex hormones? What are the causes of barrenness? How reliable are the various contraceptive devices? If near relatives marry will their children be abnormal? Do the first sex experiences have a really important bearing upon marital adjustment? Can impotence be cured? Can the sex of a child be predicted? How often should intercourse be practiced? How long should it last? Should you turn out the lights? Should music be played? Is our culture sick? Is a human egg like a bird's?"

KELLERMAN stops at the ginstore. "We can't use any of those," the ginstoreman says. "Those whatever-it-ises you've got under your arm there."

"That's my dad," Kellerman says. "Formerly known as the Hammer of Thor. Now in reduced circumstances."

"I thought it was radishes," the ginstoreman says. "A bunch of radishes."

Kellerman kneels on the floor of the ginstore. "Bless me, Father, for I have sinned. That one was venial. But in respect to mortal sins, I would announce the following sins. Their mortalaciousness will not disappoint, is in fact so patent, so demonstrable, that the meanest confessor would, with a shy wave of the hand, accept and forgive them, in the manner of a customs inspector running his hand generously, forgivingly around the inside of a Valpak presented by a pretty girl."

"What do *you* do?" the mothers ask. "You yourself."

"I'm a bridge expert," Kellerman says kindly. "The father of a book on the subject, 'Greater Bridge,' which attempts to make complex the simple, so that we will not be bored. A Bible of bridge, if you take my meaning. Some of our boys carried it in the pockets over their hearts during the war. As they dropped through the air. Singing 'Johnny Got a Zero.' " All deliriously pretty and sexy mothers in brawny Chanel tweeds. Black-and-white hound's-tooth checks, say; black-and-white silk Paisley blouses; gleaming little pairs of white kidskin gloves. Very correct hang to the jackets. Short skirts with a clochelike slide over the hip, lots of action at the hemline—couldn't be better. Café-ed mouths, shiny orange-brown cheeks, ribbons of green enamel eye makeup. Mrs. Subways.

"I'm cold," old Kellerman says.

"Cold," the ladies remark, pointing.

Kellerman pulls out his flask. "Winter gin," he says, "it absumeth the geniture."

"Say something professional," the ladies request.

"♠ 6 ♡ K Q J 9 4 ◇ A K 8 5 ♣ K Q 2," Kellerman says.

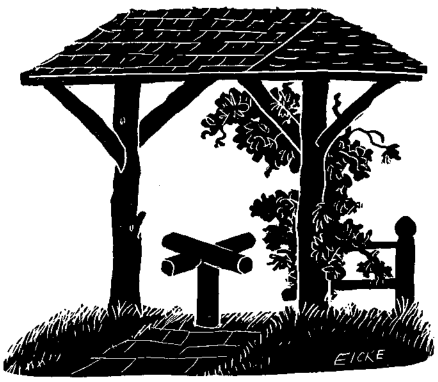
On the third, Hood's main army was in the neighborhood of Lost Mountain. Stewart's Corps was sent to strike the railway north of Marietta and to capture, if possible, Allatoona. Stewart, on the morning of the fifth, rejoined Hood, having destroyed two small posts on the railroad and having left French's division to capture Allatoona and destroy the Etowah Bridge. The Army of the Cumberland led the pursuit, and on the evening of the fourth it was bivouacking at the foot of Kenesaw Mountain. "And many others," Kellerman says. "Just as steamy and sordid as that one. Each sin preserved in amber in the vaults of the Library of Congress, under the management of the Registrar of Copyrights."

"With all the sticky details?"

"Rife with public hair," Kellerman says, "just to give you a whiff of the sordidness possible since the perfection of modern high-speed offset lithography."

"O sin," exclaims the general from his bench, "in which fear and guilt encrandulate (or are encrandulated by) each other to mess up the real world of objects with a film of nastiness and dirt, how well I understand you! Standing there! How well I understand your fundamental motifs! How ill I understand my fundamental motifs! Why are objects preferable to parables? How did I get so old so suddenly? In what circumstances is confusion a virtue? Why have I never heard of Yusef Lateef? 1. On flute, Lateef creates a completely distinctive sound—sensitive, haunting, but filled with a firm and passionate strength unequalled among jazz flutists. 2. On tenor saxophone, Yusef is again thoroughly and excitingly individual, combining brilliantly modern conception with a big, deep, compellingly full-throated tone. 3. The oboe, as played by Lateef, undergoes a startling transformation into a valid jazz instrument, wailing with a rich and fervently funky blues quality. 4. What is 'wailing'? What is 'funky'? Why does language subvert me, subvert my seniority, my medals, my oldness, whenever it gets a chance? What does language have against me—me that has been good to it, respecting its little peculiarities and nicilosities, for sixty years? 5. What do 'years' have against me? Why have they stuck stones in my kidneys, devaluated my tumulosity, retracted my hair? 6. Where does 'hair' go when it dies?"

Kellerman is eating one of his fifty-two-cent lunches: a 4½ oz. can of Sells Liver Pâté (thirty-one cents) and a box of Nabisco Saltines (twenty-one cents), washed down with the last third of a bottle of leftover Chablis. He lifts the curiously ugly orange wineglass, one of four (the fourth destroyed in the dishwasher) sent to Noëlie at Christmas by her Oregon aunt. He is reading an essay by Paul Goodman in *Commentary*. His eye, caught by a line in the last paragraph ("In a viable constitution, every excess of power should structurally generate its own antidote"), has wandered back up the page to see what is being talked about ("I have discussed the matter with Mr. and Mrs. Beck of the Living Theatre and we agree that the following methods are tolerable"). He nicks the little hump of pâté with the sharp edge of a Saltine. He congratulates himself on the economical elegance of the meal. Gregg meantime has attacked Fitzhugh Lee on the Louisa Courthouse road and has driven him back some distance, pursuing until nightfall. Near one of the hedges of the Hougoumont farm, without even a drummer to beat the *rappel*, we succeeded in rallying under the enemy's fire 300 men; I made a villager act as our guide, and bound him by his arm to my stirrup.



Kellerman stands before a chalkboard with a long wooden pointer in his hand. The general has been folded into a schoolchild's desk, sitting in the front row. On the board, in chalk, there is a diagrammatic sketch of a suit of armor. Kellerman points.

"A.: *Palette*."

"Palette," the old man repeats.

"Covers the shoulder joint," Kellerman says.

"The armpit?" the old man suggests.

"The shoulder joint," Kellerman says.

"Are you certain?"

"Absolutely."

The general writes in his tablet.

Kellerman points. "B.: *Breastplate*."

His father scribbles.

"Covers the—"

"Breast," old Kellerman says.

"Chest," Kellerman says.

"Mustard plaster," the old man says. "Trying to break up the clog in your little lung. Your mother and I. All through the night. Tears in her eyes. The doctor forty miles away."

"C.: *Tasset*."

"Semolina pudding you wanted. 'No,' I said. 'Later,' I said. 'Bad for

* * *

A RUNE FOR C.

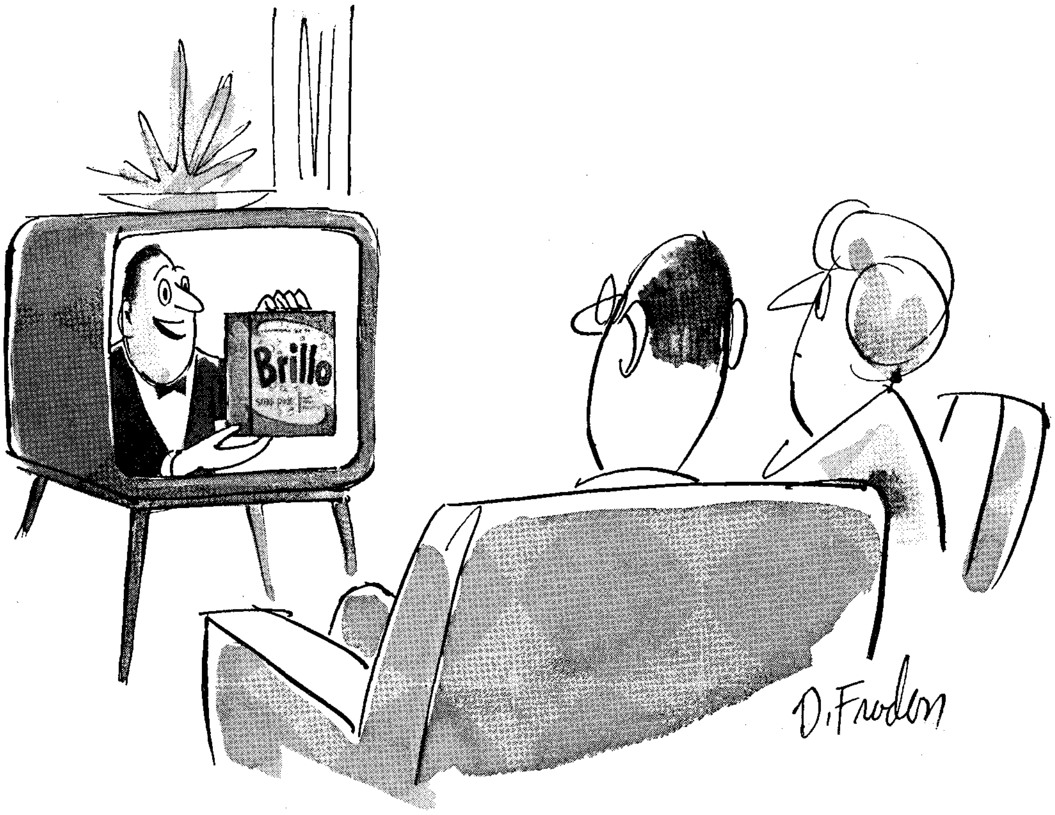
Luck? I am upset. My dog is ill.
I am now in that gray shuttling trains go in for;
The sky clouds; it is hard to believe dawn will

Ever show up.—I look for omens:
Not birds broken, not Fords lashed around trees,
But some item showing that fate is open. . . .

Sometimes, far far down in the magical past
Of us all, in something that stutters, something that rises,
There is an intimation of luck just

Swinging over our way: a cat's paw loose
In the banister, a long train-run, and then,
Square and oil-shambled, blue between elms, the caboose!

—BARBARA HOWES



"*. . . and Brillo also comes in the giant-size box suitable for framing.*"

• •

the gut,' I said. You cried and cried."

"*Tasset*," Kellerman repeats. "For the upper thigh. Suspended from the waistplate by straps."

"Strap. Ah, strap!"

"D.: *Cuisse*."

"I was good with the strap. Fast but careful. Not too much, not too little. Calculating the angles, wind velocity, air-spring density, time of day. My windup a perfect hyperbolic paraboloid."

"Covers the thigh proper," Kellerman says. "Fastened by means of—"

"Strap," the general says, with satisfaction. "Unpleasant duty. When in the course of human events it becomes necessary—"

"*You loved it!*" Kellerman says, shouting.

The Belgian regiments had been tampered with. In the melee, I was almost instantly disabled in both arms, losing first my sword, and then my reins, and followed by a few men, who were presently cut down, no quarter being asked, allowed, or given, I was carried along by my horse, till, receiving a blow from a sabre, I fell senseless on my face to the ground. Germany was unspeakably silly. Technically, I was a radar operator on the guidance system. It was a rotten job. Ten hours a day of solid boredom. I did get one trip to the wild Hebrides for the annual firing of the missile (it's called a Corporal). Confidentially, it doesn't work worth a damn. We have a saying: Its effective range is thirty-five feet—its length. If it falls on you, it can be lethal. "There are worms in words!" the general cries. "The worms in words are, like Mexican jumping beans, agitated by the warmth of the mouth."

"Flaming gel," Kellerman says. "You were fond of flaming gel."

"Not overfond," the general replies. "Not like some of them."

"What's that you have there, under your arm?" asks the bookstoreman.

"The Black Knight," Kellerman says. "I want one of those Histomaps of Evolution that you have in the window there, showing the swelling of the unsegmented worms—flatworms, ribbon worms, arrow worms, wheelworms, spring heads, and so forth."

"Worms in words," the general repeats, "agitated by the warmth of the mouth."

"I'm not accepting any more blame, Papa," Kellerman says firmly. "Blame wouldn't melt in my mouth." He hands round the pâté. "I love playing with mugged-up cards," Kellerman says, to the nearest mother. She is wearing a slim sand-tweed coat with two rows of gilt buttons and carrying a matchbook that says (black lettering, rose-blush ground) "VD Is On the Rise In New York City." "The four of fans, the twelve of wands, the deuce of kidneys, the Jack of Brutes. And shaved decks and readers of various kinds, they make the game worthy of the name." And it was true that his wife pulled 1 hair out of his sleeping head each night, but what if she decided upon 2, or 5, or even 11?

Of those who remained and fought, none were so rudely handled as the Chians, who displayed prodigies of valor, and disdained to play the part of cowards. Boris has given me a summary of his views. The order and harmony of the universe, what a beautiful idea! He was obsessed by a vision of beauty—the shimmering, golden Temple, more fascinating than a woman, more eternal than love. And because he was ugly, evil, impotent, he determined someday to possess it . . . by destruction. He had used the word incorrectly. He had mispronounced the word. He had misspelled the word. It was the wrong word.

"Eh, hello, Mado. A Beaujolais."

"Eh, hello, Tris-Tris. A Beaujolais?"

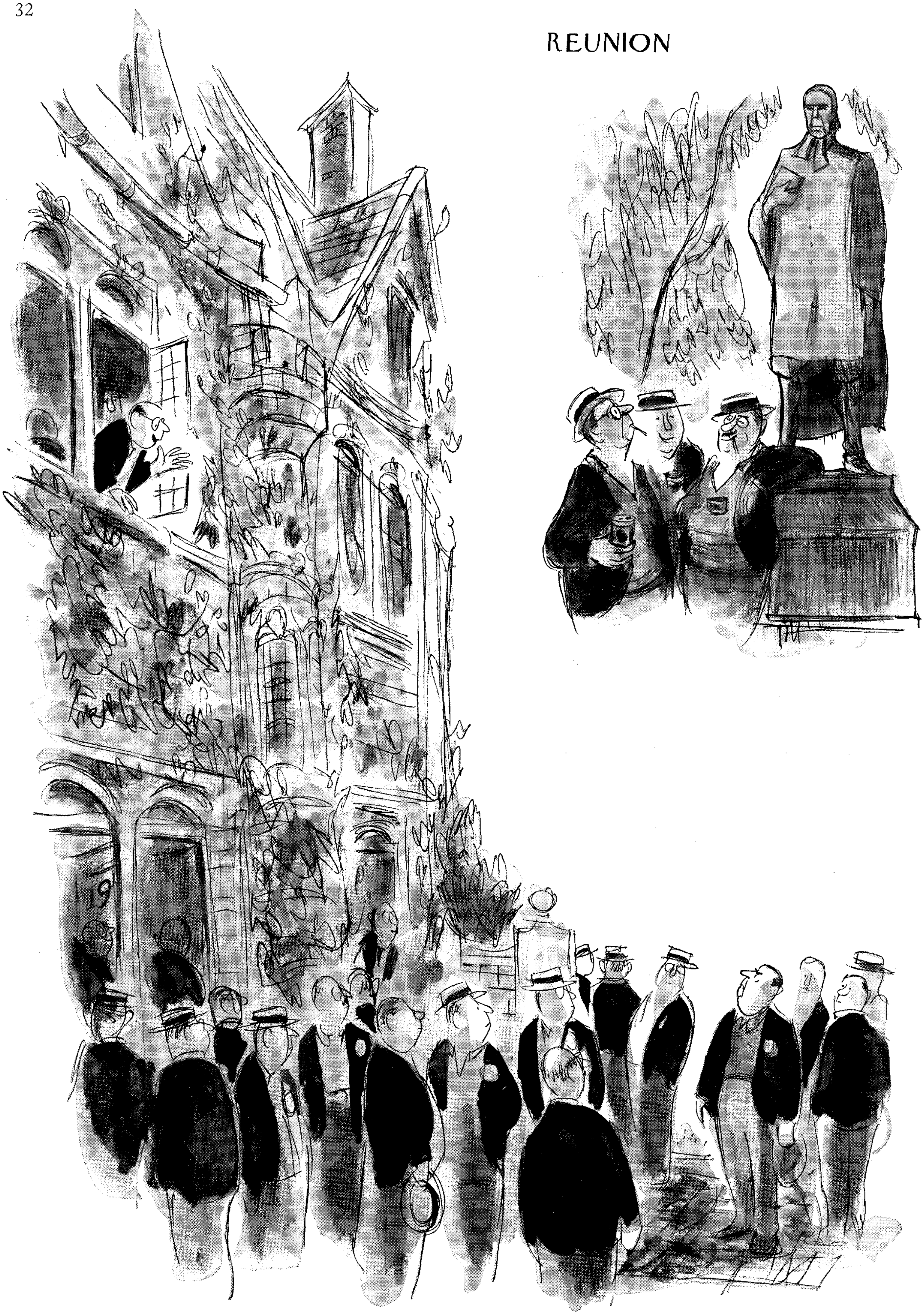
Kellerman runs down the avenue, among the cars, in and out. There are sirens, there is a fire. The huge pieces of apparatus clog the streets. Hoses are run this way and that. Hundreds of firemen stand about, looking at each other, asking each other questions. Kellerman runs. There is a fire somewhere, but the firemen do not know where it is. They stand, gigantic in their black slickers, yellow-lined, their black hats covering the back of the neck, holding shovels. The street is full of firemen, gigantic, standing there. Kellerman runs up to a group of firemen, who look at him with frightened eyes. He begins asking them questions. "Should a person who is sterile marry? What is sterility? What is a false pregnancy? How do the male reproductive organs work? What is natural childbirth? Can a couple know in advance if they can have children? Can impotence be cured? What are the causes of barrenness? Is a human egg like a bird's?"—Donald Barthelme

•

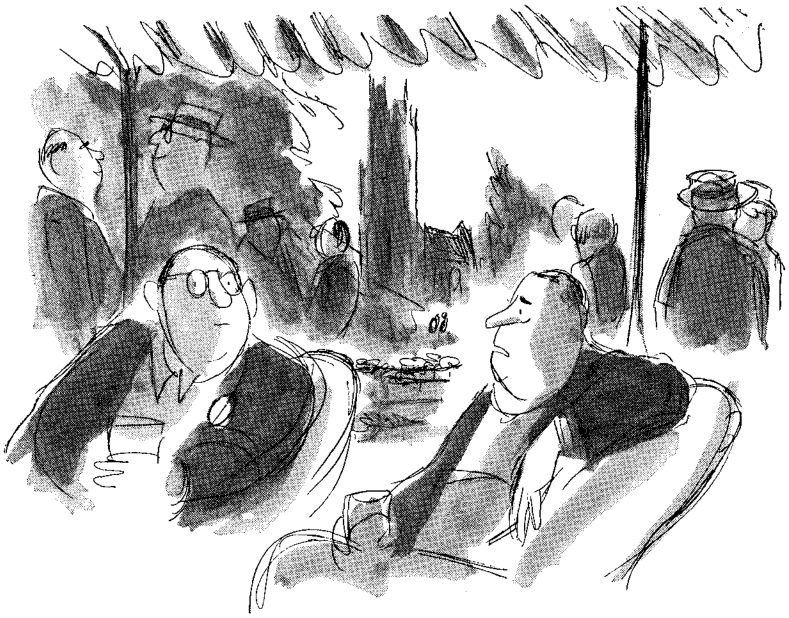
We will trust that the addresses of President Johnson and the Deputy Under Secretary of State, Alexis Johnson, will raise a fresh curtain of corroboration on an ancient stage hoary with hatred and malice and bitterness.—*Mizrachi Woman.*

And throw troubled oil on the ancient fires that consume the still waters.

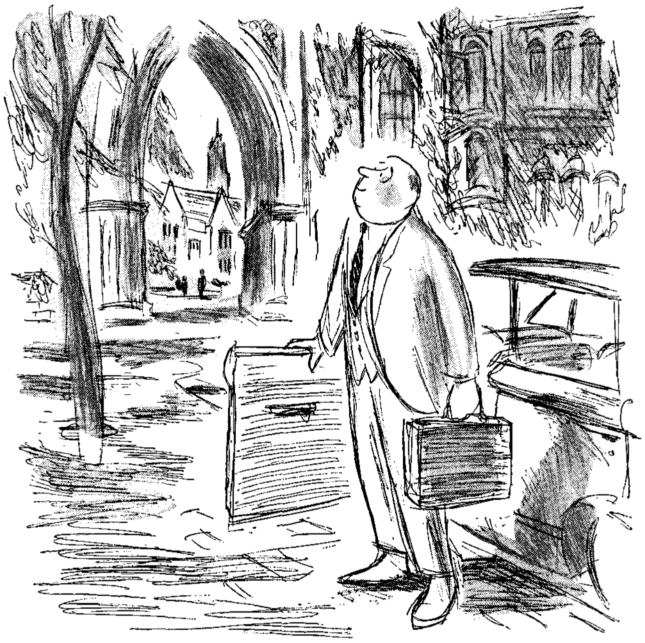
REUNION

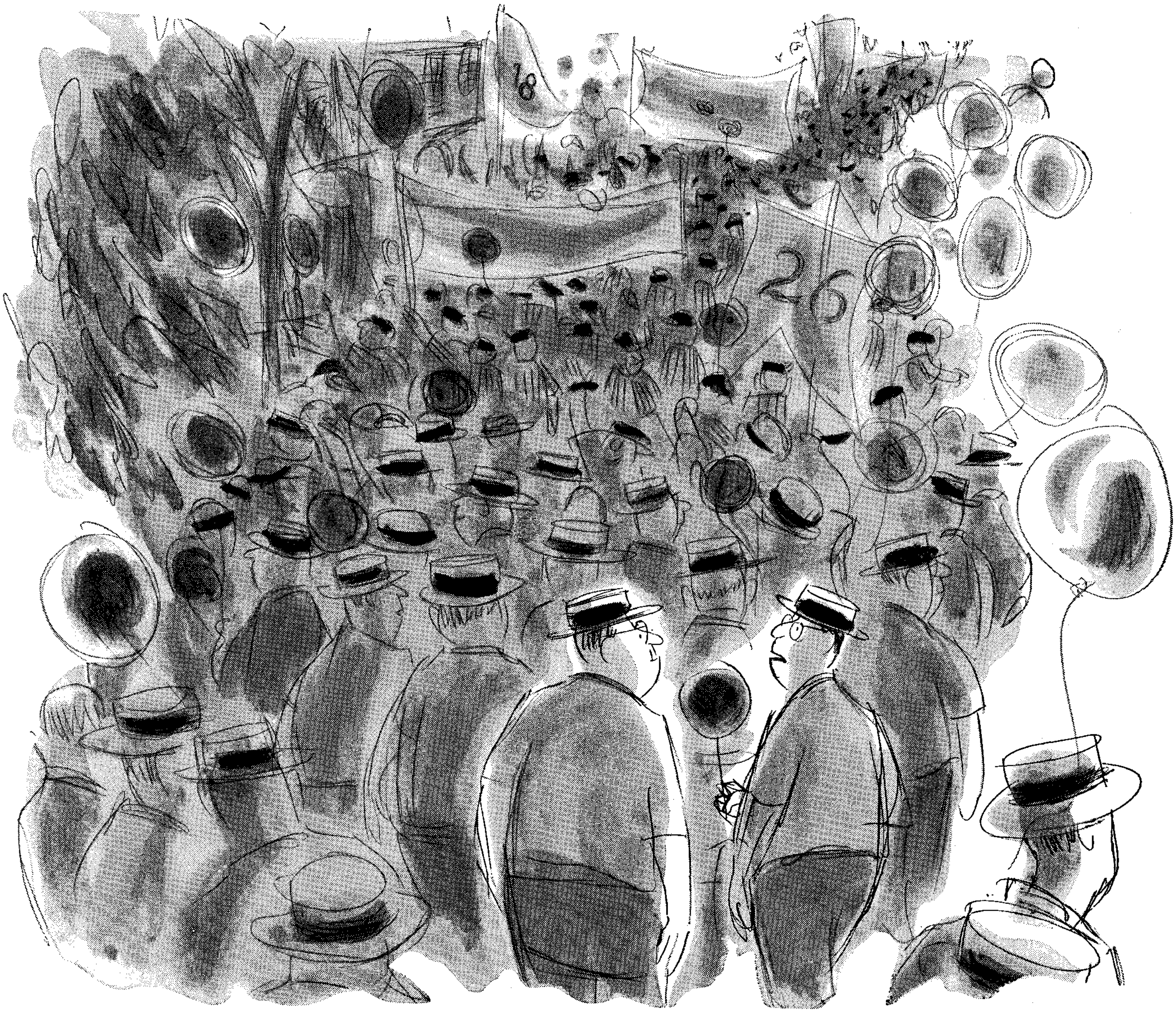


"*Hey, Alfred! I hear you're a Bircher!*"

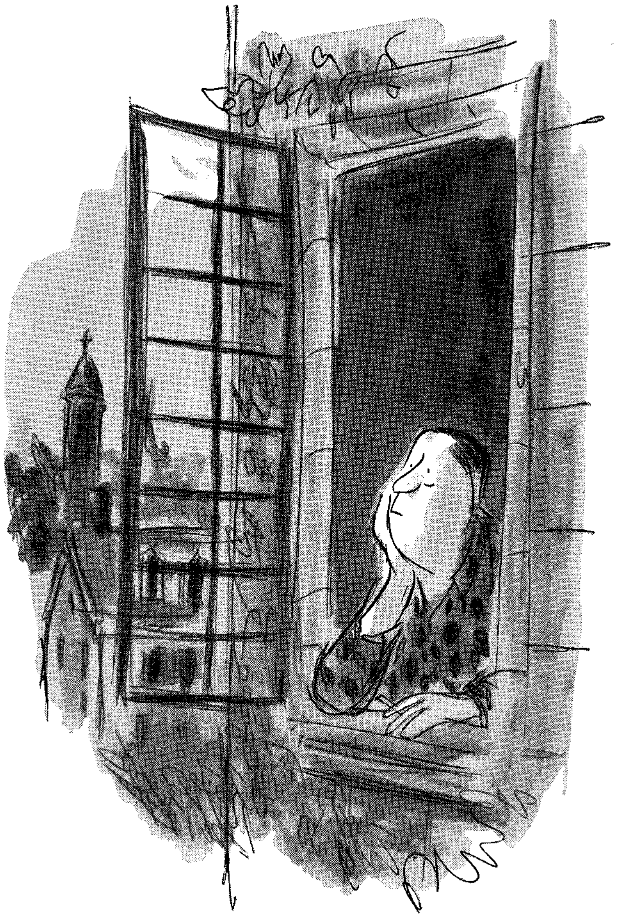


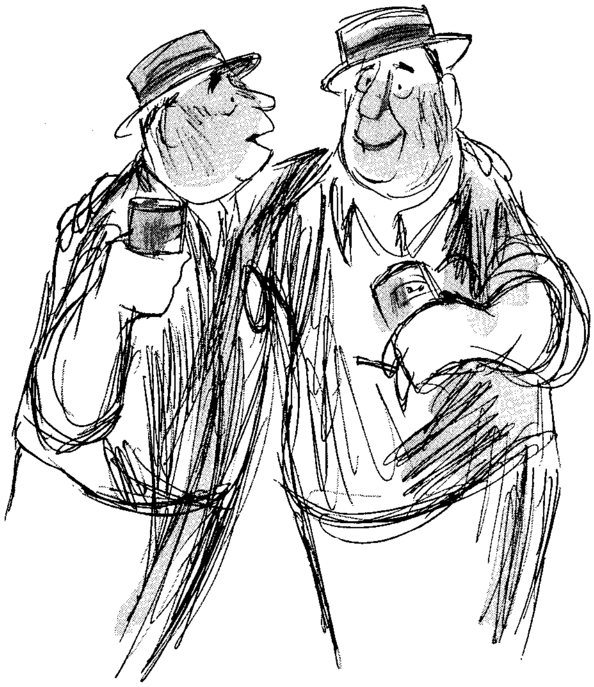
"My boy got the college of his choice. It's a little college up in Vermont, with girls and a lot of skiing."



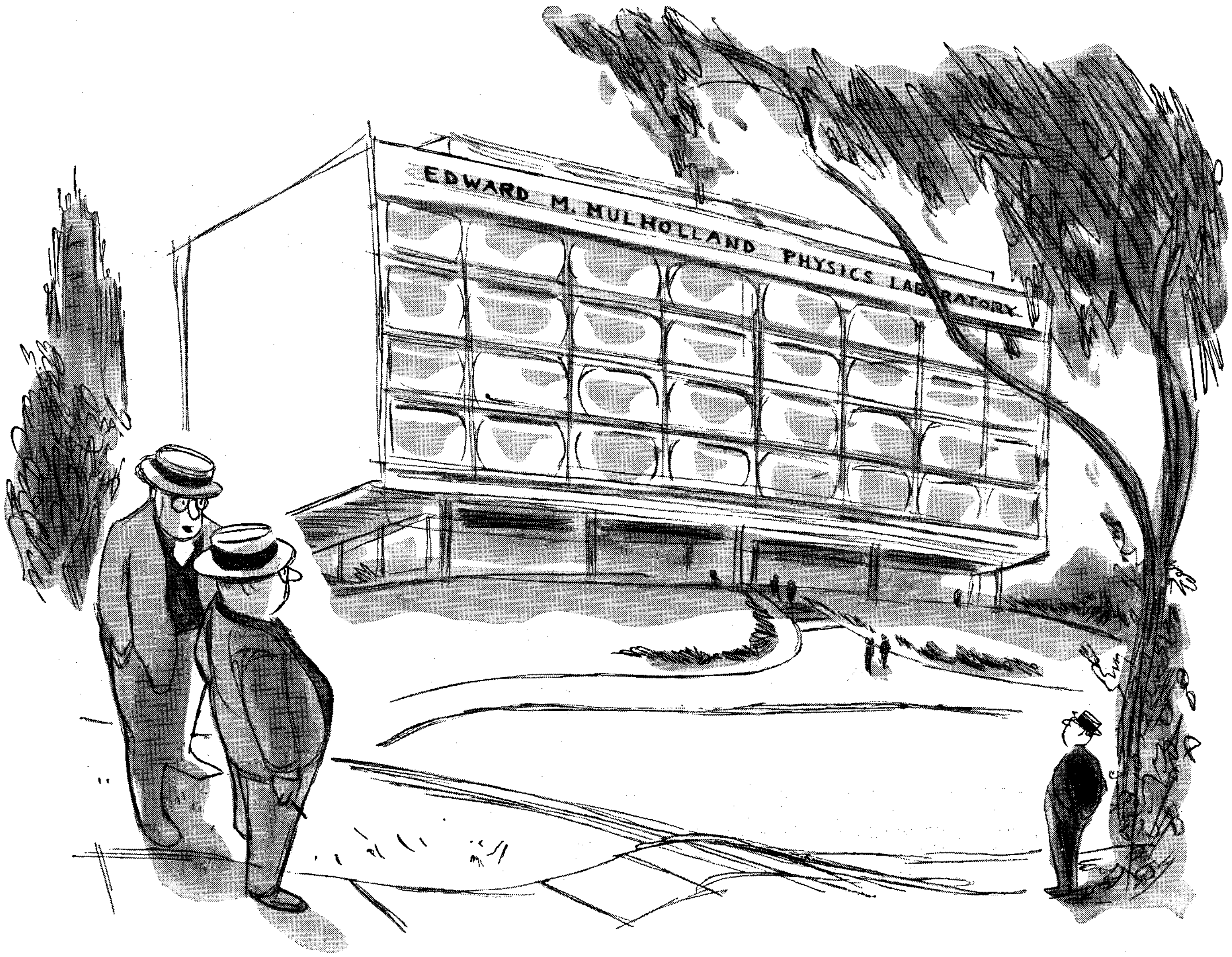


"I bought it at 23 and sold it when it reached 56, and it's now selling for 67, but I guess I shouldn't complain."

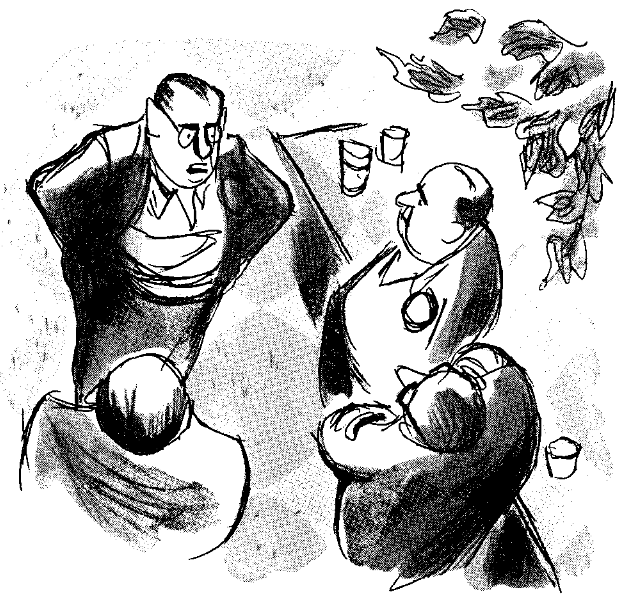




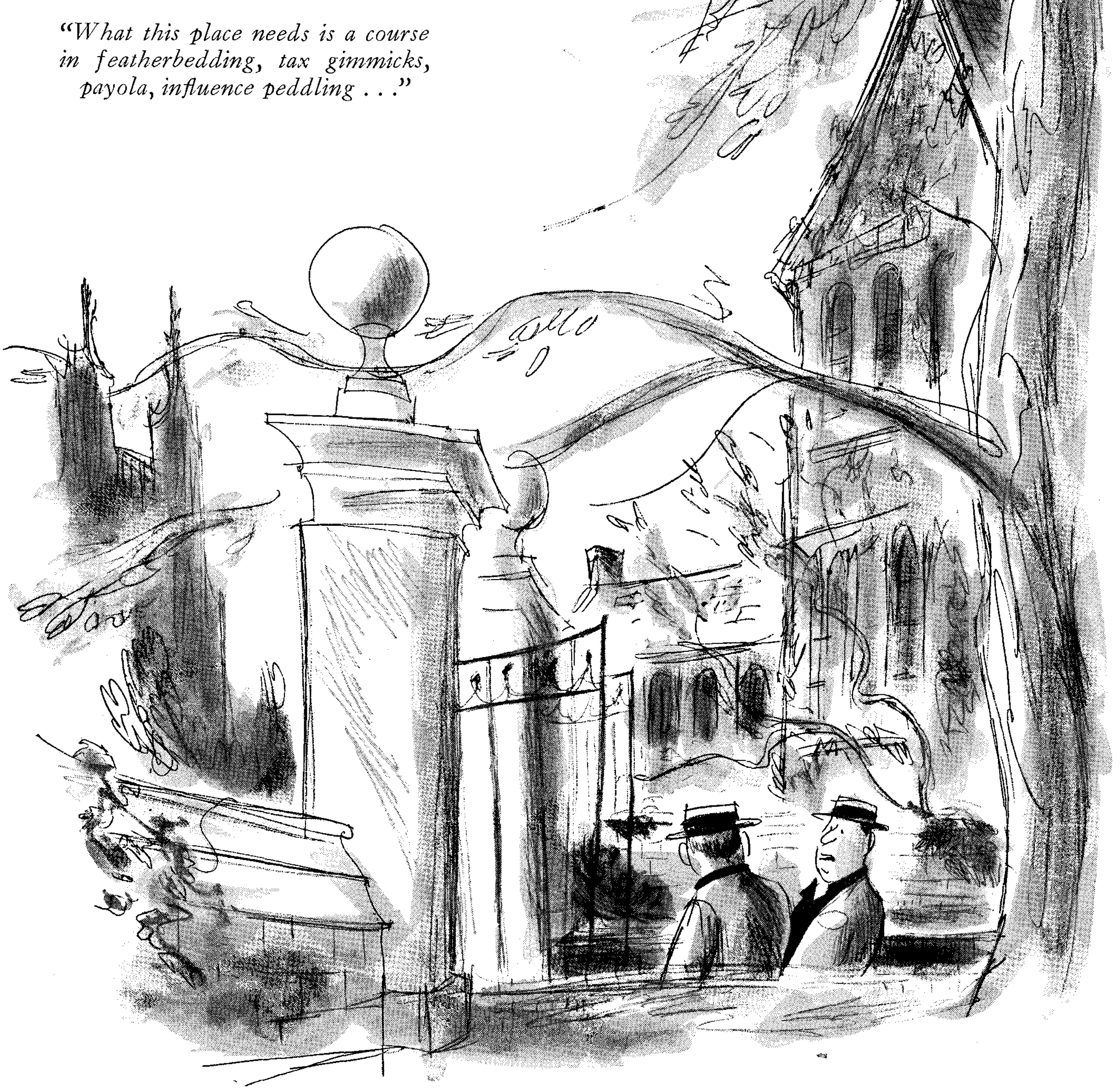
"You know something, Phil? You ought to be on the Board of Trustees."


EDWARD M. MULHOLLAND PHYSICS LABORATORY

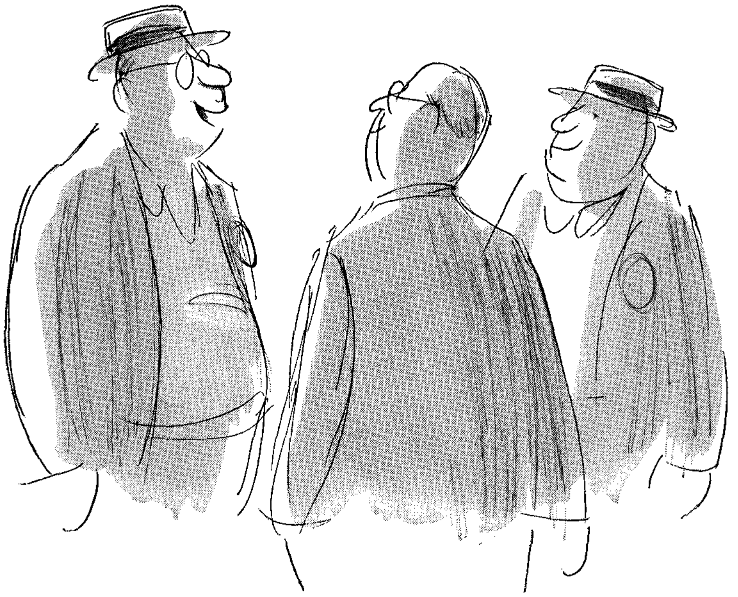
"Say! Isn't that Ed Mulholland?"



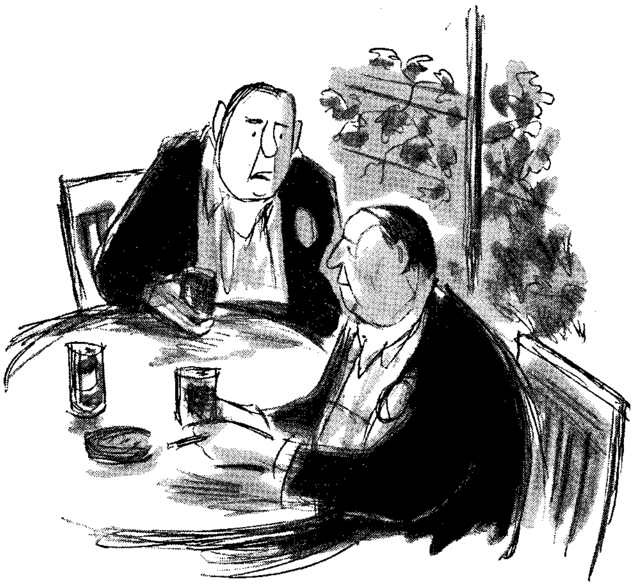
"What this place needs is a course in featherbedding, tax gimmicks, payola, influence peddling . . ."



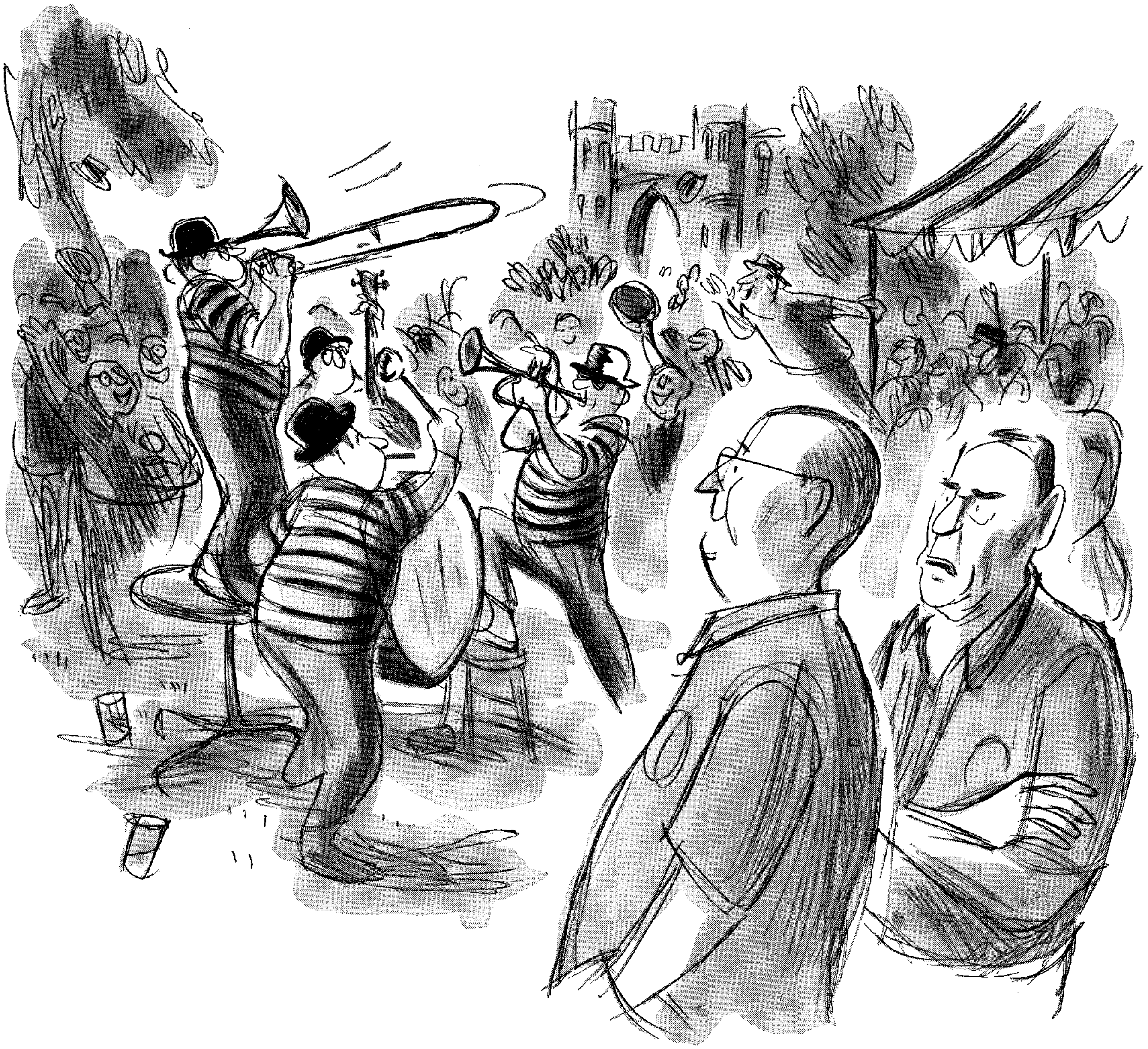
"It's such a beautiful school, it seems a damn shame nobody can get in anymore."



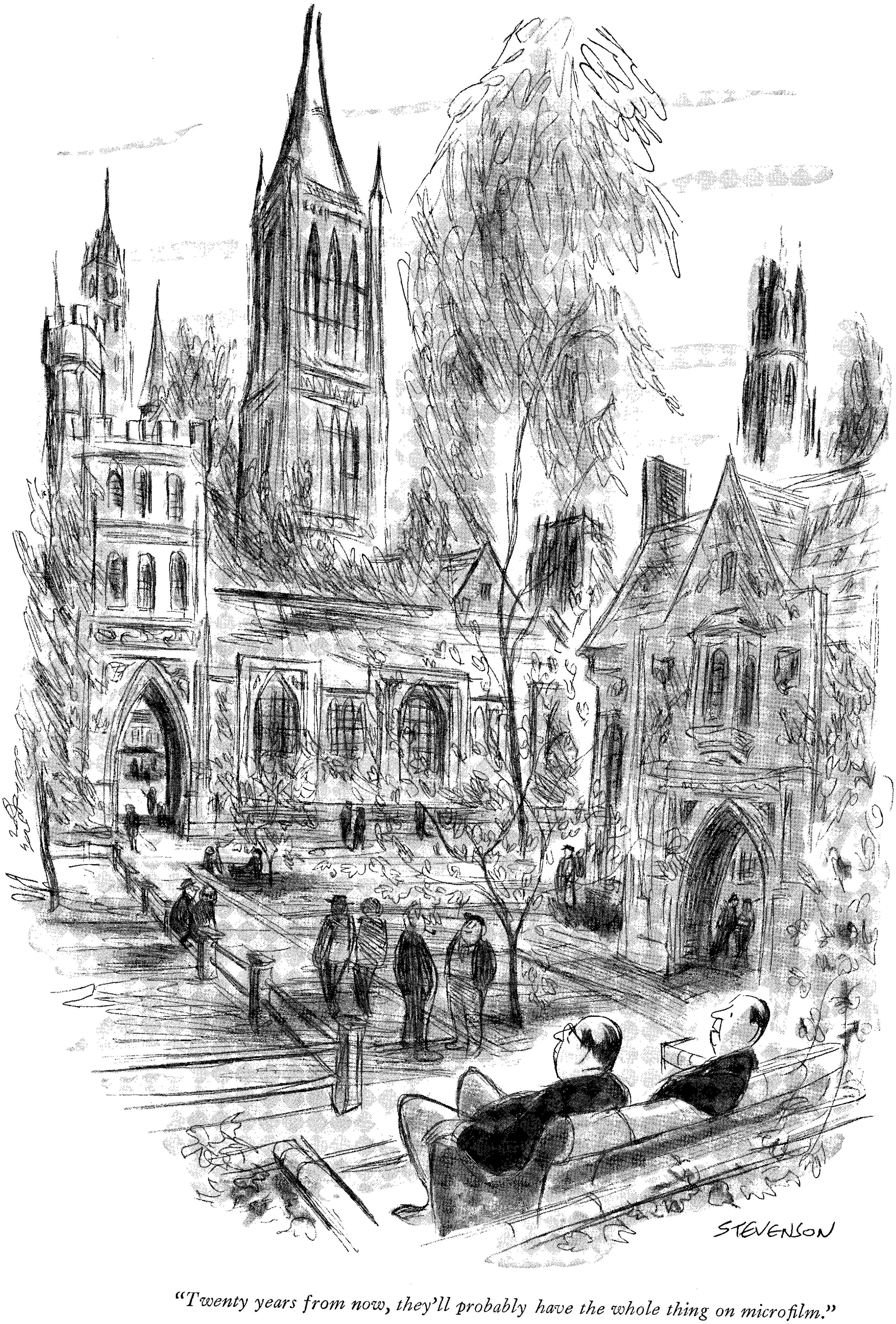
"Let's go see some of those god-awful-looking new buildings."



"What happened to you, Sam, is that, being captain of the football team in your junior year and everything, you peaked too soon."



"I bet they aren't pulling any of this stuff at the University of Peking."



"Twenty years from now, they'll probably have the whole thing on microfilm."

THE CIRCUS

UNLIKE its posters, which had promised a fight between a crocodile and a leopard, the circus, when it came to the village, had no animals save a few starving dogs. At the last minute, in time for the performance, a van that had been held up at Port Bou, on the frontier, arrived with a lion. Among the artistes were a clown, a stout woman who sang and danced, and a girl who climbed a rope and hung limply as if she did not know what to do next. The tourists and the summer people had the best seats in the tent; the villagers, chattering in Catalan, were perched on narrow benches high up and well behind the rest. Their faces in the weak, unsteady light were daubs of ivory paint.

Instead of watching the girl and the rope, Laurie looked back at them. "That would be something to paint," he said to his mother.

"Oh, Laurie, don't go around saying everything is something to paint. No one will ever take you seriously." He understood she might be afraid he would talk too much, like his father. The clicking of fans from the villagers' benches sounded like hail and nearly put him to sleep. The tourists clapped for the girl, who had finally come down to earth, but the Catalans felt she had not done enough, had not risked her life, and they shouted insults. The clown, who came next, rode his bicycle under an avalanche of scorn. Laurie hoped he would get down from the bicycle and walk away, but he carried on as if to applause. It reminded the boy of something he could not put a name to. He shut his eyes and tried to memorize the shapes of shadows, the ivory faces.

His mother did not laugh once, not even when the stout woman danced the Twist a few feet away from the lion. They were here at the circus because the money had come. They lived for the post that brought the money, but as soon as it arrived, Ralph, Laurie's father, began seeing how it could be spent. It seemed to worry Ralph when there was money; money was like a strange animal that had to be chased from the house. He would pay a few of the debts in the village, at least in part. He never cleared up a debt. Laurie's mother said it was like stopping a leak with putty. Sometimes less than a week after the money had come the mother had to start asking for credit again, and watching to see if the grocer and the charcoal vender were writing down the correct amount in their books. After the money had gone, the father would curse the village. He was stranded; he was enslaved by merchants and shopkeepers; he would never get away. But when the money was there and they could have got away, he spent it in the bar, and on strangers, and on outings like the circus.

The mother sat, saying nothing, with a sleeping baby on her lap. Ralph was talking to a stranger. He ignored her, disowning his family, as he often did before people he did not know. He was deep in conversation with a grave elderly man wearing a dark suit. The man had put on a suit to come to the circus on a stifling night, as though he were attending a play or a concert in a large town.

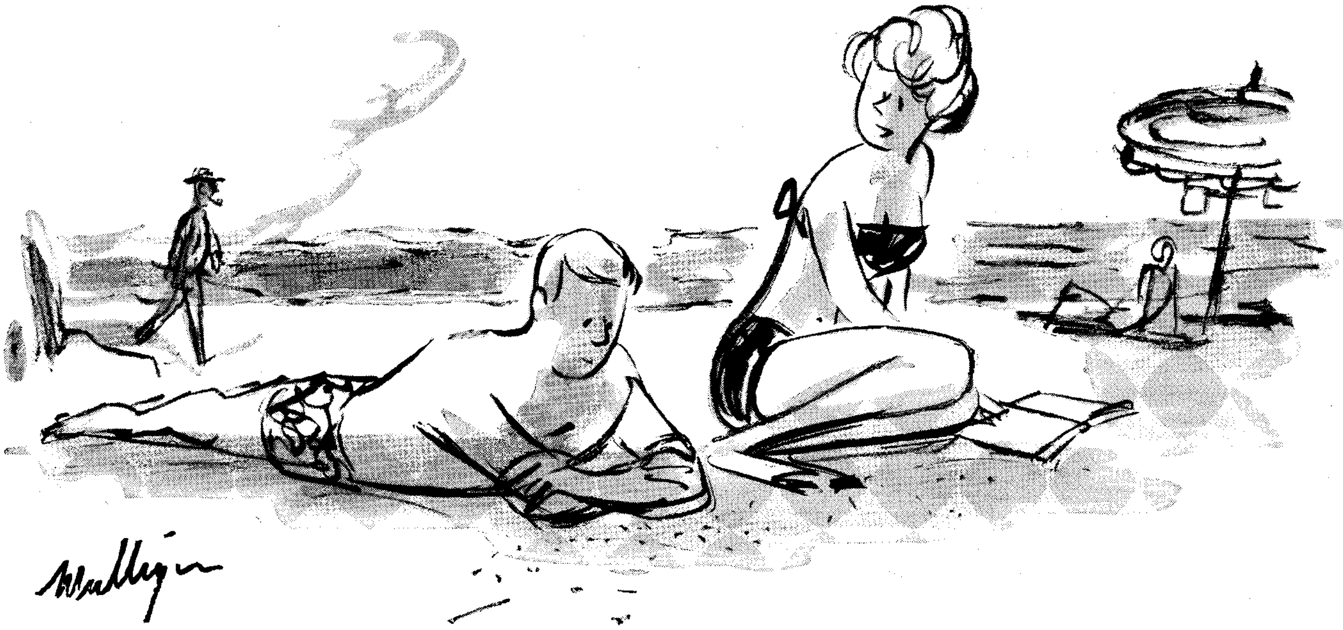
The stranger said seriously, "It must be the last circus of its kind. Look at the clown. He has real bones tied to his ears."

"I'm the last of my kind, too," said Ralph, laughing loudly. He was always friendly, at first.

When they stood up to leave, the elderly man understood that Ralph belonged with these three—the woman, the baby, and the boy. Ralph stretched his arms. He was huge. He looked as if he could crush the stranger with one blow of the hand.

". . . married," Laurie heard the stranger say, as they filed out. Ralph was greeting the villagers, kissing the old women and thumping the men on the shoulders. He thought they loved him, because they laughed and smiled; it seemed more important to him to be loved by foreign peasants and fishermen than by his own family. Laurie, who played with the village children, understood that there was a mockery in their acceptance of Ralph, but it was not entirely clear to him and he could not have put it in words. The clock on the village square gave the hour as twenty past one, which meant it was even later. They followed Ralph, headed toward the bar. He had not yet told them to get away from him, to go home and go to bed.

"Of course I'm married," said Ralph pleasantly. "I wouldn't live without a wife. I've had three, but this one is the best. I'd be a sodden, raddled, alcoholic wreck if I hadn't married Chris. Ask

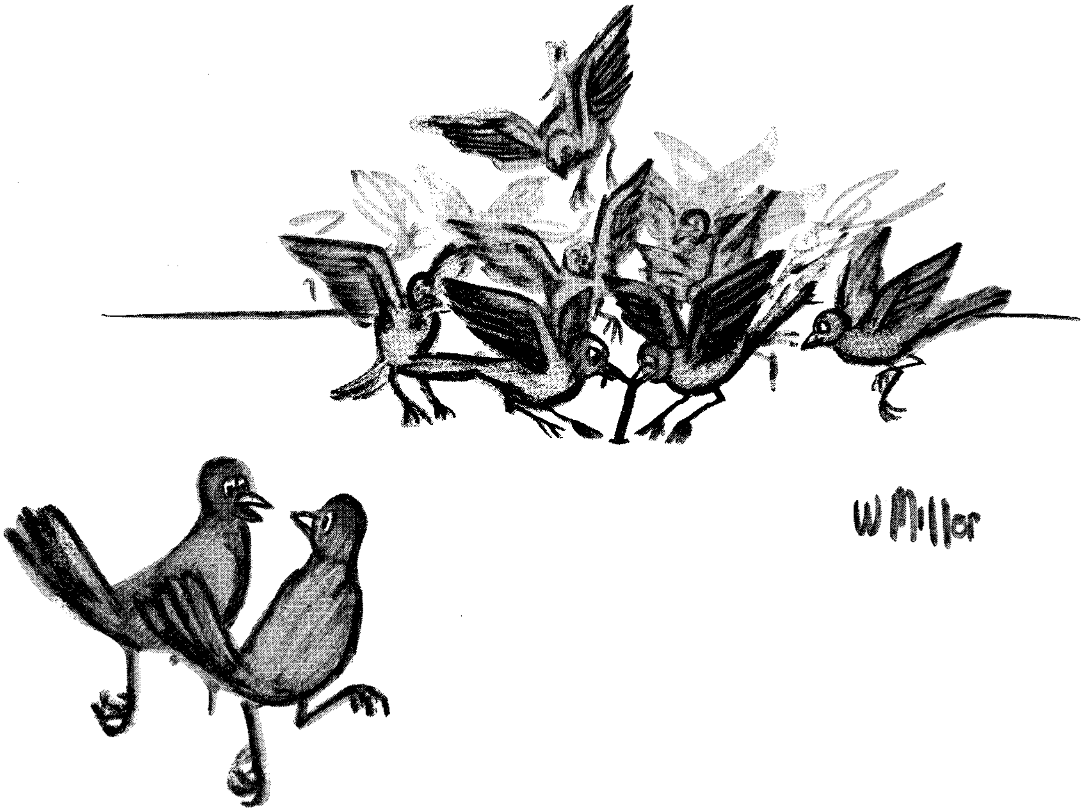


"I think you're mistaken, Albert. It's not grains of sand, it's flakes of snow that there are no two alike of."

her. She'll tell you." The sarcasm was not for the stranger but for the family straggling behind, within earshot. Still charming, he introduced himself, put out his hand. He spoke his own name clearly—Ralph Jennings—and he waited for the other to show he had heard the name before. When there was no recognition, he shrugged. Never mind, he seemed to be telling himself.

"Hare," said the man. He announced it in a sharp way, as if he were really saying "here," to be followed by "sir," as Laurie had been made to speak at his old school, before they came to live in Spain. Ralph strode with his hands in his pockets. The man named Hare walked smartly at his side, keeping up with neat, even steps. Laurie and his mother fell back, and she said, "That's an Army walk, Laurie. He looks as though he'd always worn proper clothes in a hot climate to set an example, doesn't he?"

"Is that a good thing?" said Laurie, pretty certain that Ralph would have said it was not. He minded being back here with his mother and the baby. He would rather have been with the men.



"Good Lord! How early do you have to be around here?"

RALPH sat down at a table in the bar and immediately seemed to be filling the room. Hare stood, waiting for Chris and the children. He held her chair. "I don't know about this modern stuff," he said to Ralph. "I saw some of Francis Bacon's pictures in the Sunday *Times*. To tell you the truth, I wouldn't have given a shilling for the lot."

"Have you ever given a shilling for any painting of any kind?" said Ralph. "If you have, it almost gives you the right to have an opinion."

He sounded violent, but Laurie sensed it was still all right. The proprietor of this bar knew that the money had come. He laughed, and shook hands, and brought a bottle of Fundador and four glasses to their table. He accepted Ralph's invitation to have a glass with them, and he left the bottle there. The mother called after him: Laurie would have a grenadine-and-soda, please. Calling, turning her head, she had drawn Ralph's attention. He sat back and stared, as if he had not noticed her until now. He was sick that Hare had not recognized his name, even though Hare knew about Francis Bacon only because he had seen him in the Sunday *Times*.

"What the bloody hell kind of top are you wearing?" he said to his wife.

She had made a blouse with two cotton scarves. The ends were tied round her neck and under her breasts. Her arms were bare. "It's new," she said, as confidently as if she were sure of praise.

"It is most attractive," said Hare.

"Who do you dress for here, anyway?" said Ralph. "The summer lot? Do you want the beach queers to say 'Darling, you look ravishing'?"

Laurie put his head down on the edge of the table and watched the grenadine curling in soda water like red mist. She never defended herself. It was maddening; it made him want to join the attack. Presently he felt his mother stroking his hair. It was an absent-minded gesture. She was thinking of something else.

"I wish I had married," Laurie heard. "But, you see, seventeen years in the Singapore police . . . and we had ideals. Fifteen bachelors we were, all in our thirties, and none of us ever had a mistress. You see, it was all an ideal."

"Christ."

"Then I was sorry I hadn't married, but it was too late. I felt stranded. I can't think of another word. It was like being left behind. I knew it was too late. There was a nurse, an Army nurse, but I never dared ask. She would have refused."

Laurie moved his head, and his mother's hand slid away. He sat up, blinking, and was astonished to see the stranger more excited, more talkative even than Ralph.

"It must be hard to feel stranded," said Laurie's mother.

"Yes, we can't imagine that, can we?" said Ralph, looking at her with hate.

"I felt that if a woman came to me she would be giving up something more important than I could replace," said Hare. "How would you feel if someone took your wife away from you?"

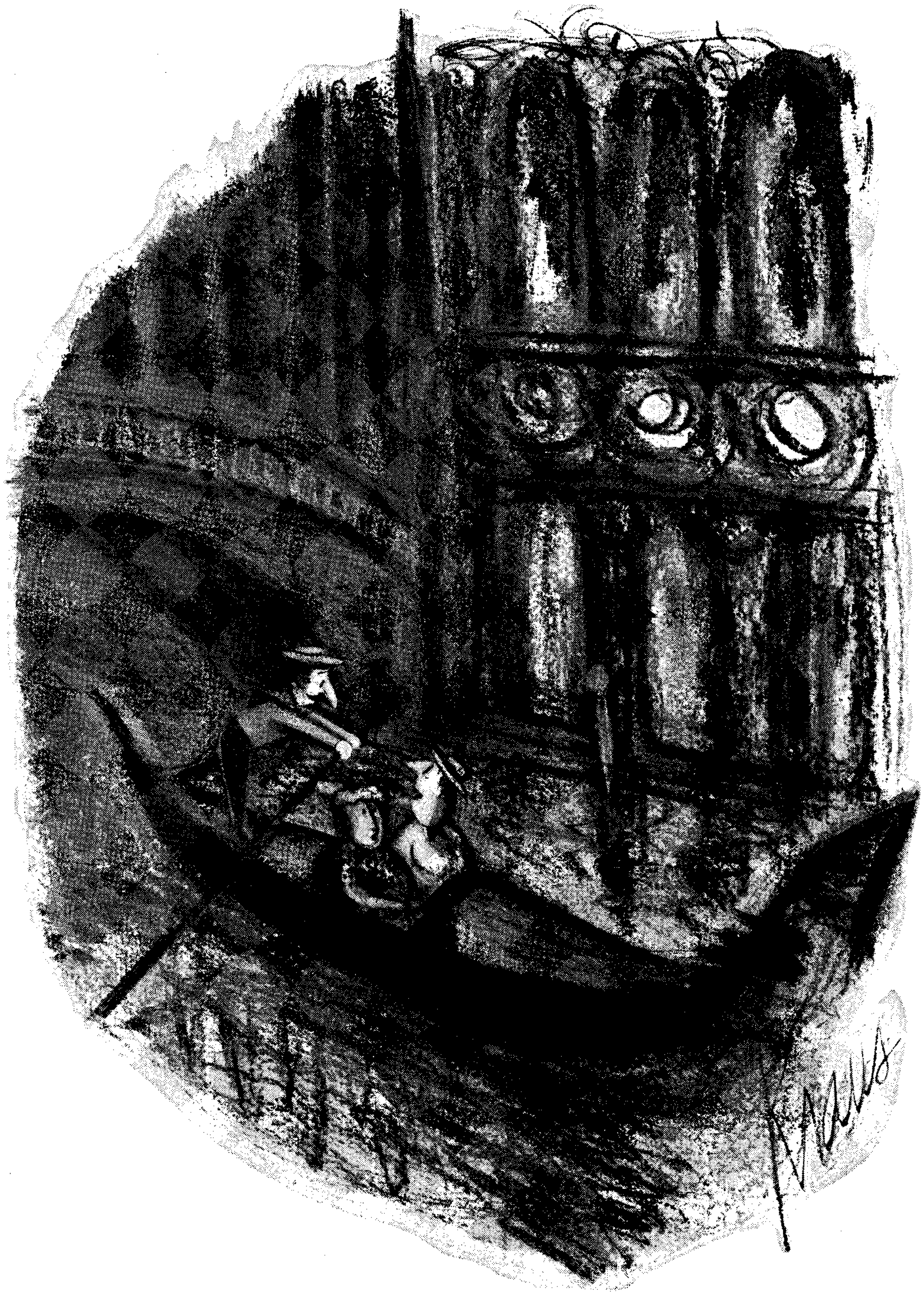
"If someone did *what*? Why? Do you want her?"

"Don't," said his wife, and she looked at the other man, but he must have misunderstood her look, for he went on, making it worse: "A woman with a sense of duty."

"She's got that, all right. Would you go with him, Chris? Let's hear about your sense of duty. Would you go off with our new friend Hare if he asked you?"

"If he asked me to," she said, making a statement to herself. "If he asked me? I don't know."

Ralph put his great hands flat on the table, pushing glasses every way. He



"Where do the gondoliers eat?"

• •

said, "Would you consider it? Would you think of going away?"

"If I went, I'd be going away," she said. She sounded reasonable.

"You wouldn't leave the children." Suddenly realizing that of course she would not, he cried, "I wouldn't give them to you! Try taking them. Just try!"

The stranger looked at her with fear and wonder, because she had not said no. He spoke as if out of a dream: "Would you leave? Would you come away if it meant giving up your children?"

"It's hard to say," said the mother. "I might. There's no telling."

"Could you do that?" said Hare, marvelling.

"I've never had to decide."

Laurie said, "I don't feel well."

His mother did not move or speak or feel his forehead.

"The boy's ill," said Ralph. He looked at his wife and said, "Take me home."

Ralph was hurt; he said they had hurt him, all of them. Walking home, he held Laurie's hand, although Laurie was too old for that. Hare had gone down to the beach to see the sun rise. The sky was lightening, as if drawing away. Laurie had sometimes frightened himself with two ideas: his mother might take him away from Ralph (where to?) or else she never would. He had never supposed she could go away alone. She walked in silence, as she always did, but now it was the father and Laurie who lagged behind. She led the way home. Tears rolled down Ralph's cheeks. He said now that he was hurt because she had not liked the circus. What about the old lion who blinked and put out a paw? What about the clown?

"It was the last circus in the world," he said. "We shall never see anything like it again."

She had said she might go—at least that she could consider it—but she was still here. She was here, shifting the weight of the baby so that she could get the door key out of her purse and let them into the house.

"It was the last of its kind," said Ralph, who really seemed to have nothing but this to feel sorry about. "We shall never see anything like it again."

Laurie, who was watching his mother, squeezed his hand. "Please stop saying it," he said.—Mavis Gallant

WILD, ORIGINAL SPRING

Rarely now I hear the rumor
Of wild, original spring
Who sang to me when I was three
And planted in my head her summer.
It grew to be a seaside tree
Of jangling glass, not peach or plum or
Any natural one but one
Which soughs the air and is the plumber
That makes the sea go here to there
And fixes up its dark and glimmer.

Rarely, rarely, yet but still
I hear that old newcomer
Racing up the starry hill
Or climbing up the vines, so limber
She can twist herself to knots
And disappear in stems or thinner
Threads of smoke or polka dots
That land on walls of sun or inner
Courtyards, and, in vacant lots,
Her lariat of shady spots
Makes every edgy circle shimmer.

Where running water stills its run
Below the bark on sombre
Limbs and trunks that draw the one
And only flesh through living lumber,
She mixes in the stain of sun
And fixes up the light and dimmer
That shakes the tree from here to there
Which sifts the air and is the summer
Of what is now no more the rumor
Of wild, wild, original spring.

—Howard Moss

A REPORTER AT LARGE

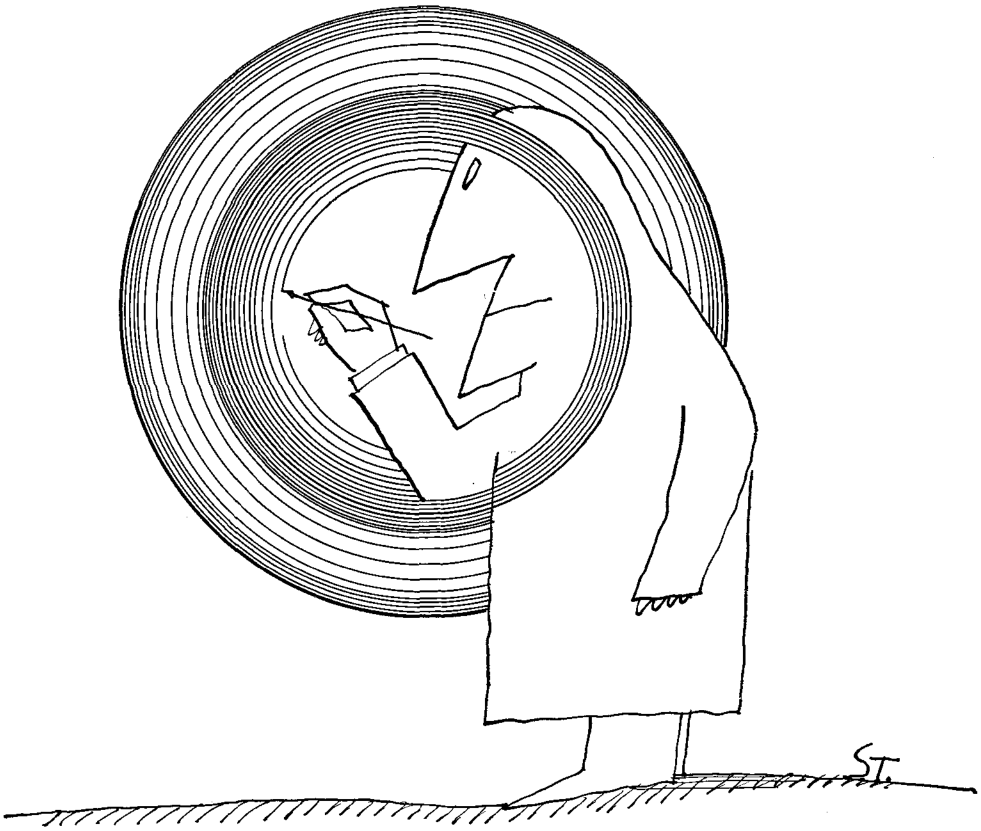
THE ZULUS

EVERY year, in New Orleans, the first important Mardi Gras ceremony on Shrove Tuesday is the landing of the Zulus, a group of Negroes who parade in blackface makeup. King Zulu, their leader, traditionally docks his "royal yacht" at the Poydras Street Wharf on the Mississippi at about nine in the morning—although the Zulus have never been finicky about punctuality and their fans would not be at all surprised to see them arrive at a different hour or, considering some past Zulu vagaries, even at a different wharf. The Zulus' arrival is scheduled to precede by an hour the parade of the Krewe of Rex, which everybody except the Zulus considers the most important parade of the Mardi Gras season. Rex always includes fifteen or twenty magnificently decorated floats, at least a dozen marching bands, scores of lavishly costumed maskers tossing strings of beads from the floats to the clamoring onlookers, and, on a float of his own, Rex, the King of Carnival, a prominent civic leader who is dressed in a costume that might have been inspired by a deck of playing cards and who magnanimously waves his sceptre down toward his subjects. King Zulu matches the regal grandeur of this display only in his attitude, which is every bit as imperious as that of Rex, but he has always attracted a large crowd. By nine o'clock on Shrove Tuesday morning this year, several hundred spectators, almost all of them white, had gathered at the Poydras Street Wharf. Some of the spectators were in Mardi Gras costumes of their own—dressed as clowns or pirates or beatniks—but most of them were in informal street clothes. As an incessant blast of foghorns heralded the approach of the royal yacht—which on less ceremonial occasions is the tugboat Bisso—many of them got cameras ready. A loud cheer went up when the King, accompanied by four of his Warriors, stepped ashore. "Make way for the King," someone shouted. The crowd parted.

King Zulu was a corpulent man of average height. Jet-black theatrical makeup covered his face—except for the rims of his eyes and mouth, which had been painted a contrasting white, in minstrel-show fashion—and the color theme was repeated in black tights, black gloves, and a wig of black moss. The King's costume, however, was hardly limited to black. He was wearing gold boots, a yellow grass skirt, a jacket that was a combination of purple silk, green silk, green velvet, and gold sequins—arranged in a way that produced seemingly endless juxtapositions of color—and a crown of green silk with a rim of gold fleurs-de-lis. The King's jewelry included earrings studded with ersatz diamonds, a dozen strings of beads, and a bright silver nose ring. As he walked onto the dock, he blessed the crowd with a two-handed gesture—it was as if he were constantly parting and then tightly closing a curtain high above him—while continuing to hold a fat cigar in one hand and, in the other, a sceptre weighted at the upper end with a silver coconut.

Included in the party assembled to meet the King were his Queen, a middle-aged Negro woman in a white organdie dress and a fur stole, and half a dozen of his Warriors, all of them, like the four who had accompanied him on the royal yacht, wearing some variety of what the Zulus sometimes call "authentic jungle costumes"—a style that can vary as to capes or jackets but always includes blackface makeup, black tights, and a grass skirt. The remaining elements of the Zulu parade—four floats pulled by old pickup trucks, a supply of painted coconuts, which the Zulus traditionally ration out to the begging crowd, and a Negro brass band—were also on hand. King Zulu, like Rex, had a float of his own—it was labelled "King Zulu 50th"—which would lead the parade, and another float was for the Queen and her court. A third float, decorated in purple, green, and gold foil and featuring a collection of shrunken heads and a small menagerie of papier-mâché jungle beasts, was for the Big Shot from Africa, a traditional participant almost as important (and easily as haughty) as the King. The final float was to have been named "The Royal Prognosticator," for a new Zulu character, but, through one of a series of spelling errors that have plagued the parade over the years, it was entitled "The Royal Proganistor" instead. Next to "The Royal Proganistor" stood three hired flag-carriers, one of them carrying the Zulus' official banner. It was blue on one side and black on the other, and on both sides it bore the words "The Zulu Social Aid & Pleasure Club. Founded May 4, 1916. Incorporated September 26, 1916."

At a time when white marchers have been enjoined from wearing blackface in the Philadelphia Mummers Parade and when a wave of protest is likely to descend upon any television station that decides to broadcast reruns of the "Amos and Andy" show, the Zulu Social Aid & Pleasure Club has not been without its critics. At one point, in fact, pressure to end the parade

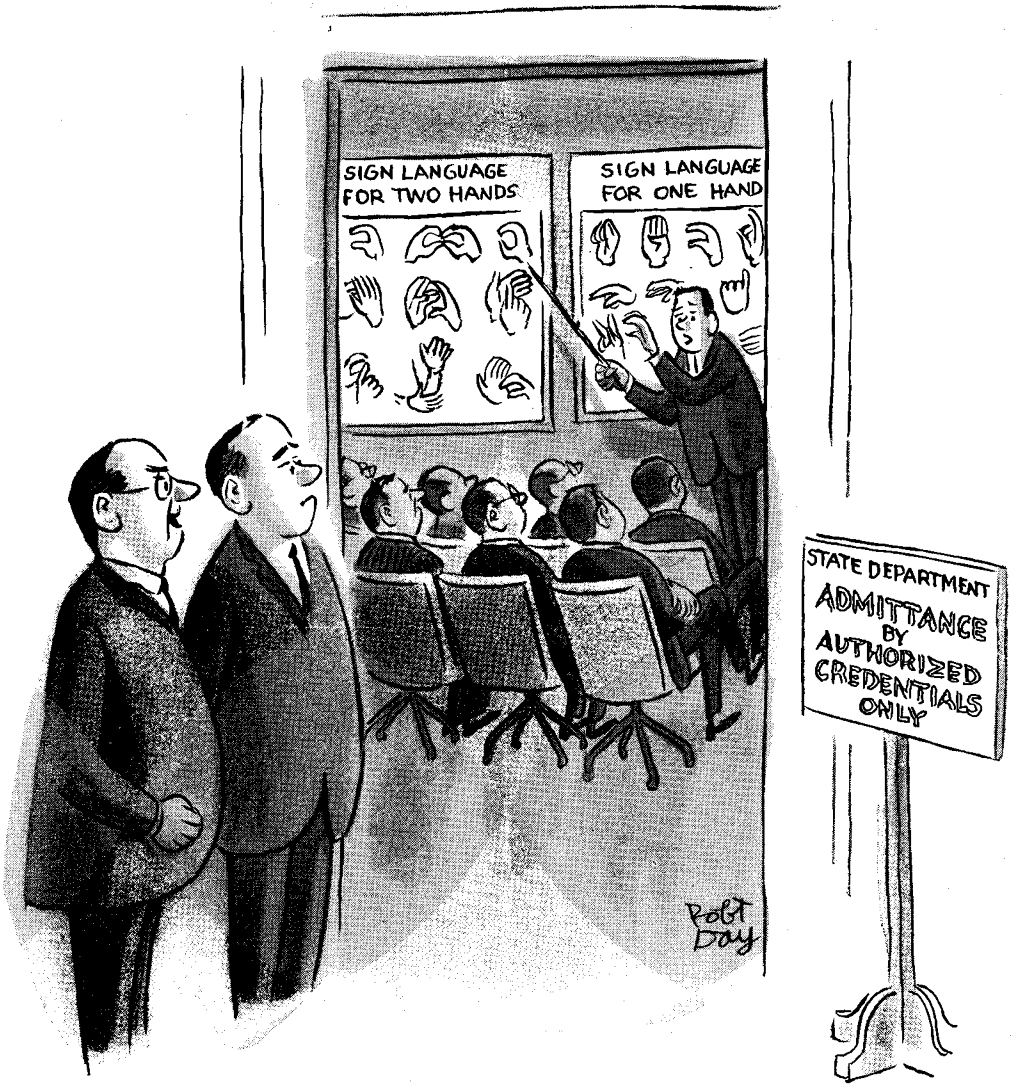


seemed about to succeed. The 1961 Mardi Gras occurred about three months after the desegregation of the New Orleans public schools—a civic crisis during which the leading citizens of New Orleans stood by while their school board was nearly run out of business by the state legislature and their city was represented to the world by a mob of women screaming obscenities at six-year-olds in front of two grade schools—and many Negroes believed that a pre-Lenten celebration proclaiming New Orleans to be "The City That Care Forgot" was hardly appropriate at that time. In what was generally conceded to be the only united action in its history, the Negro community boycotted the 1961 Mardi Gras; the Mardi Gras balls given by Negro clubs were cancelled, and few Negroes watched the parades or joined the street maskers on the climactic day of the season—Mardi Gras itself, or Shrove Tuesday. As the only Negro Mardi Gras parade, King Zulu's progress through the streets was the event that Negro leaders were most anxious to have called off—many of them had been opposed to it for years, in any case—and an impressive campaign was mounted against it. An advertisement in the *Louisiana Weekly*, the New Orleans Negro newspaper, presented a petition, signed by some twenty-seven thousand people, that read, "We, the Negroes of New Orleans, are in the midst of a fight for our rights and for a recognition of our human dignity which underlies those rights. Therefore we resent and repudiate the Zulu parade, in which Negroes are paid by white merchants to wander through the city drinking to excess, dressed as uncivilized savages and throwing coconuts like monkeys. This caricature does not represent us. Rather, it represents a warped picture against us. Therefore, we petition all citizens of New Orleans to boycott the Zulu parade. If we want respect from others, we must first demand it of ourselves."

Members of the Zulu Social Aid & Pleasure Club could hardly have been encouraged by those harsh words, and since they possessed the ability to see their yearly parade in both ideological and financial terms, they must have been troubled by some of the organizations listed as sponsors of the advertisement. The appearance on the list of the Crescent City Funeral Directors and the New Orleans Embalmers Association represented a considerable defection, because funeral homes had once provided the principal Negro financial support for the parade; in fact, year after year the King had toasted the Queen on a grandstand in front of the Geddes & Moss Undertaking & Embalming Co., Ltd. In the same issue of the *Louisiana Weekly*, it was reported that the Tavern Owners of Greater New Orleans Association, Inc.—a Negro organization whose members had customarily purchased the privilege of having King Zulu and his followers make "stops" for rest and refreshment in the course of their long march—had agreed that the King would no longer be welcome.

Under this pressure, the Zulus voted to cancel their parade. Immediately afterward, however, the mayor of New Orleans and the superintendent of police dropped in on a meeting of the club and managed to convince the members both that it would be in their best interests to parade and that they would be fully protected from hostile elements in either the Negro or the white community. The decision of the Zulus to go along with the mayor—and thereby help counter any notion that Mardi Gras might not be held or that tourists attending it might become involved in some sort of race trouble, or, for that matter, that the city had any race trouble to be involved in—further enraged a great many New Orleans Negroes. A *Louisiana Weekly* editorial charged that the Zulus had "turned their backs on the Negro community by completely ignoring hundreds of requests not to parade in the same disgraceful, disorderly and despicable way just for a few dollars and laughs from the white folks. . . . The fact that twenty-six African nations have gained their freedom in the past few years and hold seats in the U.N. with respect and honor [and] would not look kindly on . . . making mockery of a proud and honorable African tribe did not reach the Zulus. All they could see was the white face and green money."

The Zulu parade that year was a hurried, joyless event, watched over by a police detail that sometimes seemed as large as the crowd of onlookers. Both the King and the Queen originally selected for the 1961 parade had public-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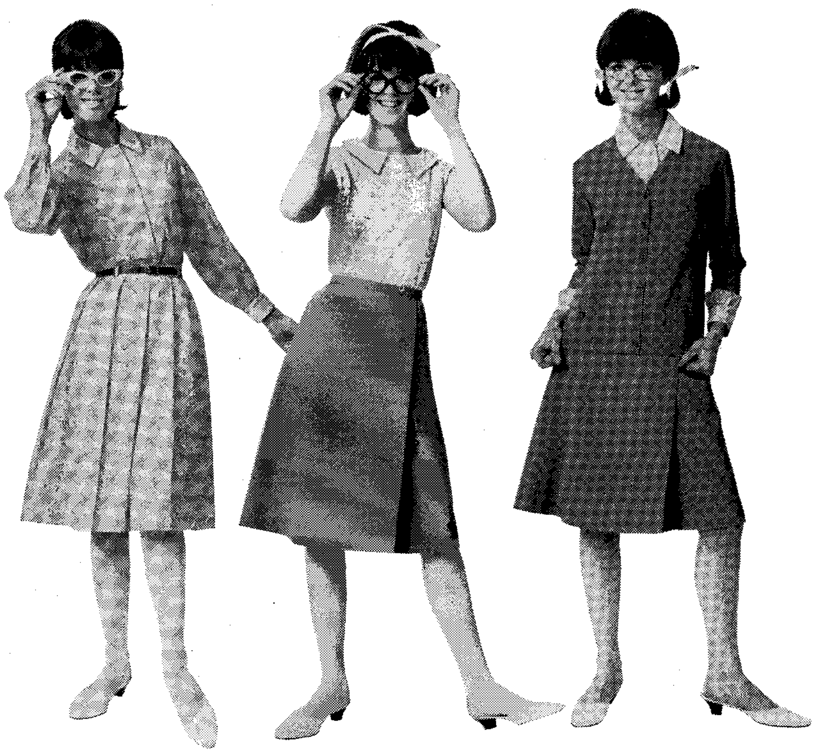

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

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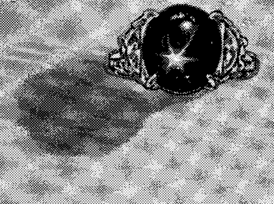

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ly resigned under threats of business boycotts—the King's resignation causing particular sadness among Zulu fans, because he worked in a produce house and it had been rumored that his supply of coconuts would be limitless. There was a King Zulu in the parade, but whoever was under the makeup chose not to reveal his name—a departure from custom equivalent to a film actor's asking that his designation for the Academy Award be kept secret—and nobody came forward to play the Queen, who has to parade undisguised. The New Orleans *Times-Picayune*, a newspaper that seems to prize discretion above all other virtues, managed to cover the parade without once referring to the pre-parade difficulties, but its account did mention that "an air of calmness kept the frenzy of the usual madcap merrymakers at a low pitch," and in the fifteenth paragraph it noted, without further explanation, that "bystanders were not allowed to parade too closely along the King's float, as two police dogs belonging to the police department's canine corps marched along the route."

Writing in a pamphlet a year later, Harrison Baker, who was then president of the Zulu Social Aid & Pleasure Club, defended the club's decision in rather typical Zulu prose. "During the 1960-61 Carnival Season the Zulu King Carnival Club and its President were improperly and severely criticized, boycotted, and ostracized—even defamed," Baker wrote. "Fortunately, the almost jealous 'better than thou' attitude against our Carnival Revelry is only a mere accusation against our dignity." The 1961 Zulu parade had had to be held, Baker maintained, because of "a commitment directly and indirectly with the City and citizens of New Orleans"—the indirect commitment being that "for forty-six years the Zulus have been the main Carnival attraction," and the direct one being that the club had received "financial contributions voluntarily and by solicitation [and] it's dishonest and illegal to spend such money without delivering as promised." Considering the vehemence of the anti-Zulu campaign in 1961 and the lacklustre parades in 1962 and 1963, plus the growing militancy of Negroes throughout the country, there was reason to believe that the validity of these commitments would be questioned with increasing energy by the New Orleans Negro community, and as this year's Carnival season approached, there was some talk in New Orleans that the 1964 Mardi Gras might have either

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THE CANADIAN PROVINCE OF

NOVA SCOTIA

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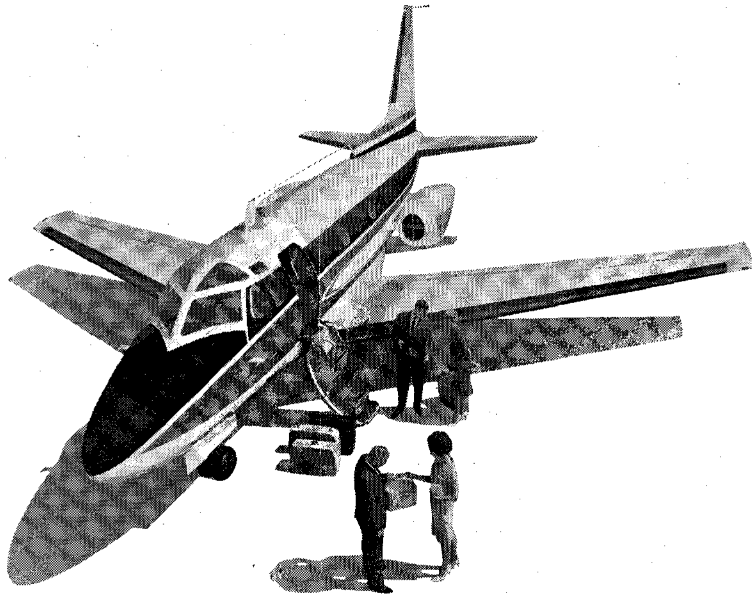
the last parade of the Zulus or no Zulu parade at all.

Nevertheless, several weeks before Shrove Tuesday, the Zulus had applied for and received their usual parade permit and had sent out their usual fund-raising form letter to white businessmen. The letter was headed "King Zulu Carnival Club—Organized 1916," with the words "50th Anniversary" on each side, and said that "because of the unusual makeup of 'King Zulu' and his Warriors, quite a few people come to our fair city to see the King do his stuff," and that "in celebration of our 50th anniversary we are asking you to help us have a 'big blow out.' " The appeal was summed up in a sentence that at least one critic of the Zulus has characterized as a pithy statement of the Zulu philosophy: "Any organization or business that have continued to operate for 50 years is entitled to a 'big blow out.' "

In view of the scruples that President Baker had expressed in 1961 about any improper use of funds raised through mail solicitation, the form letter seemed to constitute final proof that King Zulu, Queen Zulu, the Big Shot from Africa, and the Zulu Warriors would once again parade, and that anybody who doubted whether a group of Negroes would march for five or six hours through the streets of an American city in 1964 wearing blackface, dressed as burlesque savages, and handing out coconuts need only show up at the Poydras Street Wharf at nine o'clock to be convinced.

THE man who usually speaks for the Zulu Social Aid & Pleasure Club in matters having to do with the Mardi Gras is the parade chairman, Alex Rapheal, Jr. The exact nature of Rapheal's workaday occupation is obscure—a state of affairs that is endemic among the Zulus, and often results in newspaper accounts that identify the same Zulu with a different occupation at each mention. It is not unusual to see one man referred to in successive stories as, say, a businessman, the operator of a candy store, a law clerk, and a bail bondsman—and to hear the same man described succinctly by a Negro lawyer as "a hustler around the courthouse." Rapheal definitely works in the stockroom of a New Orleans bank from four in the afternoon until midnight, and in the morning and the early afternoon he works at home by telephone at his daytime business, which has been selling insurance, according to one account, and, according to Rapheal's own fond



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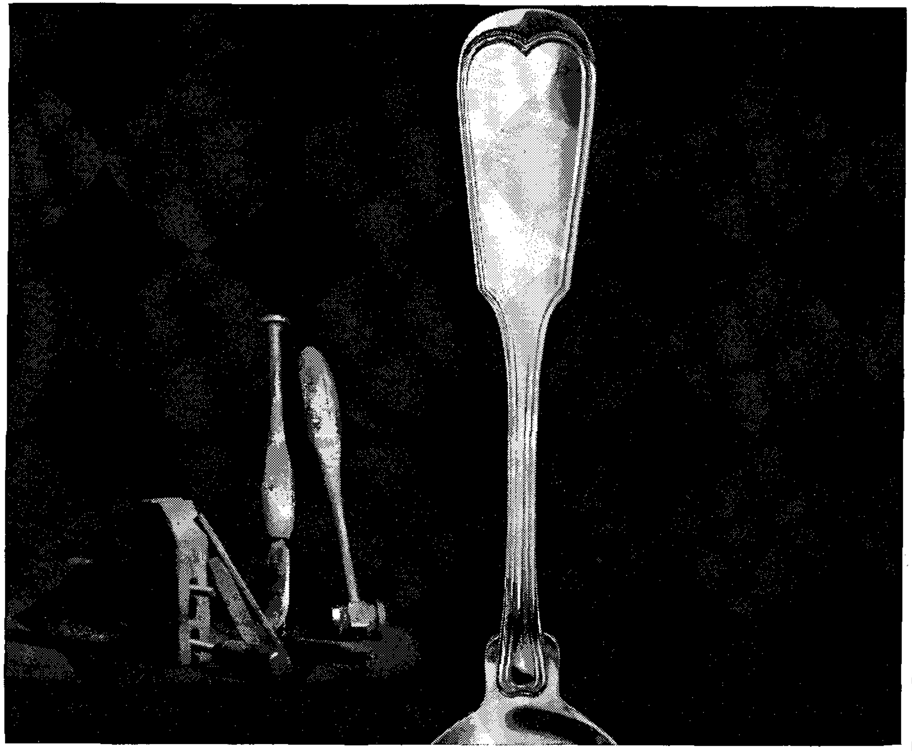

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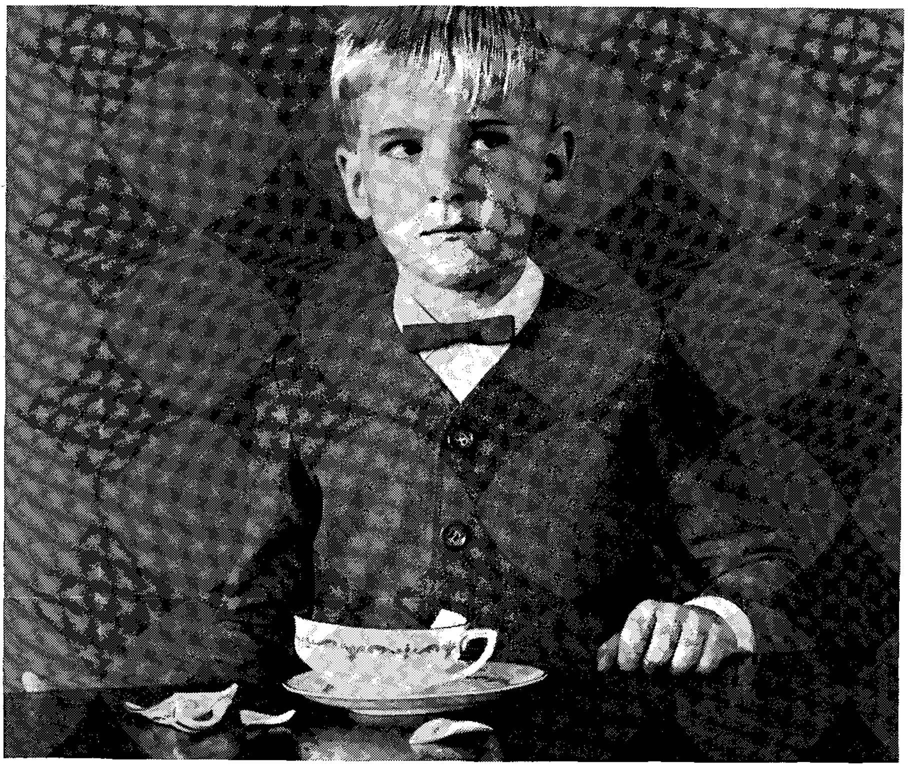

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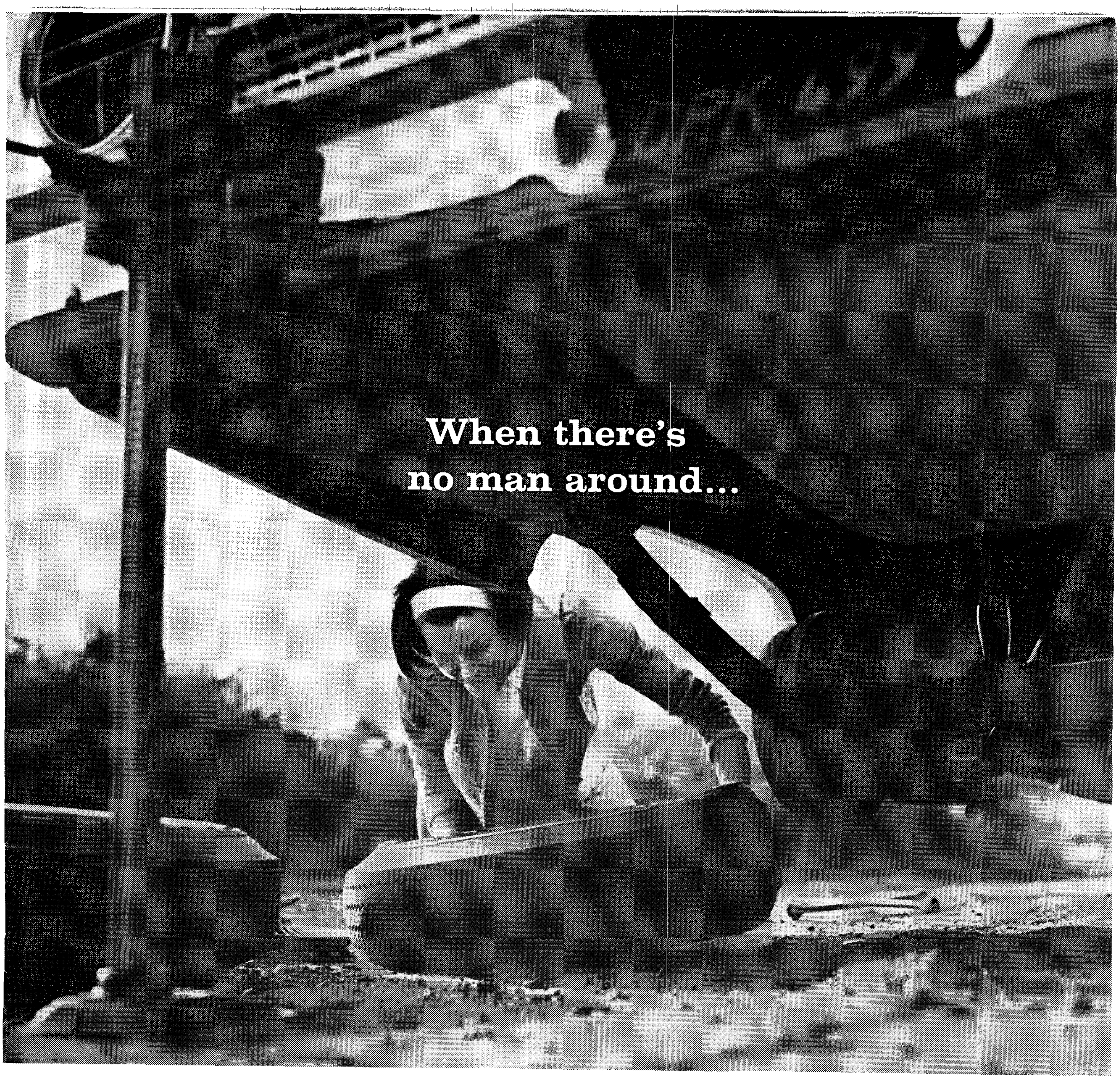
recollection, was at one time publishing a religious magazine. Rapheal's business assets include a phone number that is easy to remember (the last four digits are 4040) and a unique greeting. He always answers the phone with "Hello and good morning"—unless it happens to be between noon and the time he leaves for the bank, when, since this period falls into what is called "evening" in New Orleans, he says "Hello and good evening." Two weeks before the 1964 Mardi Gras, upon phoning Rapheal to express interest in learning about the Zulu Social Aid & Pleasure Club, I soon discovered that "Hello and good morning" is the most cheerful part of his conversation. If he is pressed for a description of his business activities, he describes himself as "an old hunk of failure," and he tends to speak pessimistically of the obstacles placed in the path of such a man by the imposing forces that always seem to be aligned against him. Rapheal told me he was doing his best to get the Zulu parade on the street for Mardi Gras, despite every kind of bad luck, conspiracy, and act of God working against it, and added that if he could free himself from a staggering load of work, he would meet me at the home of former President Baker the following afternoon.

Baker, like thousands of other New Orleans residents, white or Negro, lives in a "shotgun" house—a remarkably narrow one-story white duplex whose apartments face the street across a common porch and extend straight back, one room behind another, like a New York railroad flat. A large, shambling man in his sixties, who turned out to be Rapheal, met me at the door and, wearing a troubled expression that matched his telephone voice, introduced me to the current president of the Zulus, a saloonkeeper named Joseph Hayes, and to Baker, a very dark, soft-spoken old man, who had also been a saloonkeeper before his retirement. Baker's living room was almost filled by three pieces of a sectional couch and two small coffee tables. The only light was coming from a gas heater in front of the fireplace, but I could read a triangular tin plaque on the mantel. It proclaimed, "U Can't Fool God So Don't Try to Bluff His Son."

When I had taken a seat on a section of couch, Rapheal handed me a booklet published by the Zulus in 1941, and said, "As you can see, the Zulus were officially organized in 1916, although they paraded many years before that. Some boys used to go out on the street



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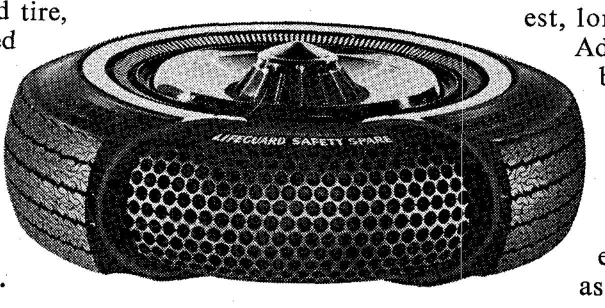

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at Mardi Gras, and when they saw it was going pretty well, they organized the Tramps. They went on with that for a number of years, and then they saw the Smarter Set, a show that had a King Zulu vaudeville skit in it, and, presto, that's it—the Zulus. The first Zulu King masked with a lard can for a crown. The reason for that lard can is that they used to use those cans to get beer for five cents, so it was really a beer can. The first sceptre was a banana stalk, and the first King had a sack suit pasted all over with pictures that came out of tobacco cans and cigarette packs. The first float, after a while, was a furniture wagon—what year we really don't know."

"It was 1917," said Baker.

"They first came up the Old Basin Canal," Rapheal went on.

"New Basin Canal," Baker interjected quietly.

"Yeah, the New Basin Canal," Rapheal said. "They were rowing a skiff. Later, they used an outboard motor, and then some businessmen loaned boats, and now King Zulu comes in from the river in a tugboat that the salvage company loans us. I think there you have the complete and authentic history up to the present day. What do you think, Brother Baker?"

"There's not much more you can tell him, I don't think," Baker said.

Having absorbed the history of the Zulus, I turned the conversation to the problems that had reached their peak in 1961 and asked Rapheal if he saw any merit in the argument that the Zulus should end their parade.

"King Zulu's costume is a grass skirt, black-and-white face, and coconuts," Rapheal said. "That's why some of our folks beat their chests and say the Zulus oughtn't to parade, and they beat their chests when they see King Zulu and they say, 'That's me! That's me!' Well, we don't go along with that. The grass skirt is from Hawaii, the coconuts are from South America, the moss wig is from Louisiana, and the man is from Louisiana. So you can see that's an original creation there. We got Hawaii represented, South America represented, and Louisiana. We had good public relationship until 1961, and then a certain group of our folks told us not to parade, for various reasons. We, the Zulus, thought we should parade, for more than one reason. First, we thought it was an infringement of our Constitutional rights. They're always running around talking about Constitutional rights, and we have a Constitutional right to parade. We're in harmony with

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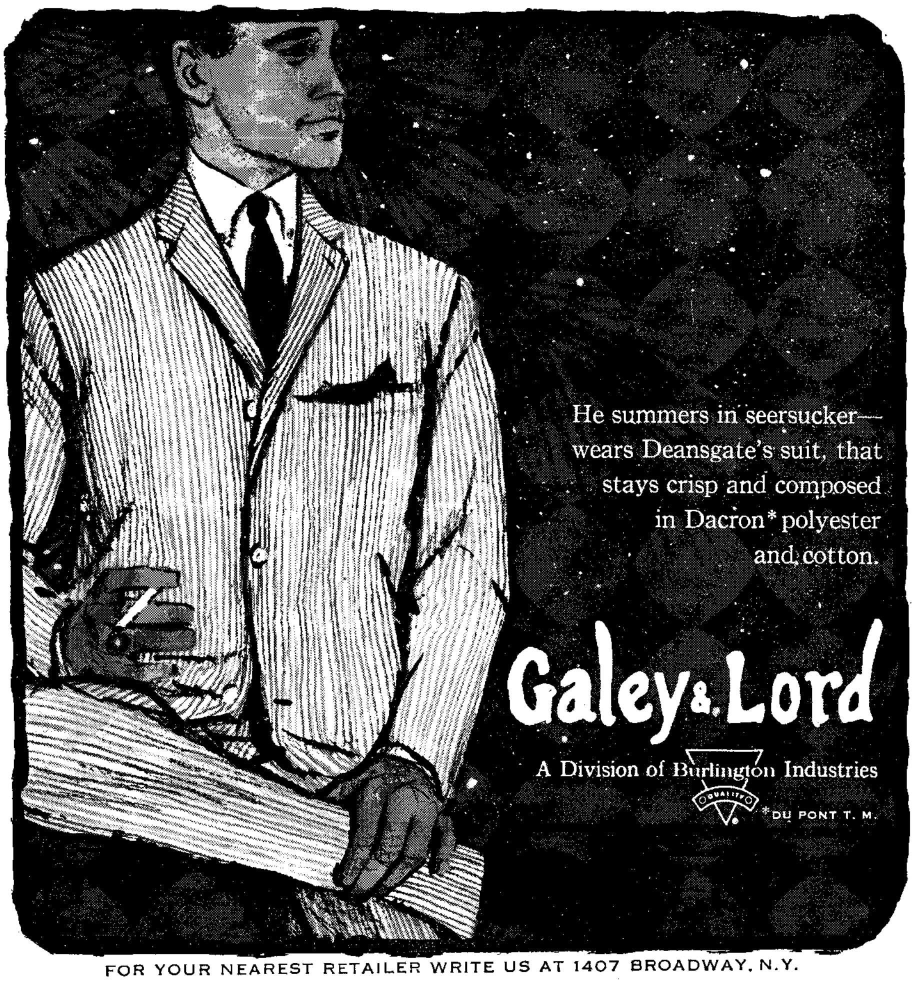

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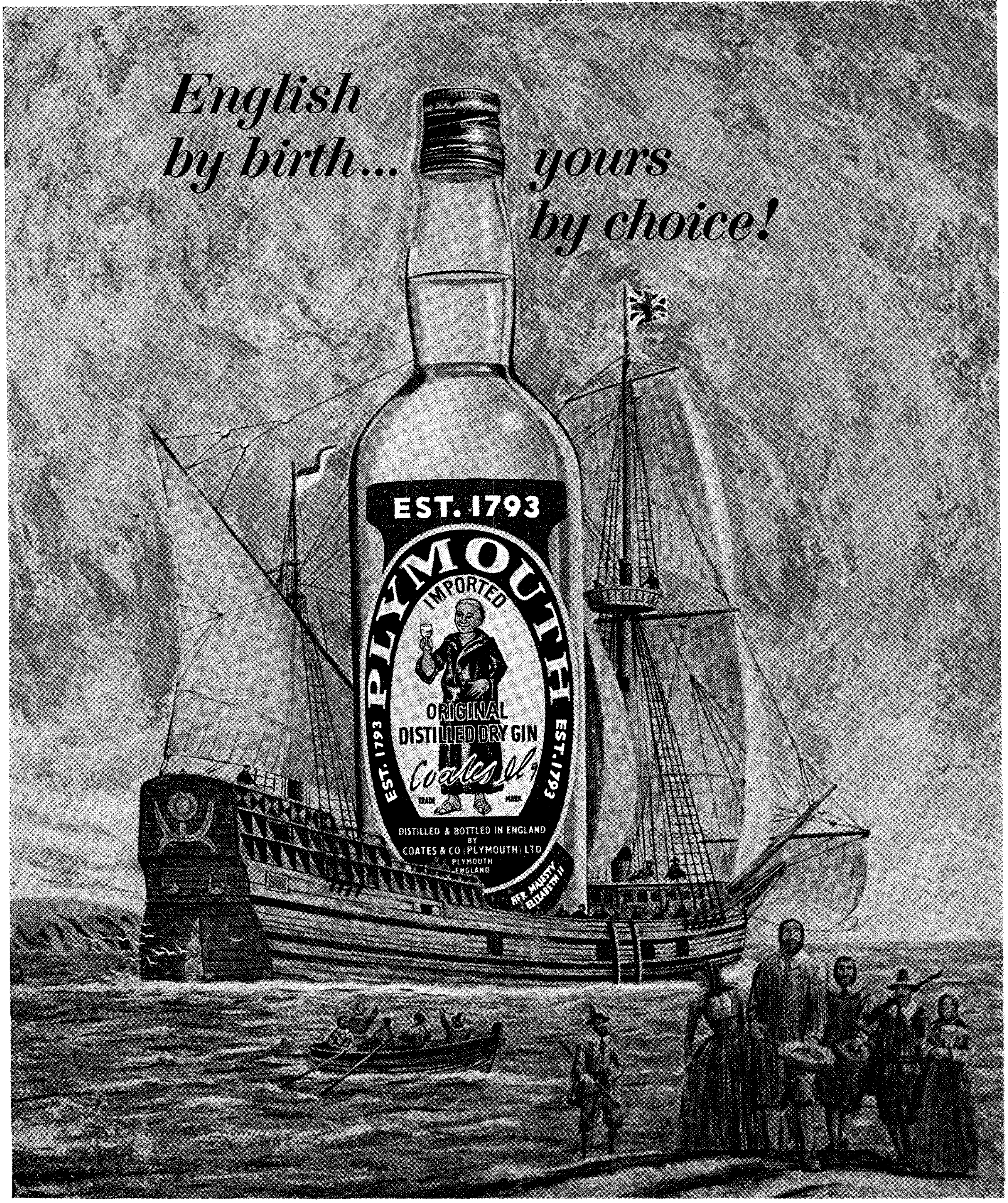
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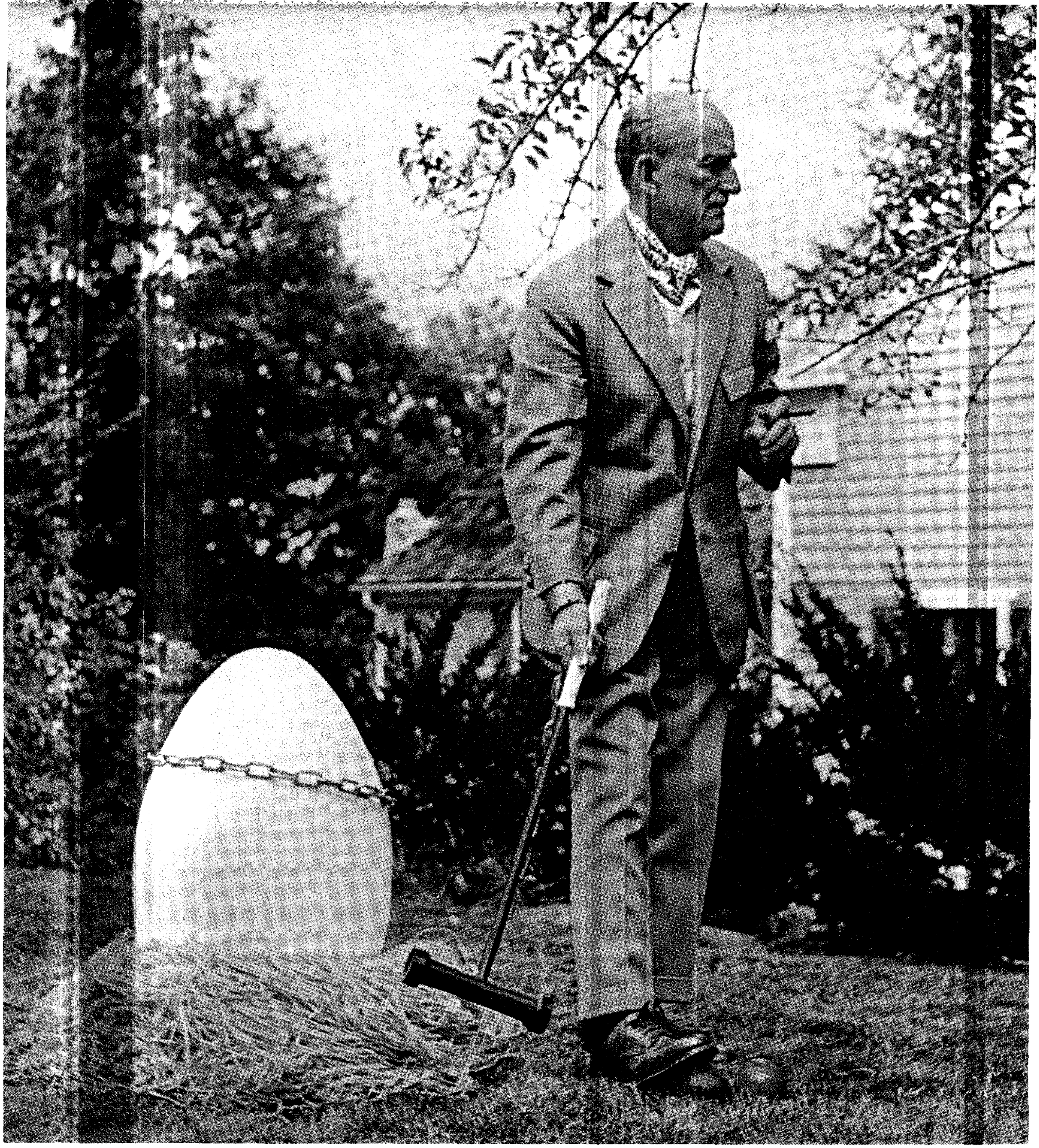

Poison ball— photo by Mark Shaw

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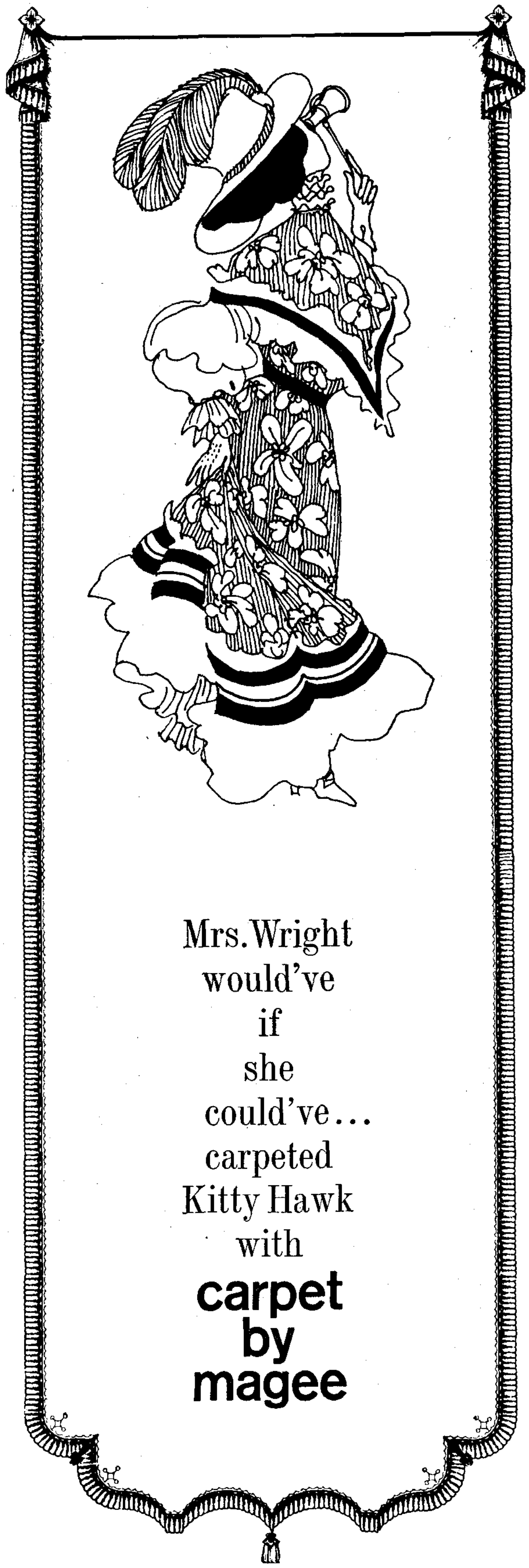
Head Office: 1 Chase Manhattan Plaza, New York, New York 10015 what they're doing, because we're Negroes and what they're doing helps us. But we had our back to the wall. We had spent money for floats and bands; there was no way to give it back. But when we said this, they said it didn't make any difference, we weren't going to parade. Well, naturally, we wouldn't want anybody else to tell us what to do, and President Baker told me, he said, 'Brother Rapheal, you have nothing to fear but fear itself.' So I took this as my instructions and I went on and planned the parade. Brother Baker said, 'If the Russian Army is there, we are going to parade.' Well, maybe you saw it that year. It was spotted with peace officers and what all, and it wasn't so good. We were forced to parade, but it left a bad taste in a lot of people's mouths."

Rapheal paused, and then went on as if it had never occurred to him that the Zulus had to parade because their backs were to the wall. "It's our civic duty to parade," he said. "New Orleans is the capital Carnival city of this country, and the Zulus are the only Negro club that marches, and King Zulu is a great attraction."

"You see, the merchants want this parade on the street," Baker said. "The Carnival would go on if there was no Zulu, but the life would be took out of Carnival. The thing of it is, we're the main attraction. People don't care anything about Rex and those parades."

Despite this, Rapheal complained, the white merchants had been much slower with their contributions since the trouble in 1961, and the Negro funeral parlors had stayed with the enemy. Rapheal said he had sent out only three hundred fund-appeal letters this year, compared with as many as seven hundred in the past, and that he was having difficulty "selling stops" to bars. Although the Tavern Owners of Greater New Orleans Association, Inc., had apparently forgotten that the Zulus were banished in 1961, the business of selling stops had been affected, it appeared, not only by the feeling of some Negroes against merchants who supported the Zulus but also by the dissipation of the Zulus' Second Line. The crowd that follows any New Orleans parade that has a brass band is called the Second Line, whether it's a founders'-day parade or a funeral, and the Zulu parade once attracted a Second Line of legendary enthusiasm. Added to the neighborhood people who would gather at a bar stop to await the parade, it could cause a significant boom in liquor sales. It is difficult for anybody following a New Orleans brass band not to walk with some



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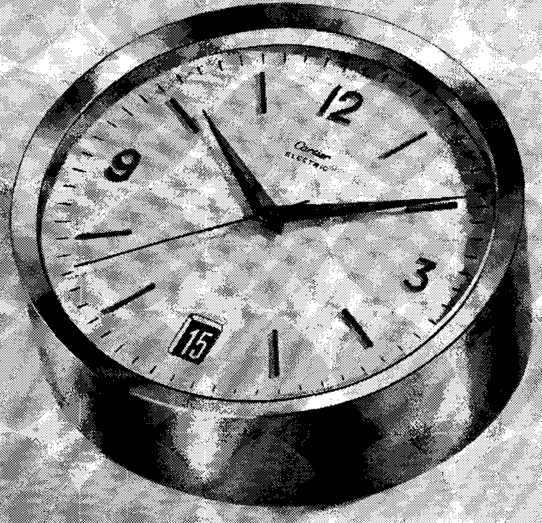

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bounce, and eventually most people are happy to find themselves doing a kind of jitterbug step that is sometimes known as Second Lining. Normally, active Second Liners are not able to keep on the sidewalks, their proper area, but tend to dance in the street, and most of the Zulus' Second Liners found this pastime much less enjoyable when police dogs were added to the parade.

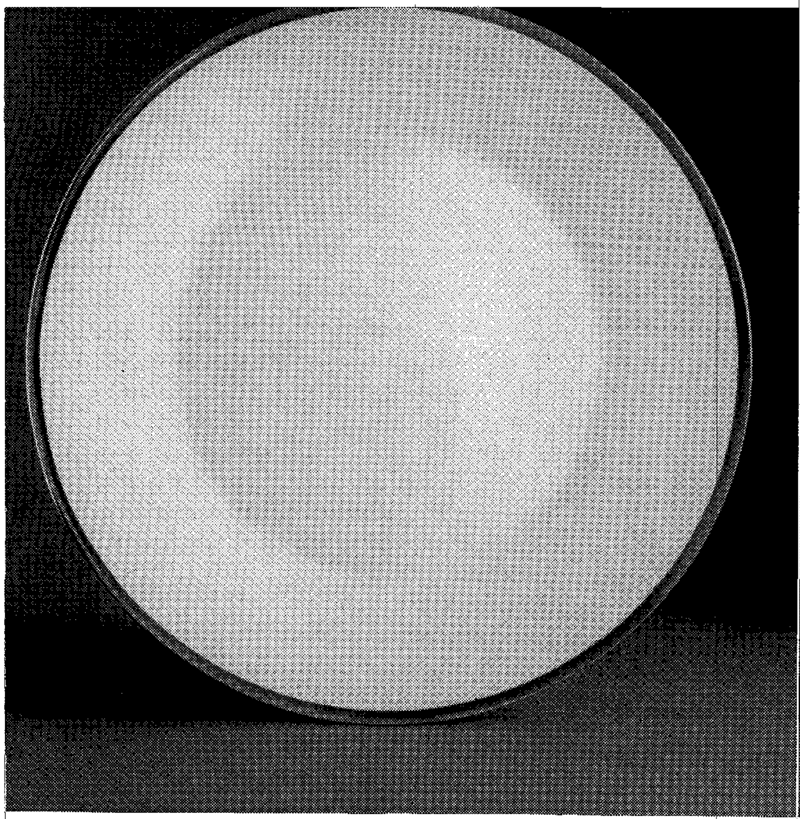
Rapheal told me that part of the cost of the parade would be defrayed by the King, the Queen, and the Big Shot from Africa, all of whom are roughly responsible for their own floats. "In June, we elect the King," Rapheal said. "Everybody who wants to be King puts up the money, and the one who's elected, his money stays up."

Recalling that Louis Armstrong had been King in 1949—an event that is remembered in New Orleans both because he was given the keys to the city by the mayor and because the Second Line, inspired by superior music and a desire for souvenirs, destroyed the royal float—I asked Rapheal whether the King of the Zulus, like Rex, had to be a member of the club.

"We make him an honorary paying member," Rapheal said. "Being a paying member is the very first consideration. You must pay your dues. We can't just go around and elect non-members King."

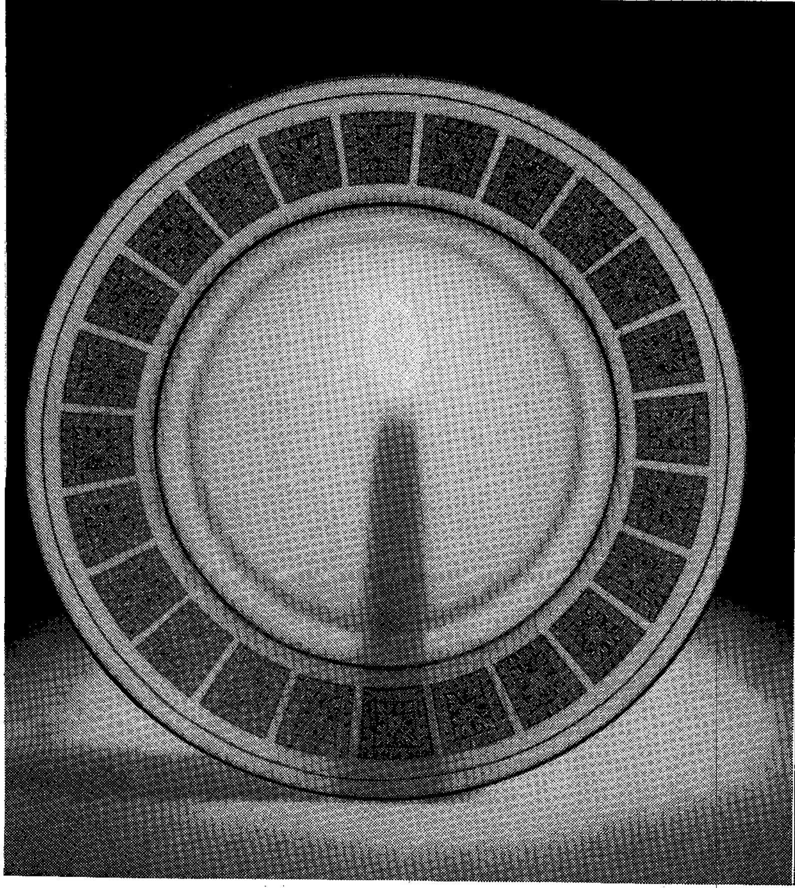
The Zulus, according to Rapheal and Baker, have about twenty-five regular paying members, and the club meets two Sundays a month between Mardi Gras and the beginning of November, and then every Sunday until the next Mardi Gras. Although founded as a Carnival organization, it has more in common with the old-fashioned New Orleans burial societies than with the more modern Carnival clubs, whose activities are dominated by an annual Mardi Gras ball. "The club is chiefly to be a help in the community and to help the members," Rapheal explained. "We have a room to meet in, and we have a plan on foot to get another place. If a member is sick, we pay him so much a week. When he dies, he gets a band of music at his funeral. We have socials during the year. Carnival is just one project. You might say it's the major project."

With Mardi Gras only two weeks away, the major project was not going well enough to suit Baker and Rapheal, both of whom, I came to realize, invariably took on an aura of resigned gloom when they were discussing the parade in the presence of anybody who might be remotely



Is it whiter than snow?

Do the flowers never fade?



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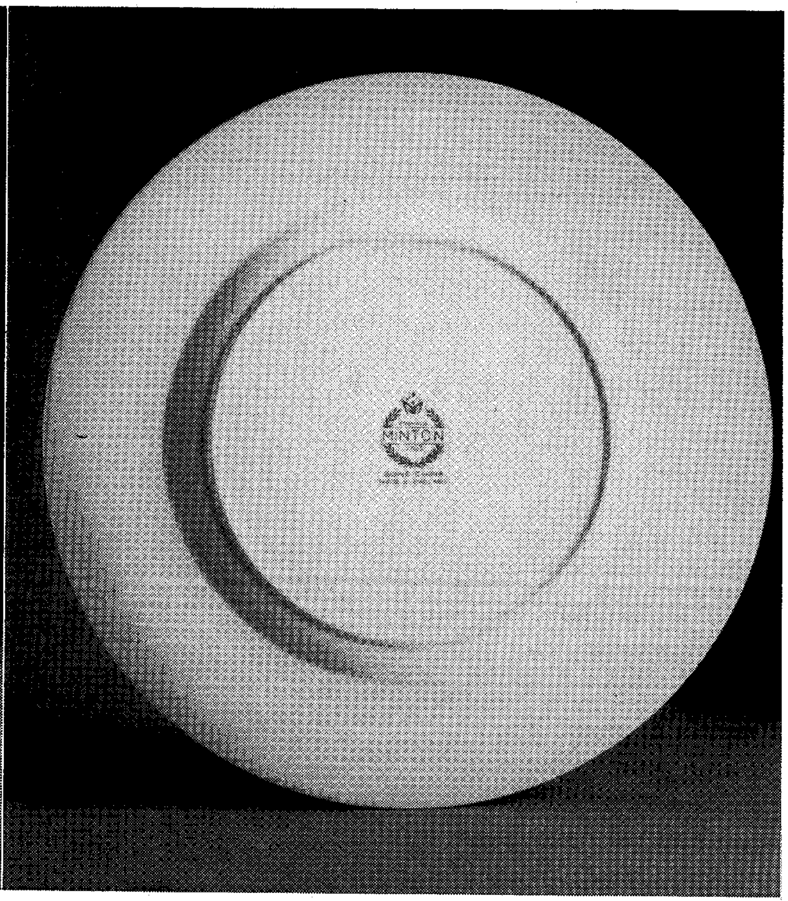

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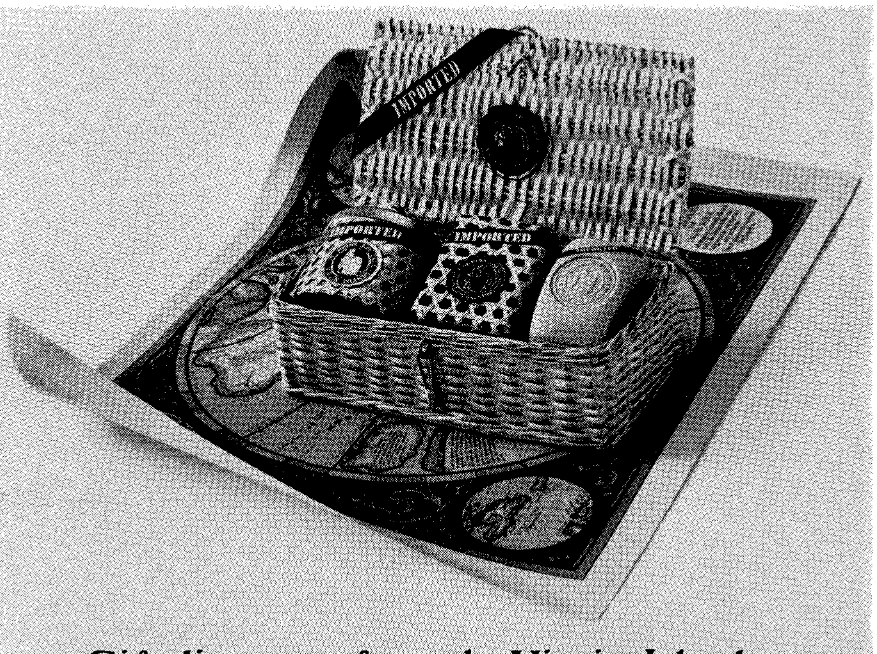

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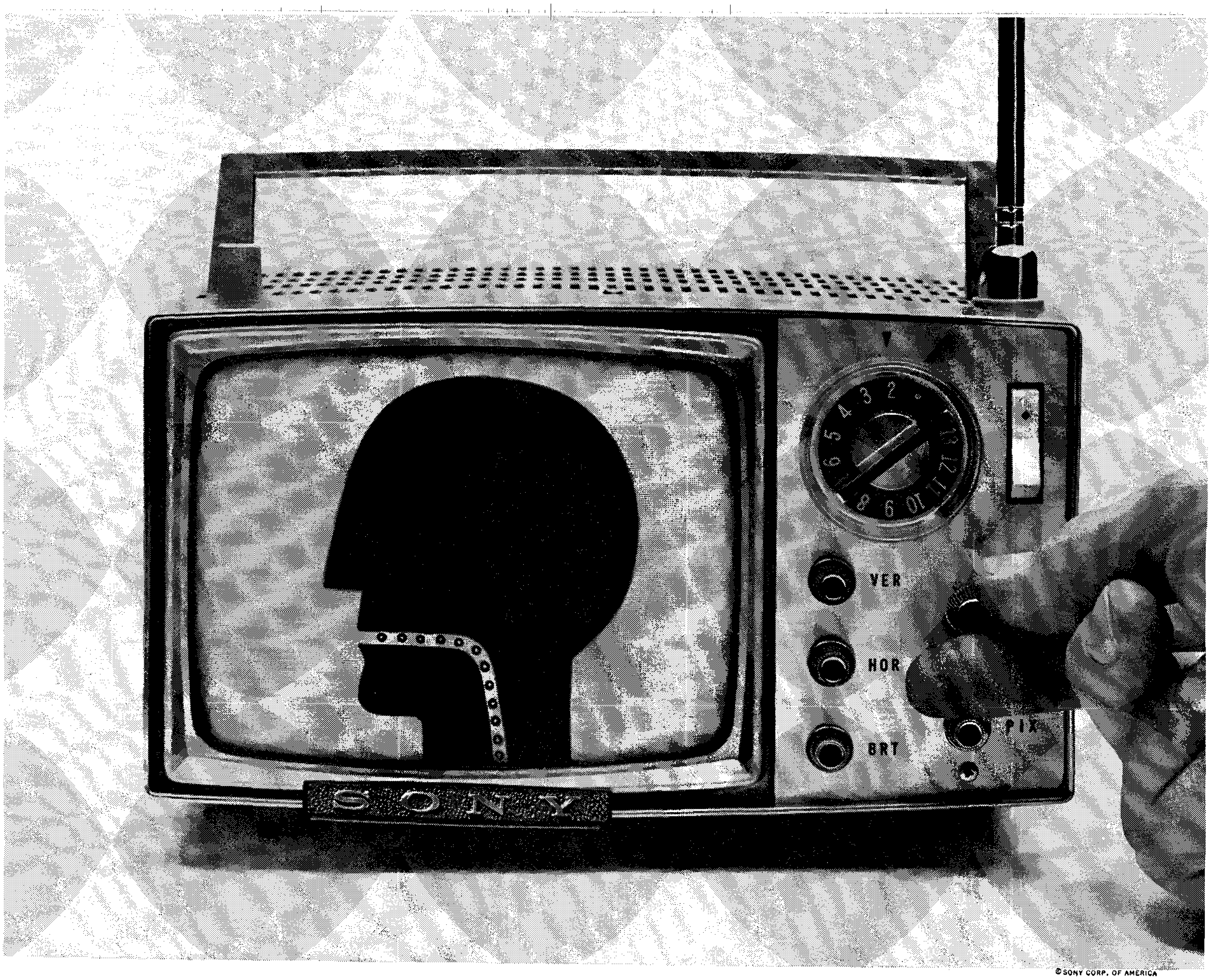
considered a contributor. "This is the fiftieth parade coming up, and it's not living up to expectations," Baker said, shaking his head sadly. "Three or four floats for the fiftieth year! It looks like you're shrinkin' up in place of stretchin' out."

THE National Association for the Advancement of Colored People is the pressure group most often mentioned by New Orleans whites who in discussing the Zulus' possible demise express either a hostility toward any sign of Negro race consciousness or a simple sadness at the thought that an old tradition might end. I was therefore surprised to discover that Ernest Morial, the president of the New Orleans branch of the N.A.A.C.P., did not feel particularly strongly about the Zulus or about a proposed Negro boycott of the 1964 Mardi Gras. In a letter he wrote to members of his branch in October of 1963, Morial had asked that the city's Negro clubs give "serious consideration" to a " 'Carnival blackout,' " but in a second letter, a few weeks later, he added, "The decision whether to cancel a Carnival Ball or not is within the province of each organization sponsoring such activity. . . . We only asked that the idea of a Mardi Gras 'blackout' be given 'serious consideration,' because of the climate of the times and the direct action programs presently in progress in New Orleans."

When, on one of my first days in New Orleans, I visited Morial—an articulate young lawyer who, like many of the prominent Negroes in New Orleans, could pass for white—he admitted that it was often difficult to tell just what direct-action programs *were* in progress in New Orleans, and that this applied even to the 1964 Mardi Gras boycott, which was only moderately successful, partly because it had been hastily organized and also because it lacked the dramatic local issue that was present in 1961. "This community has never really been able to get together," Morial said. "I can't do any more than suggest the possibility of a blackout, because I don't have that kind of branch support. You have to be gingerly in these things. People love those dances. Also, there's a lot of confusion. We don't have a full-time staff worker, so one of our problems is a lack of communication."

Morial acknowledged that some whites who were normally sympathetic to Negro progress were fond of the Zulu parade. "The white liberals love Zulu," he said. "The jazz buffs, and



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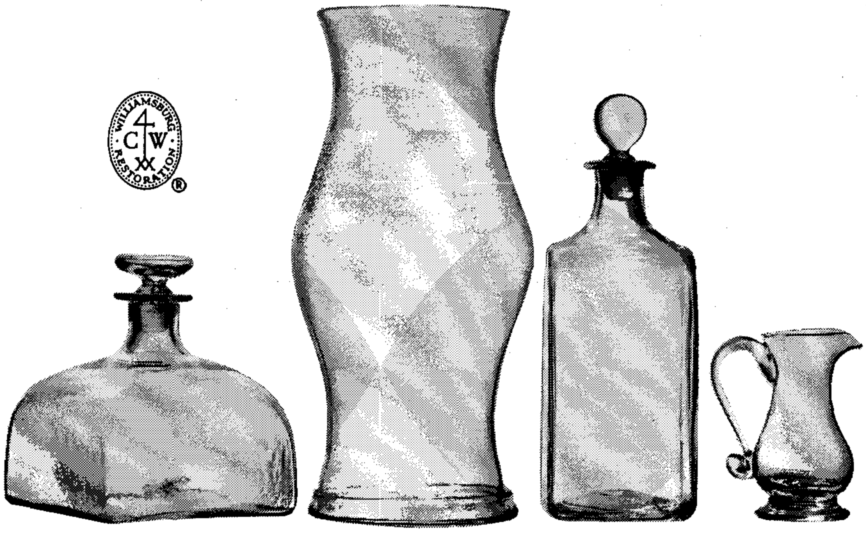

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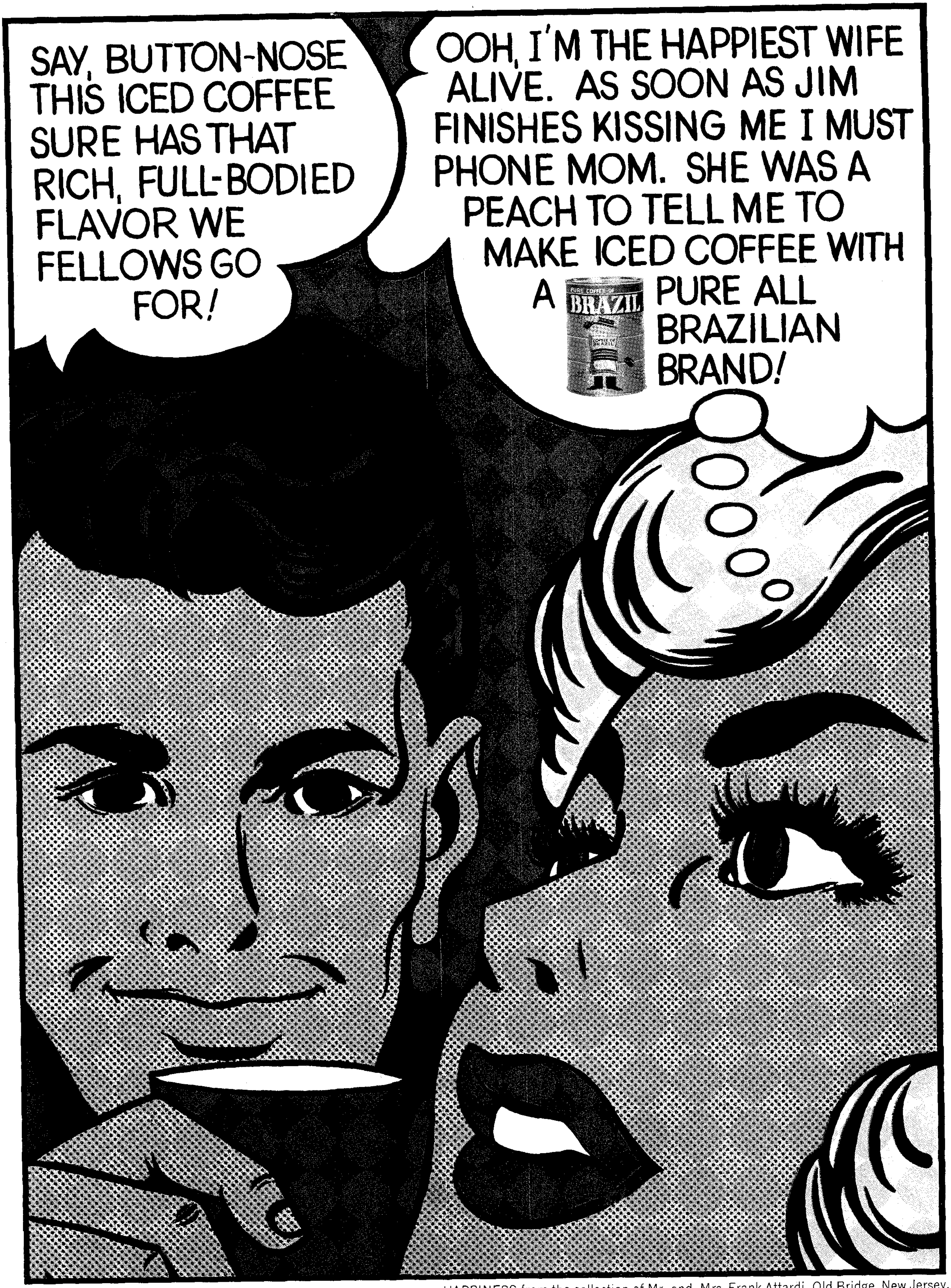
all, see it as part of a culture, something artistic. They like all the street parades. I don't have any real quarrel with Zulu myself. Sure I would like to have no Zulu parade and see the Negro community integrated into the regular parades—allowed in the Krewe of Orleanians, the line of trucks that follows the Rex parade, for instance. But that might not happen until a long time from now. I think it's a matter of priorities, and there are a lot of things more important. If we accelerate our efforts in the areas that present real problems—voting, jobs, school dropouts, getting more people to use the facilities we've desegregated—the Zulu parade will become passé. Sure it's undignified, but so are a lot of things that Negroes do all year long. This is only one day. And the Zulus themselves just love it. It's a real thrill. They say that unless you've been on one of those floats, sitting up there and having people look up and say 'Throw me something,' you don't realize what it's like."

Morial had said that one of the Zulus' most resourceful opponents was Dr. Leonard Burns, a Negro chiropodist who, as the energetic president of a loose federation of Carnival clubs, had led the 1961 boycott, and the day after I had my talk with Baker and Rapheal, I went to Burns' office to try to find out whether all that Rapheal had to fear in the 1964 Mardi Gras was fear itself. Burns corroborated Morial's statement that, since 1961, attempts to end the Zulu parade had not been able to work up much steam. "We had a series of meetings with the Zulus after that Carnival," he told me. "Baker and Rapheal said that they wanted to continue the parade the way it was for one more year, because it was their fiftieth anniversary, and then they would change it—make it a dignified thing, respected by the Negro community. But they never did."

"They're celebrating their fiftieth anniversary *this* year," I remarked.

"I wouldn't doubt it," Burns said, and went on, "For that Carnival—the 1962 Carnival—we made plans to organize our own parade, but we couldn't get a permit from the city. Later, we met with the Zulus a number of times—if you can't beat them, join them, we figured—and we got Baker to agree at one point that if we put on the parade, we'd have full control over what it would be like. But in subsequent meetings he said there was one thing he was determined to keep, and that was the blackface King,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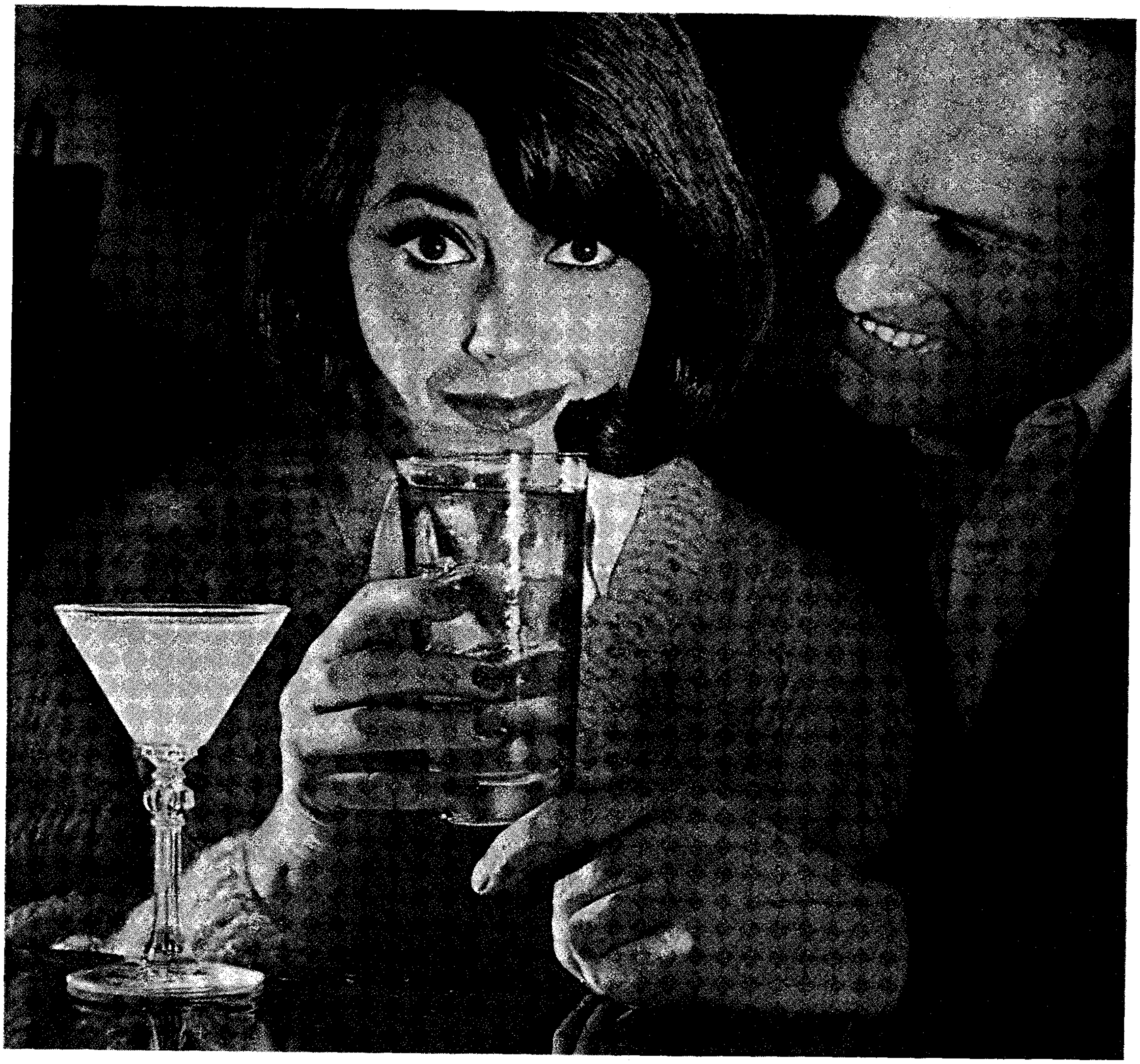

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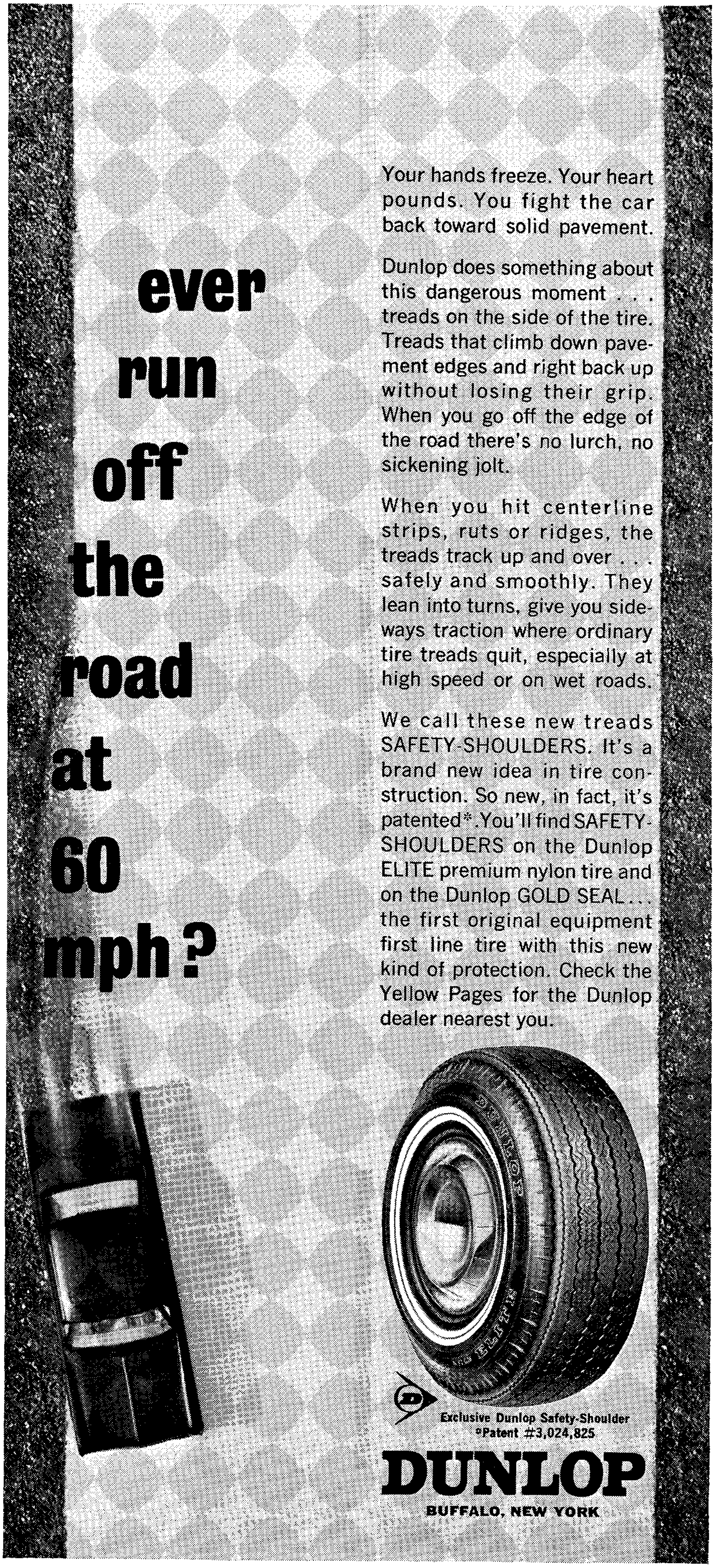
so negotiations broke down. We were willing to keep the name but *not* the blackface King. We thought we'd have a dignified parade, showing the progress the Negro has made in America. It could have been very dramatic. All we were really interested in getting from the Zulus was their permit. I really don't see any way of ending the Zulu parade as long as the Zulus are getting the money from white businessmen. To tell you the truth, we've just about given up on them; we voice a protest, but not much else. I was talking with a doctor in town today about the possibility of some respectable Negroes' joining the Zulus and changing the thing with their votes. Maybe that would work."

RAPHEAL and Baker seemed to agree more or less with Burns' estimate of their intransigence ("I told them we could have the past and present in a parade," Baker said. "King Zulu is the past and all their fine refinement is the present"), but they disagreed emphatically with the widely held belief that this intransigence stemmed from an eagerness for personal profit. I brought up this subject with Rapheal one day while I was accompanying him on some of the errands he had assured me he could not possibly complete in time for the parade. Shrove Tuesday was almost two weeks away, but a drugstore near Rapheal's house already had begun to advertise "Mardi Gras Hip-Pocket Special: Half-Pint Old Crow, $1.69," and Rapheal was complaining that Mardi Gras was almost here and he had sold only two or three bar stops. The prospect of discussing business ethics almost seemed to cheer him up.

"The consensus among my enemies is that I make a lot of money off the parade," Rapheal said. "It is a public secret, but a public secret is not always a public fact. This work is strictly volunteer. For me, it's the inward satisfaction to get the parade on the street. It's a satisfaction especially when it appears that everybody is against it—although I don't think the people are really against it. And it's a satisfaction when people are trying to keep you down and you come up some way—especially if it's the bigwigs trying to keep you down, the lawyers and all against me, a poor little old porter. We got nothing against those fellows, but it seems like they got everything against us."

Rapheal had promised to show me the Zulu floats—a gesture that would represent a considerable sacrifice, he



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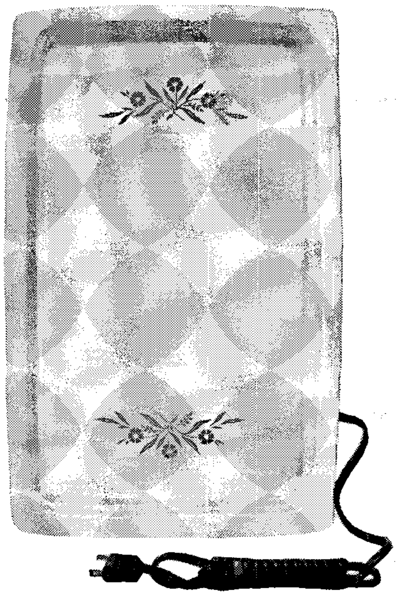

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said, considering his schedule—so we were driving out to a shed that had been rented from the city by the Zulus' floatmaker, the Lindy-Robinson Display Manufacturers. The shed was built onto the crumbling frame of a building that had once been a home for delinquent boys—the New Orleans Waifs' Home, which is best known for having provided Louis Armstrong, an early inmate, with his first cornet. We were met there by a white man named E. J. Clements, who operates Lindy-Robinson, and, after expressing sympathy at the news that Rapheal was "not feeling so good," he guided us through considerable clutter to the floats he had completed for the Zulus. There were three of them—the King's, the Queen's, and the Big Shot's. The first two were similar, both being brightly decorated in purple and gold foil, and both equipped with raised thrones of gold that were flanked by heavy wooden boxes for coconuts and were partly shaded by large gold crowns overhead. The King's float, though, also had two orange papier-mâché lions in front of the throne. Rapheal said he was pleased with the way the fiftieth-anniversary theme had been carried out—a purple horseshoe with the numeral "50" inside it was painted on the front of the crown over the King's throne—and he seemed particularly proud of the Big Shot's float. In addition to two lions like the King's, it had an elephant, and a zebra shown in the act of eating real straw—not to speak of the Big Shot's collection of shrunken heads.

"He's really something, that Big Shot," Rapheal said. "He tells the King he's going to out-look him. I'm very satisfied with these floats, Mr. Clements. I hope you can hold a float or two in abeyance—I'm working to raise the money. It appears at this junction that I'll be doing away with the Witch Doctor. The Witch Doctor is causing some of the trouble, and he's outlived his usefulness anyway. I'm thinking of replacing him with a Voodoo Doctor. Could you make a flame coming out of a pot?"

Clements replied that he could if he was notified at least eight days before Mardi Gras, and Rapheal promised to call if he somehow overcame his financial troubles. Then Rapheal and I left to call on the 1964 Big Shot from Africa, Milton Bienamee, at the city courthouse, where he runs a patrol service that specializes in finding people who have jumped bail. Bienamee turned out to be a cheerful-looking, dark-complex-

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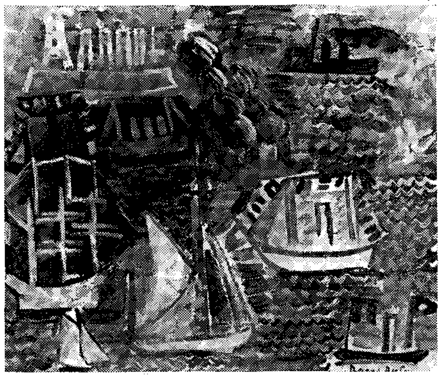

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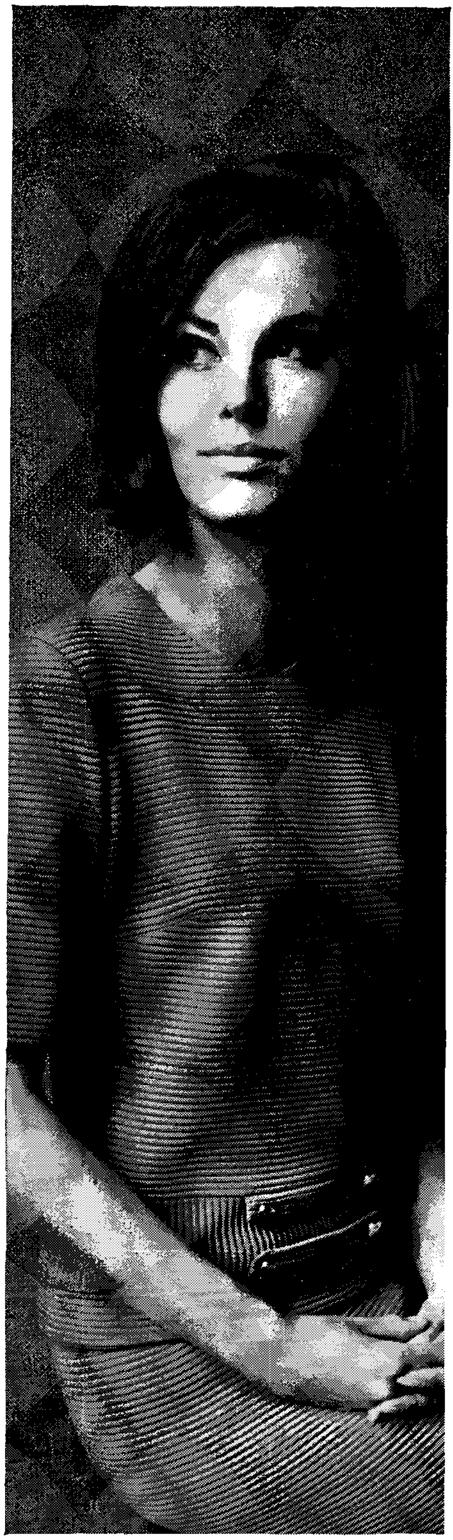

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ioned Negro with graying hair and a graying mustache.

"Whaddaya say, Brother Rapheal?" Bienamee said, getting into our car to chat.

"Oh, not so good," Rapheal replied. "I'm getting old, and I have a lot of work to do, a lot of work."

"I know what you mean," Bienamee said. "I got all troubles but domestic. If I didn't have such a wonderful wife, I'd have committed suicide by now. She's always a bright cloud."

Bienamee then turned to me and said that while he had been on other Zulu floats, this would be his first appearance as the Big Shot from Africa. "And the last time, the way it looks," he continued. "I already spent about six hundred dollars. I didn't know what it would cost."

"Well, you're the *Big* Shot," Rapheal said. "What do you expect? You want to be the Little Shot?"

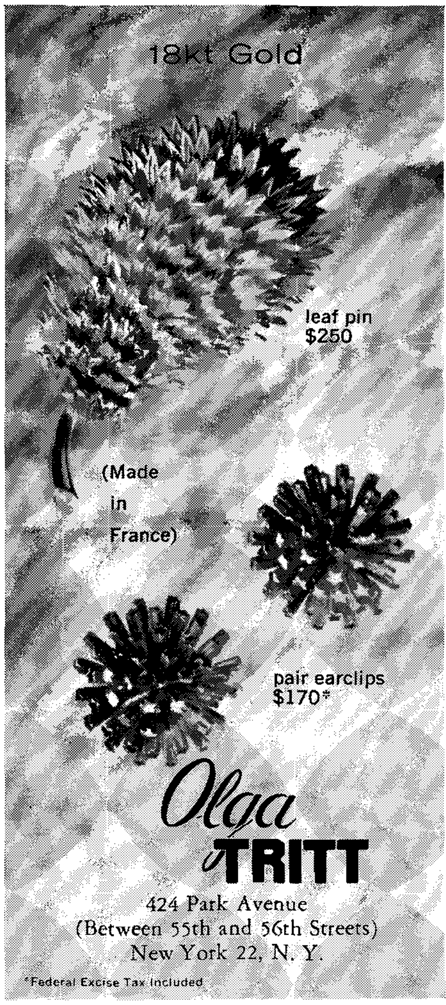
"The material for my costume cost forty-six dollars, just for the cape," the Big Shot said. "I'm having it made by one of the most fabulous tailors in town. It's leopard skin with gold on the inside and diamonds on the outside. I'm wearing one of those expensive beaver hats with a diamond lining. I told you I'm going to *be* out there, and I'm going to *be* out there. Why, I've spent a hundred and seventy-five dollars on presents. I'm the only one who has to hand out gifts. I got monkeys that cost seventy-five cents apiece, and I got coconuts and those Zulu dolls—pickaninnies. The CORE won't like that."

"The what?" Rapheal asked.

"The Congress of Racial Equality," said Bienamee.

Rapheal dismissed the Congress of Racial Equality with one contemptuous look, but Bienamee, I gathered, still had the subject in mind as he went on to explain to me why he had decided to become the Big Shot from Africa. "I feel this way—I'm putting my whole heart and soul into this," he said. "Our organization is being attacked, and I want to make it impressive, and maybe that will knock out that ill wind that propaganda has been sending around. Maybe this bad public sentiment can be thrown off by something impressive."

"Regardless of what kind of parade we put on, or how much trouble and expense we go to, there's one thing they won't overlook," Rapheal said. "That's the facial disguises. And that's the original idea. As long as we have that, they'll be against us. They do want us to parade, but without the facial disguises. But if ever we did away with them,



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we'd have done away with the parade."

"There'd be no more Zulus then," Bienamee agreed.

"We'd let them help us," said Rapheal. "We don't care. We've done this for fifty years; let them do whatever they want for fifty years. There are only two conditions. One, they have to keep the name and, two, the King must be dark-complected. No mulatto man can be King."

"He's a Zulu King and he should be a dark man," Bienamee said. "He has to be dark."

"Well, if they didn't do it three years ago, there's not a powerful chance they can do it now," Rapheal said, winding up the discussion.

BEFORE the injunction against blackface in the Philadelphia Mummers Parade this year was granted, the Congress of Racial Equality had threatened to block the parade with "a human barricade." New Orleans has a CORE branch, but when I called on its president, a chatty young lady named Oretha Castle, a few days later, she seemed in no mood to organize any human barricades, or even to picket the Big Shot's use of pickaninny dolls. For one thing, while Mrs. Castle is not a fan of the Zulu parade, she also suspects the alternative. "I think Zulu is a disgrace," she told me. "But some of the fight is out of me about it this year. Zulu is just a big mess, that's all. Many people feel we should get rid of Zulu because the white people think that's the way we are, and then they want to have a parade that imitates the white people. Well, that's not us, any more than the grass skirts and the coconuts are. I don't think Zulu will be with us forever, but there's so much internal fighting that the people who are against it are just left to say to themselves, 'What *are* we going to do about Zulu?' This is simply not a militant community, and, besides, we're split in so many different ways. We don't have just Negroes. We have our Catholic Negroes and our Protestant Negroes, our downtown Negroes and our uptown Negroes, our light Negroes and our dark Negroes. And we have too many Negroes who don't think they're Negroes."

In New Orleans, "downtown" means downriver from Canal Street—which used to constitute a dividing line between the French and the American settlements—and many of the Negroes who live there are Catholic and light-skinned. At one time, some of them set themselves off from darker Negroes so completely that New Orleans was gen-

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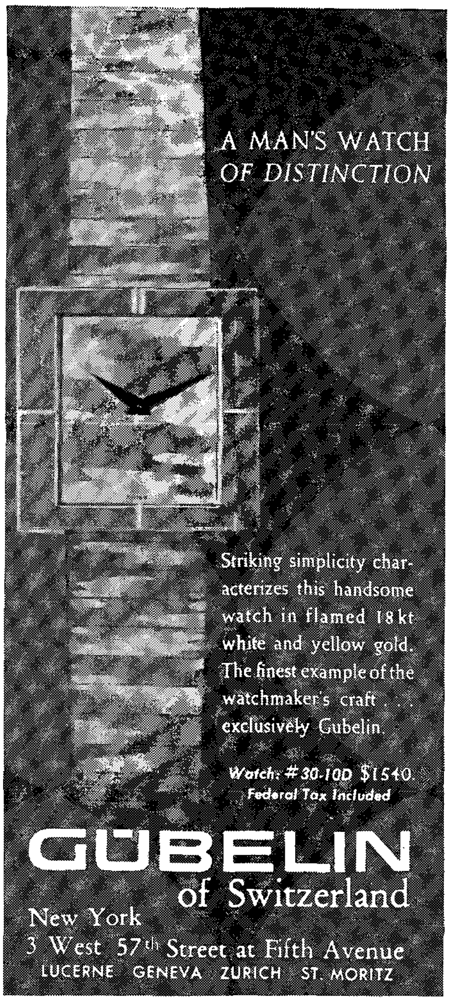
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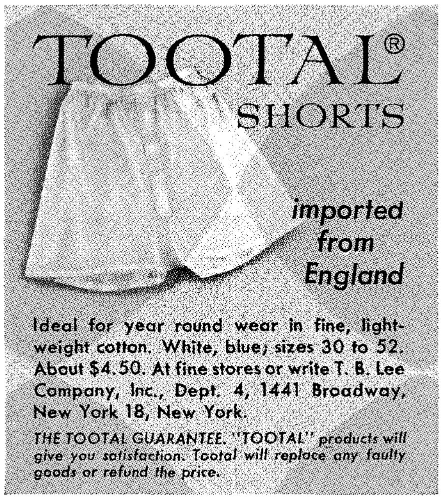
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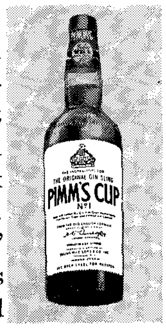

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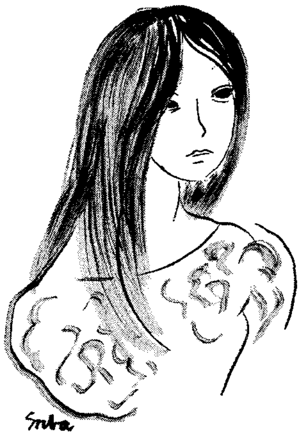
erally thought of as having three races rather than two. Even now, downtown Negroes occasionally refer to their opposite numbers living above Canal Street as "American Negroes," and they can talk about a club's being "integrated" without intending any reference to whites. Stories are still told in New Orleans of Negro clubs that would admit nobody who was unable to show a blue vein in his arm, and of "paper-bag parties," which included no guests whose skin was darker than a paper bag. Although the stories are always followed up with a reminder that such bizarre extremes of color consciousness no longer exist in the city, one theory given for the current lack of militant opposition to the Zulu parade is that some New Orleans Negroes do not really consider themselves and the Zulus to be of the same race, and therefore do not feel affected by the Zulus' behavior. In the words of one downtown Negro, "Folks on this side of Canal Street just don't carry on that way."

In the past decade, New Orleans Negroes have become increasingly race-conscious, but a resident sociologist—Daniel Thompson, a professor of sociology at Dillard University—told me, "Despite the fact that the Negro community has never resented anything as much as Zulu, it doesn't have the leverage to end it; we have no real political pressure; we can't even get ourselves heard." Thompson is originally from Atlanta, and he acknowledges that any parade deeply resented by *that* Negro community—with its relatively tight organization, its powerful vote, and its militant student movement—would not survive long; but the New Orleans Negro community, he has written, "is to a large extent isolated from the mainstream of the protest movement." One historical reason that is consistently given for the relative absence of protest is that in New Orleans—a port town, with partly European traditions—segregation has not customarily been accompanied by the systematic oppression found in some parts of the South. The older neighborhoods are casually integrated (Mrs. Castle may very well be the only CORE leader in the country who lives between two white segregationists), and many light-skinned Negroes are not always treated as Negroes as they go about their day-to-day activities. (During one of the few demonstrations that Mrs. Castle has been able to muster—a stand-in at the box office of a whites-only movie theatre—five of her demonstrators were sold tickets by mistake.) In discussing the division among New Orleans Negroes, Thompson stresses the importance of the fact that a third of them are Catholic—a fact that accounts not only for the presence of such phenomena as the Holy Ghost Baptist Church but also for the absence of the Southern Negroes' traditional leader in racial matters, the Negro Protestant minister. Whatever the reasons for the lack of a united protest movement, the direct result has been that New Orleans Negroes, who used to look on such cities as Atlanta as crude fortresses of segregation, now find, ironically, that Negroes in these cities have much more power and much more freedom of movement than they have in their own.



Some of the characteristics that Thompson has attributed to the New Orleans Negroes—such as a lack of economic vitality, a tendency to identify themselves by neighborhood, a strong class consciousness, and a fondness for tradition—resemble those often attributed to New Orleans whites, and Thompson agrees that the city's strongest traditions are bi-racial. "Clubs like the Zulus are a case in point," he told me. "In other places, social aid and benevolent societies existed because for a long time white insurance companies wouldn't write policies for Negroes. They were essentially a form of insurance. And in other cities they passed out of existence when the economic need was gone. Here this form of insurance was fragmented—Catholic burial societies, upper-class Protestant burial societies, lower-class Protestant burial societies—and it developed a social function. So the societies still exist here to some extent, and you can see the Carnival motif. In New Orleans, whenever you find anything happening, from a funeral on out, you can see the Carnival motif. There's always some kind of show. Church services, funerals, social functions, wakes—anything."

ON the afternoon that represented Rapheal's deadline for notifying Clements about preparing another float,

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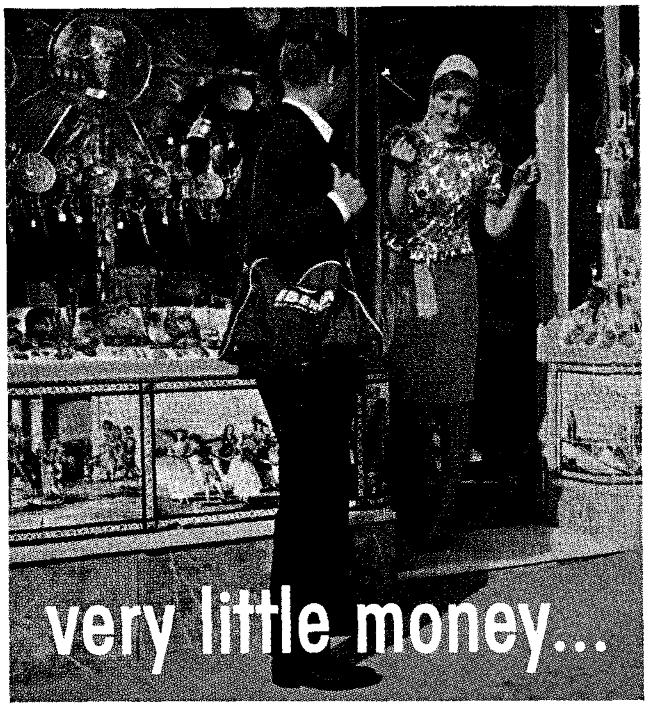
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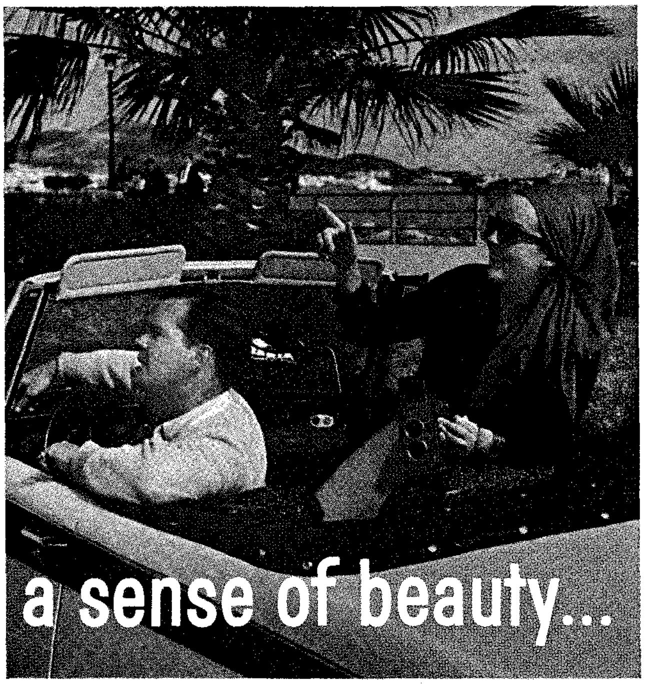
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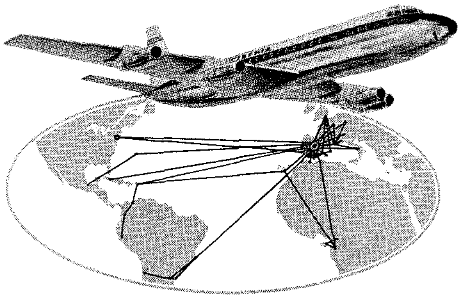

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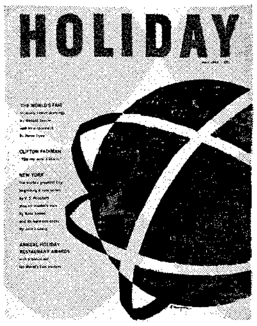

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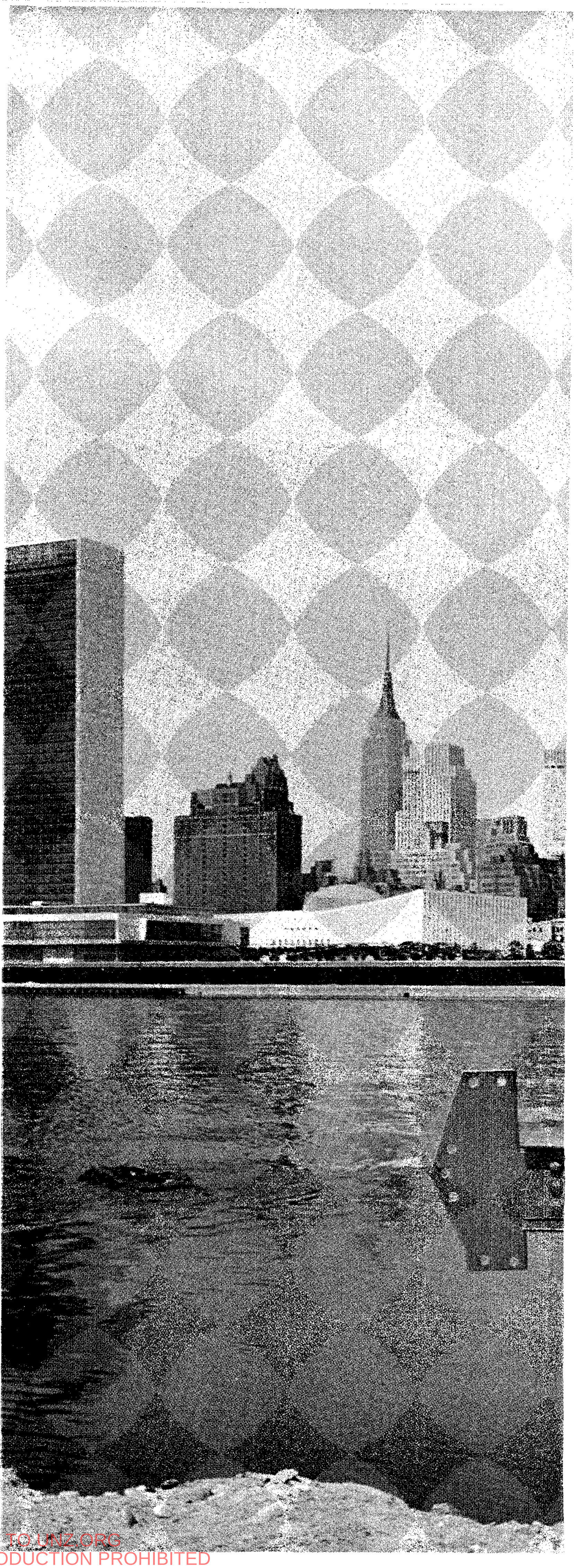

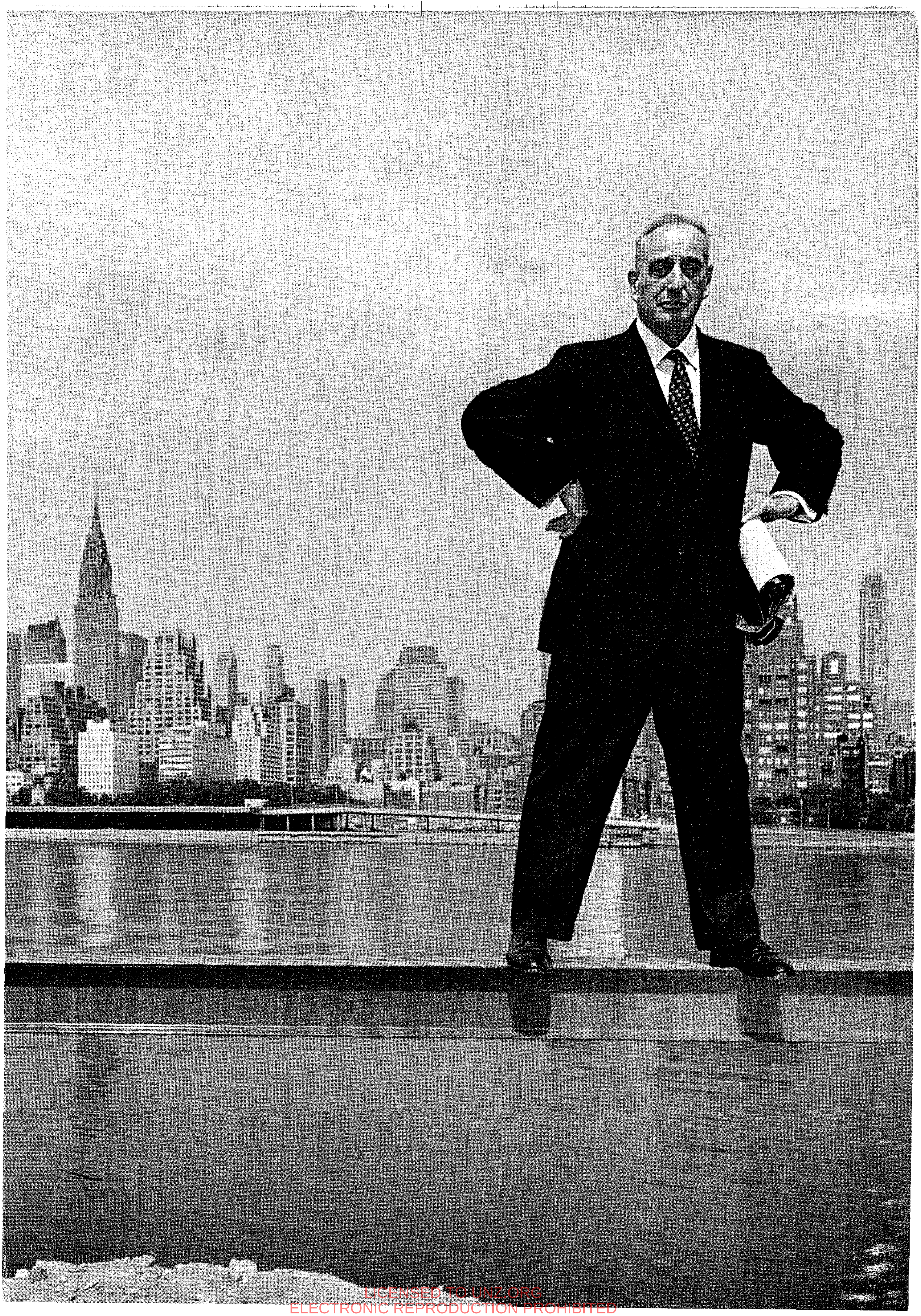

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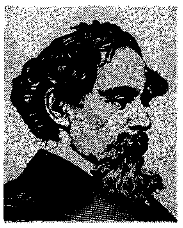

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I called him up to see if the money had been raised.

"Hello and good evening," Rapheal said.

I asked him if the Voodoo Doctor would be appearing on Mardi Gras.

"I thought you were in knowledge of that," Rapheal said. "We're going to have the fourth float, but I've decided to call it 'The Royal Prognosticator.' "

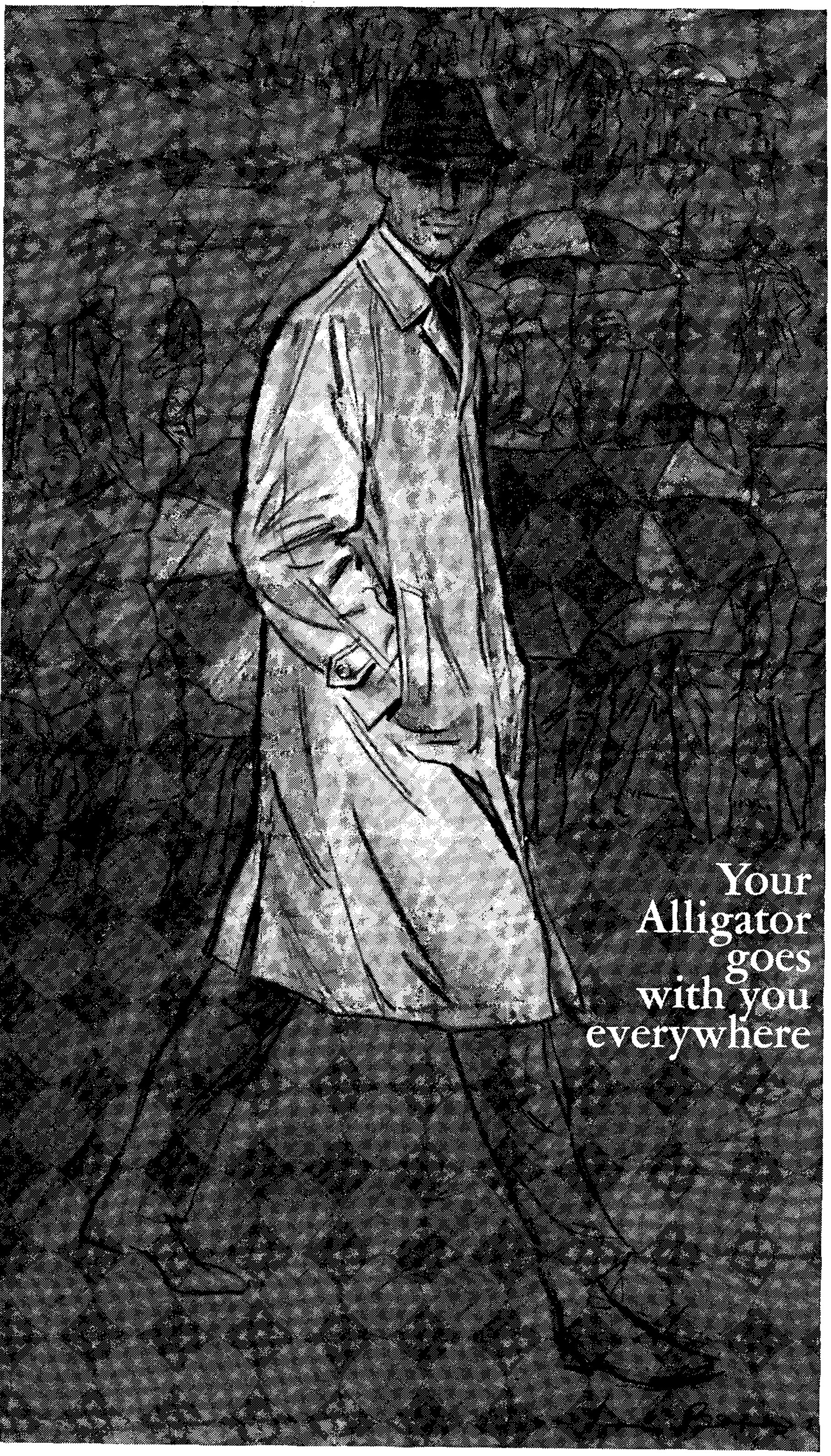
"You must be selling a few stops, then," I said.

"It's not easy," Rapheal replied.

I had read that the Zulus had not marched below Canal Street the previous year, because of a possibility of trouble downtown, where feeling against them was thought to be fairly strong, and I asked Rapheal if his route would take the Zulus downtown.

"We have never missed going downtown," he said, and pointed out that the parade had gone as far as Bienville Street, which is two blocks below Canal Street, the previous year. It would go several blocks farther this year, he assured me, and continued, "The route depends on my selling ability. It depends on where I sell stops. There had been some interracial trouble, and after that I discontinued pushing, because I didn't want to stop the business harmony between the businesses and the people. When all this trouble came up, all the Negroes thought they could kick us around. It's just become my luck in life to have to defend this thing in this unpopular position you find it in. But I have something to sell. I'm not begging and I'm not giving anything away; I have a good business deal for them. Now they're feeling the pinch downtown, and they call me and say, 'Mr. Rapheal, we want to talk with you.' What determines how far we go across Canal Street depends on who wants to donate to the cause. It's not because we're afraid. If they don't want me, I don't want them. We don't depend on the Negro public. We depend on the merchants. We have had as high as twenty-six, eighteen, fifteen stops at one time. Now we only have four or five. We're not up to par, but we are still out there, and a lot of what they're saying about us is not true."

A NOSTALGIC view of the old days is taken by many of the Zulus, for many of the Zulus are elderly. On one occasion, I was told of the past glories of the Zulu parade by William Boykins, the club's treasurer, who has been King Zulu twice and who can present some impressive claims in the debate that seems to go on constantly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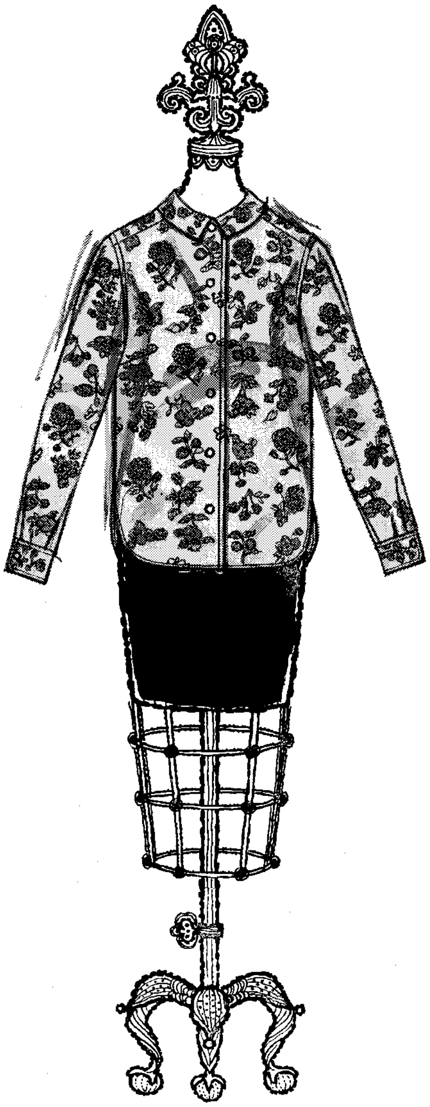

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among the Zulus about who has been in the club the longest. "You know, the Zulu was organized in 1916, and twenty years after that, in 1936, we had three hundred and sixty-five men in our club," Boykins told me. "We had members all over New Orleans, Louisiana—north, east, south, and west in New Orleans, Louisiana—and they all died. We have five old men living now. All the rest are dead—deceased. All the best presidents we had, they died, too—John Metoyer, Jocko Smith. All the men who were interested in making the parade look like something, they're all dead. We used to have our own police rank. Then we had the Dukes—thirty or forty Dukes. They all rode mules, not horses—the oldest and deadest mules they could find. Warriors with spears—we had thirty or forty of them. The President rode in a buggy alone by himself—a Boston buggy—and then there was a buggy for the Bride and Groom and one for the Kingfish. We were something in them days. The Zulus were something to look at then."

The simplest historical view of an old-fashioned Zulu parade is that, however it may have been to look at, it was merely a day-long drunk. Accounts of the parades of the twenties and thirties tend to dwell on the drunkenness of the Warriors; the sometimes disgraceful behavior of the Baby Dolls, bands of Negro prostitutes dressed as little girls, who used to follow the Zulu parade, the uptown and downtown bands occasionally breaking into armed combat; and the necessary halts—sometimes for hours—in the parade's haphazard progress when the King or one of its other officials had disappeared into a barroom. In those days, it would often take the New Orleans papers five paragraphs to approximate the route of the parade. Kid Thomas Valentine, an elderly jazz trumpet player from across the river in Algiers, used to play for Zulu parades, and he once described an old-fashioned one to me, in the present tense. "They talk about cutting it out now," Kid Thomas said. "They carry on so much, and drink, and get drunk. They drink liquor and all that stuff, you know. They fall off the wagons and get crippled up. They raise a lot of sand." Being a traditionalist, Kid Thomas finds this kind of performance preferable to the modern white parades, which he describes as "the same old soupbone over and over again," but he acknowledges that some reform had to come. "In these days and times, it's dangerous—you know what I mean?"

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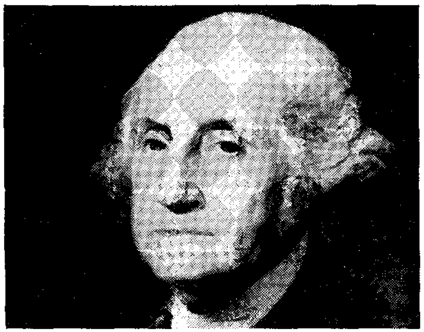

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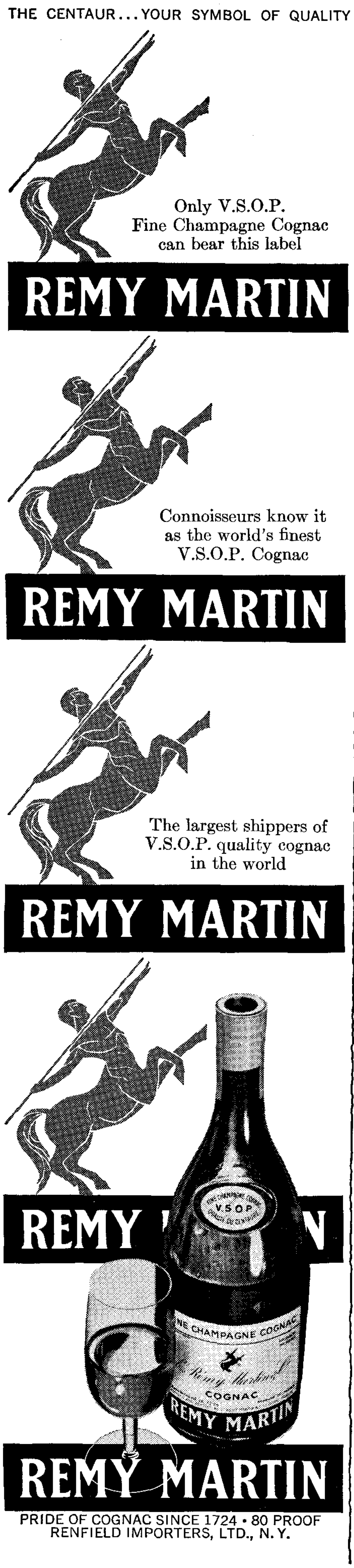
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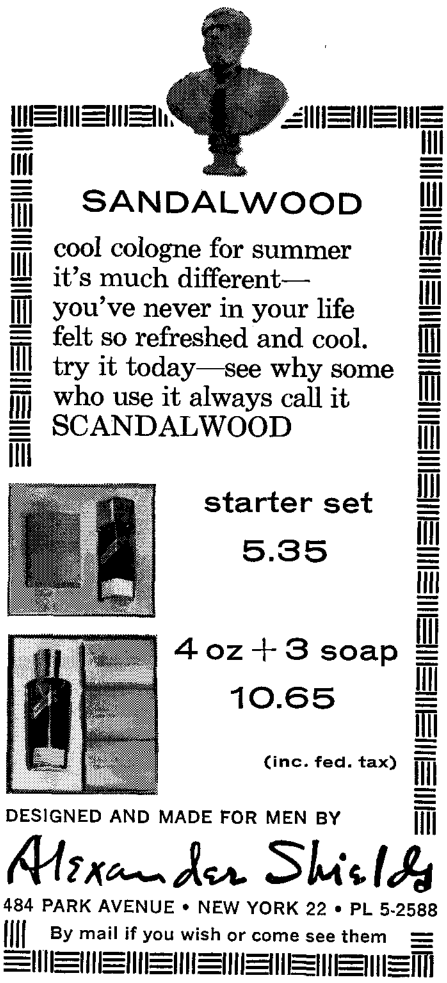
he told me. "Somebody might throw a brick at you."

There was always a certain amount of criticism of the Zulus' behavior at Mardi Gras, some of it from other cities. In 1947, for example, the president of the Mobile Colored Carnival Association, in Alabama, called it "a burlesque of which we colored people in Mobile are truly ashamed." Mobile also has a Mardi Gras, and Negroes parade in it, but they do not wear blackface. The Zulu King in 1947 was Johnnie J. Smith (he was identified in one white newspaper as a theatre bouncer, but a correction subsequently changed his occupation to theatre manager), and he was quoted in the papers as saying, "Nuts to those people from Mobile."

A later King, Manuel Wilson, who was identified in most accounts as a hospital orderly, proved more sensitive to criticism. Wilson was King in 1954, and in that year the Zulus abandoned the custom of frying fish on one of the floats and dispensing it to the crowd. It was not clear at the time whether the decision was made on ideological or practical grounds, and Wilson, in announcing it, did nothing to straighten things out. "Zulu is going to be modern from the word go," he said. "Some of our folks have been kicking about how the parade is—African and all. They say the parade is a disgrace to the Negroes. So what we're going to do this year is to mix it up and make everybody happy. We'll have some jungle floats, all right; the Big Shot is going to ride on one. And we'll black up and have our little kids in grass skirts and I'll throw coconuts just like the King always does. We're going to be a comic strip right on."

Despite his old-fashioned Zulu line of reasoning, Wilson is considered by most Zulus to have been the first modern King, and also the man whose ideas made possible the reign of Nathan King the following year. When a formal history of the Zulus is written, Nathan King will probably be put down as an early one-man reform movement. He was, almost certainly, the first public-relations man to be King of the Zulus. King represented Old Crow whiskey in the New Orleans Negro community—he still does—and he ruled the 1955 parade with a sceptre that had a small, well-modelled statue of a crow at its tip. That year, the cover of the annual *Pictorial Review of Carnival Season*, which King publishes (he has a few business interests besides Old Crow), showed him dressed more like Rex than like the King of the Zulus—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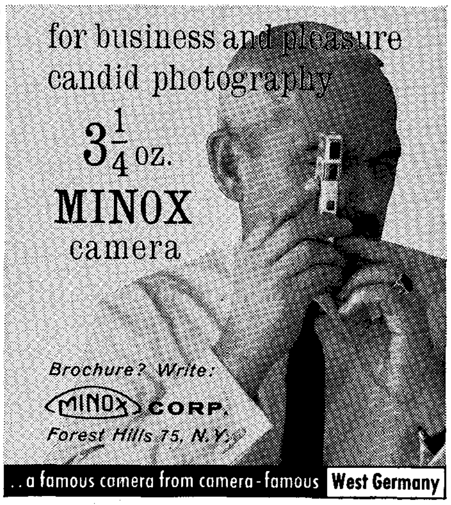
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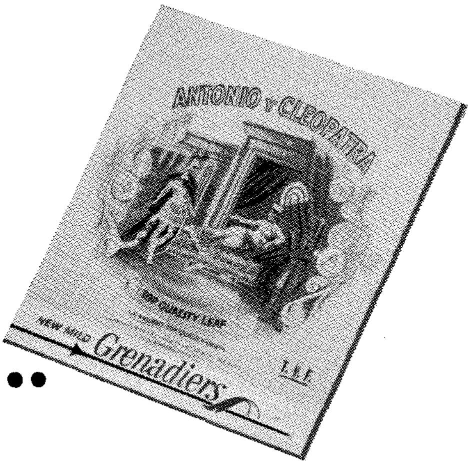

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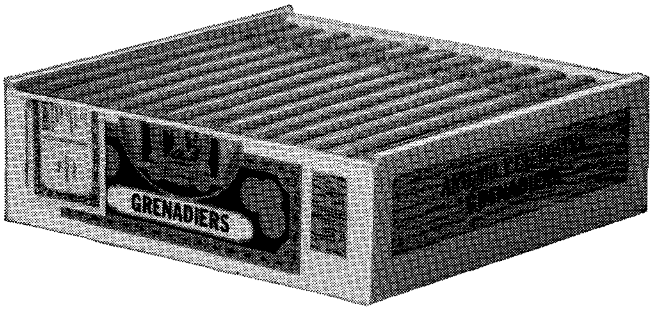

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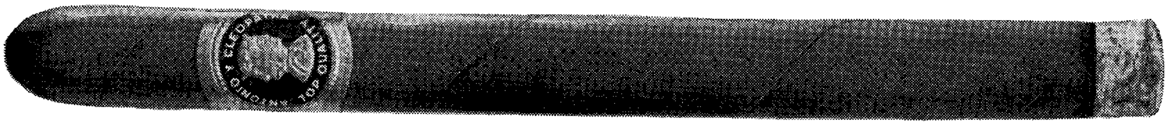

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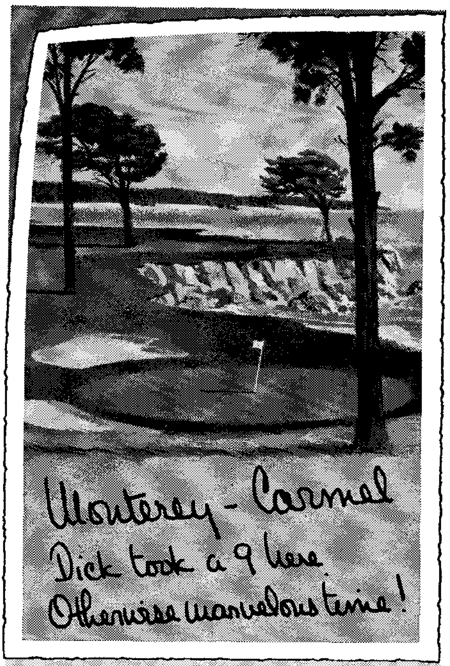
wearing silk clothes, a beautiful crown, and no blackface. The last condition, I learned, was corrected on the tugboat Bisso by two or three Zulu traditionalists who had come armed with black makeup, and the same group repeated the job on Dryades Street upon discovering that the reform monarch had managed to wipe off their contribution. Another of Nathan King's short-lived innovations was the inclusion of a high-school band in the parade. "I went up to Baton Rouge to get it," he recalls. "The principal didn't know about the Zulu parade. He said later if he had known he wouldn't have let his children come."

Although both the *Louisiana Weekly* and the white New Orleans newspapers used to refer to King Zulu as "the ruler of Negro Mardi Gras," the *Weekly* wrote as if he really did arrive from Africa once a year to rule over New Orleans Negroes, and it emphasized the African theme rather than the Zulus' behavior. It was particularly consistent about this for a time in the thirties, when articles on the Zulu parade appeared in the *Weekly* every year under the byline of John Bowers. Although Bowers made no effort to experiment with the regulation parade coverage—he annually used exactly the same phrases to describe the mood of the crowd, the pleasure of watching the landing, and the wanderings of the paraders—he was endlessly inventive when it came to discussing Africa, especially in his pre-Mardi Gras story, which always took the form of a "radiogram" from the royal yacht, anchored in some African port.

In 1935—a typical year—the radiogram was "via Zambesi" and brought "the usual felicitations of the dusky potentate," who was said to be aboard the yacht Senegal, anchored in Mozambique Channel. The following year, the Italian-Ethiopian war figured prominently in the pre-Mardi Gras coverage, and the theme that is now thought to be a way of mocking Africans was then used to boast about them. The 1936 report was a radiogram from the royal yacht Addis Ababa. It read:

> Greetings from his majesty, the King of the Zulus, were received here today by the Weekly. The African potentate, through his trusted servant and cup bearer Ras Seyoum, evasive commander of the Ethiopian force fighting on the Northern battle front and who has been granted a furlough, announced via the air waves that he was accompanying His Majesty on his trip here to assure His safety while in the Carnival City, since the royal yacht Zanzibar was lost at sea.

Aboard the Addis Ababa, according to



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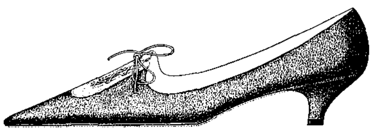

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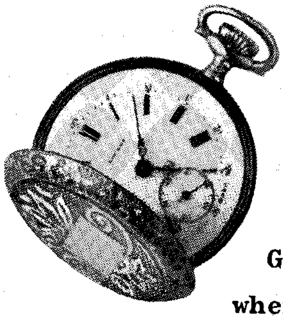

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reports, are presents for all of His Majesty's subjects. Trophies taken in the Italo-Ethiopian war, now in progress, will also be on exhibit. The drought, a severe one at that, has caused a shortage of the native fruit, coconuts. A lay-over in the West Indies, however, we are informed, will remedy the situation since the crop there is bountiful.

Makonnen, nephew of the famed Menelik, will bring trophies taken at the battle of Aduwa in 1896. Ras MuJegheta, commander of the Ethiopian forces, announces that he can take as much as Mussolini can give and come back for more. He likewise added that the booty taken will make possible presents for all. The Royal Yacht will dock at the head of the New Basin Canal at 10:00 Tuesday morning.

The Zulus' own publications in those days also favored an emphasis on African lore. In the souvenir booklet published by the Zulus in 1941 to raise money—a booklet that reflects a relatively relaxed atmosphere in the community, since a picture of a savage-looking Zulu King appears between an article on the good works of the Urban League and a social calendar listing the balls of the most prominent Negro Carnival clubs—the description of the King's arrival said, "King Zulu arrives on the royal barge to rule over New Orleans Negroes . . . while his Warriors beat their assagais against their shields and thump the deck with their hafts." Another article, called "A Brief History of Zululand," proudly described the real Zulus, noting, "There was a time the Zulus were not only great hunters but also great warriors; their battle cry was 'wash your sword in the blood of your enemies.' " The article's account of the Zulus' last military campaign in what is now the Union of South Africa contains a suggestion of black nationalism that reads oddly now, when the organization that issued it has come to be seen as embodying the epitome of Uncle Tomism. It went:

> Just how brave the Zulus were was found out by the British when they tried to unionize Africa. They picked out a man by the name of Shepstone to carry out the task. Shepstone knew that the Zulus were great fighters. He knew that their king was one of the bravest men in all Africa. His name was Ceteways. He was the most ambitious and bravest king the Zulus ever had. Shepstone wished no friction with the Zulus if he could possibly avoid it. He finally hit upon an idea of sending missionaries into Africa. He thought that if he could get the majority of Zulus converted the task of conquering their enemy would be made easier. But he thought without the aid of Ceteways his plan would be ruined, and so it happened. The Zulu king disposed of Shepstone's plan by stating that "a converted Zulu is a spoiled Zulu." Shepstone, realizing that

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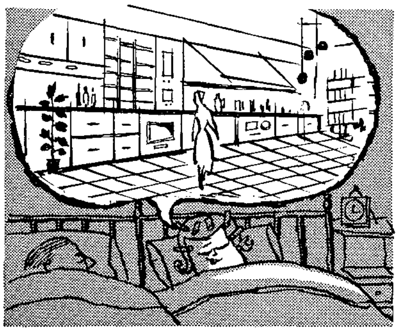

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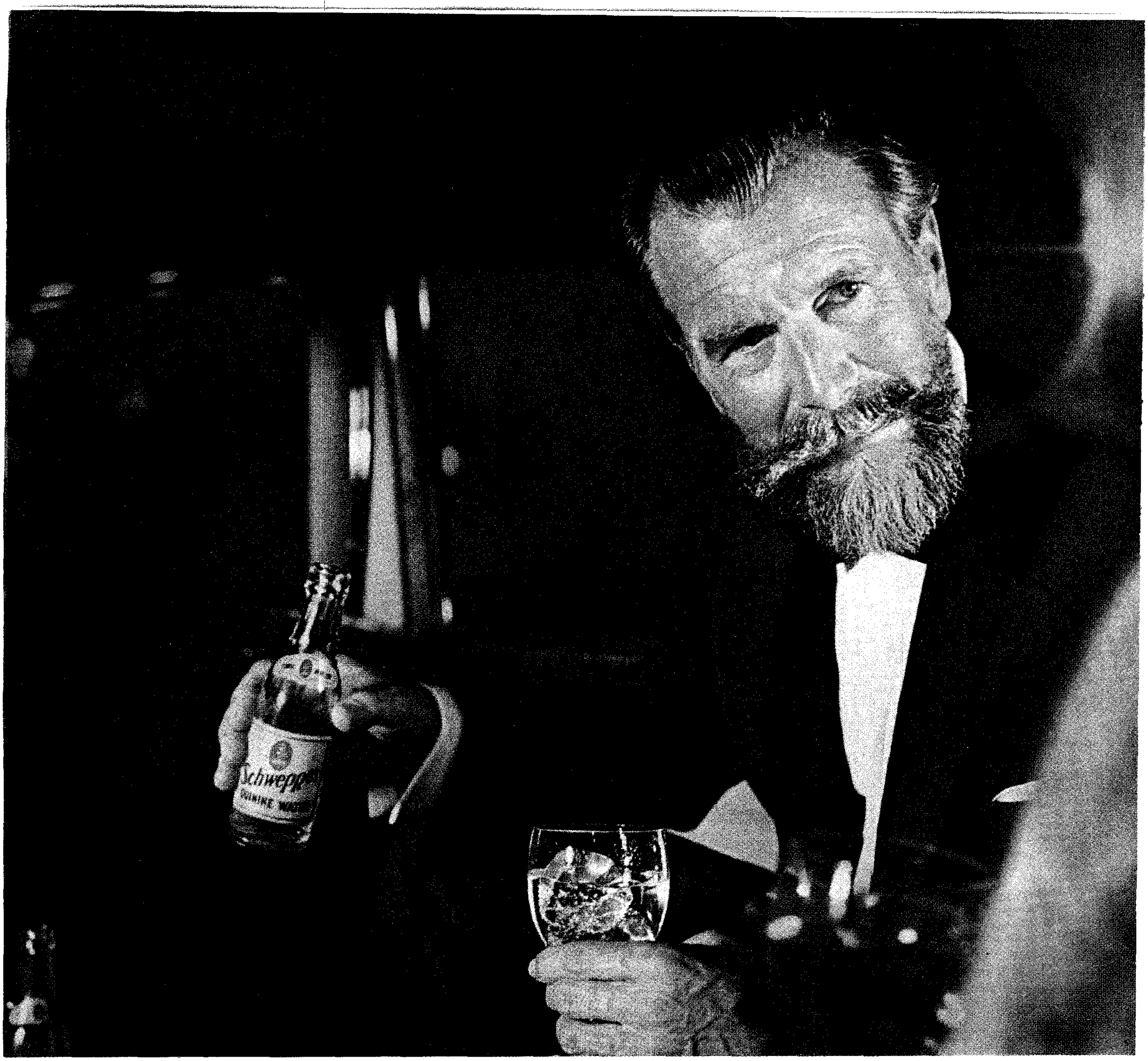

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3. Pour Schweppes Tonic *slowly*, down the *side* of the glass. The House of Schweppes in London has been working since 1794 to perfect Schweppervescence—little bubbles that always *last your whole drink through*. Don't *squander* that precious Schweppervescence by dashing your Schweppes on the rocks.

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Ceteways had ruined his plan, sent home for reinforcements to add to his army. By the time his new reinforcements arrived, he outnumbered the Zulus and overpowered them. He then unionized Africa. Ceteways was allowed to return to his people and was allowed to rule them in peace as in war.

According to the Encyclopædia Britannica, the African Zulus did indeed have a King Ceteways—or, at least, a King Cetewayo—and he was indeed the most ambitious of the Zulu rulers, engaging both the British and the Boers in a series of border disputes in the late nineteenth century. It did take British reinforcements to conquer Cetewayo, though the Britannica claims that the British forces were commanded by Lord Chelmsford rather than by Shepstone.

The Britannica also disagrees with some of the historical interpretations of John Bowers, who seems to have leaned more heavily on an atlas than on an encyclopedia for his facts but did include some history in his accounts of the Mardi Gras parades. His first effort for the *Weekly*, in 1932, set the pattern—including many of the exact phrases used thereafter—although for some reason the royal yacht was called Fox instead of Bakhunu or Bengal:

> The royal yacht H.M.S. Fox, on which Joseph O. Misshire, king of the Zulus, and his royal subjects who were with him transferred from the Zanzibar, arrived at 10:30 A.M. with Captain H.S. Weaver in command. . . . His majesty was greatly pleased to see the preparations for his reception and enjoyed his part in the pageant. No matter how often one has seen the parades one finds it hard to recall the particular thrill of it until Zulu comes into town. He came presenting a spectacle well worth waiting for. Three literary masterpieces of romance that have been read by thousands were selected for the pageant, and each float depicted an event of particular interest in each of these three romances. Float No. 1, on which the King rode, presented an emblem of youth and power. A huge vase of flowers was the indication. Float No. 2, Ex-king Allen Leon, was present on a chariot drawn by Zebras. Along with him were warriors. Forty centuries ago, the Zulus had a king by the name of Chaka who rode in a chariot drawn by zebras. Four coconut trees and varicolored vineyards gave the float a picturesque setting. Float No. 3 brought the 3-headed embedded dragons. The doctor arrives from Moslem with these dragons, and a traveling magician surrounded by his support made a complete and graphic picture of a poem.

The real Zulus had a King Chaka, though most historians believe that he ruled only a hundred and fifty years ago rather than forty centuries. In fact, Chaka is usually credited with the introduction of a form of assagai used for

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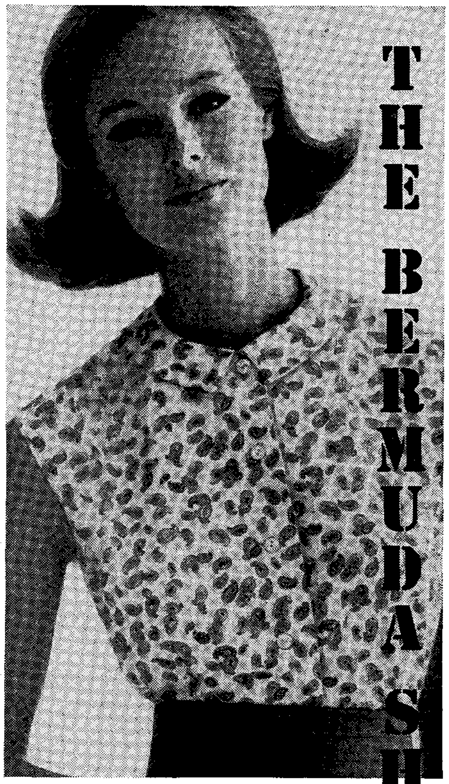
stabbing as opposed to throwing. The author of the Encyclopædia Britannica article on the subject did not mention the zebra-drawn chariot, but then he probably lacked Bowers' passion for detail.

Bowers' successors usually contented themselves with naming the floats. Sometimes the names alone produced what Bowers would have called "a complete and graphic picture of a poem"—in 1939, for instance, the floats were named King Zulu, Chief Ubangi and His Guards, Zambango the Snake Man, Bolo the Witch Doctor, and Heno the Head Hunter—but in general Zulu writing was bland until 1949, when the Zulus found not only their one nationally known King but also their best historian in Louis Armstrong. Not as flowery as Bowers, Armstrong writes what might be called interjective prose—he frequently interrupts himself for digressions or for experiments with punctuation—but manages to sound very direct nonetheless. Replying to a letter from a New Orleans editor who had asked about his memories of being King Zulu, Armstrong devoted a paragraph or two to his boyhood, when he dreamed of being King Zulu, then described how a Zulu invaded his hotel room in the early hours of the morning to apply make-up "everywhere he could swirve a brush," and finally turned to the parade itself:

> We had a real time, all over the city, throwing coconuts to the people, and saying hello and waving to the old friends, etc. Just think—twenty thousand coconuts which each member on my float threw to the crowd.... I happened to look up on a porch where a young man was just yelling to me, 'Come on Satchmo (meaning me) throw one of those fine coconuts up here'.... And I taken a real good aim and threw one at him, with all of my might.... The guy waited until the coconut reached him and the coconut hit the tip of his finger, and fell down on a bran new Cadillac.... Geee ... I just turned by head to the direction in front of me, just as nothin happened.... Wow ... Close shave,—huh?... I shall never forget the incident when our float reach Dumaine and Claiborne Streets, and as I was sitting, I see straight down Claiborne Street for miles, seemingly, and the whole street were blocked with people waiting for the parade to come down their way.... But instead—the float turned the other direction.... And—all of those people made one grand charge at once, towards the float....

The rushing crowd—together with the extra people he had on the float—resulted in an accident a few blocks later. It is described in what must



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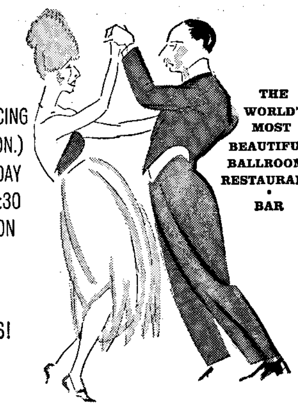

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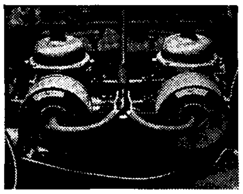

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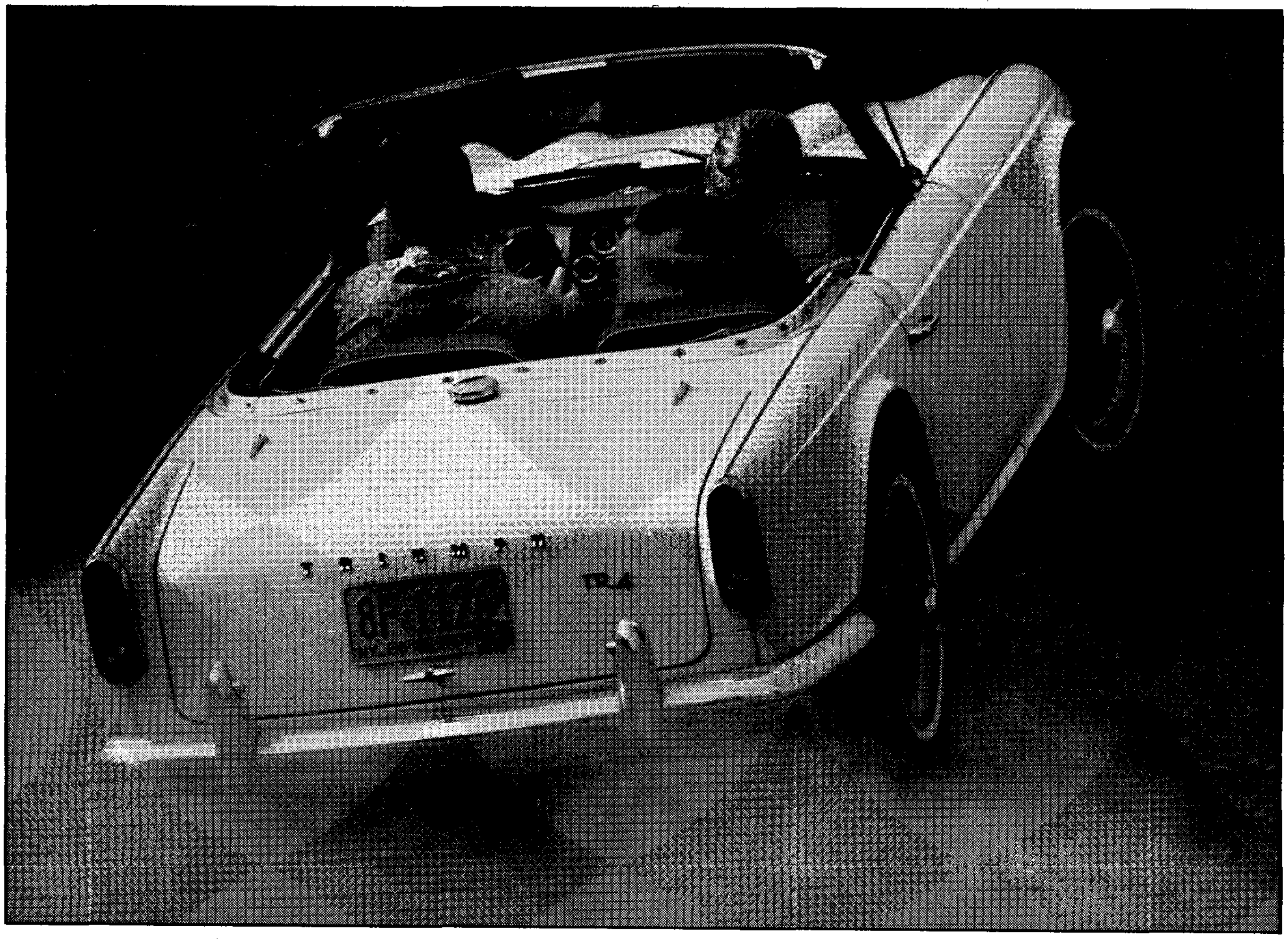

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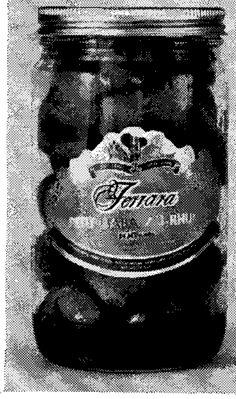

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be the most expressive sentence ever written about the Zulu parade. "Just then," Armstrong noted, "my float commenced to crumbling down to pieces."

By the time of Armstrong's reign, the Zulus' historical imagination had apparently calmed down somewhat, but during my conversation with Rapheal at Harrison Baker's house he showed me pictures of some recent Zulu parades to demonstrate how he had brought the old jungle themes up to date. One of them showed a float with a sign reading, "Mayor of Zululand. I Will Close Down All My Zulunic Factories."

"That was the year of the Sputnik," Rapheal explained. "The story was the Mayor wanted to marry the Princess, but the King and Queen didn't want him to, so he threatened to close down all his Zulunic factories because he had the Zulunics to protect Zululand. That was a love affair there."

"What's a Zulunic?" I asked.

"That's like a Sputnik," said Rapheal. "Only, the Zulunic was better than the Sputnik. Bigger, ran faster, went higher, got up earlier—better in every way. There's always a story. I have to sit and consider it for a while this year. It will be built around the fiftieth anniversary—as everything should be."

MOST Zulu historians include enthusiastic accounts of the Zulu ball. The white clubs that parade customarily hold their dances on the evening of their parade—the standard parade route ends at the Municipal Auditorium for that reason—and the Zulus used to follow suit, in their own style. They would wander through the streets of New Orleans most of the day, then hold a ball that night, lasting, according to one account, "as long as anybody has rhythm." The Mardi Gras dance was discontinued several years ago ("We start at nine in the morning and march to three or four in the afternoon," President Joseph Hayes once told me. "How'd *you* like to go to a dance that night?"), but the Zulus still hold a Coronation Ball about a week before Mardi Gras, and, on the third of February of this year, having bought a ticket that promised music by Guitar Ray and his Unforgetables and "Two Prizes Given Away—1st & 2nd," I presented myself at the Dew Drop Inn, a bar around the corner from Harrison Baker's house, to see what a modern Zulu ball was like.

I had met the King and Queen a few days before, when they held a

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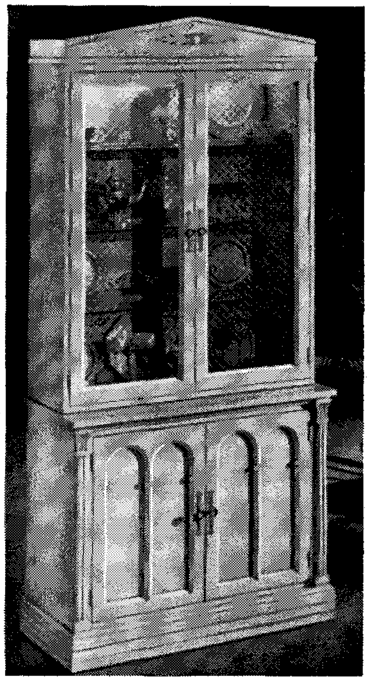

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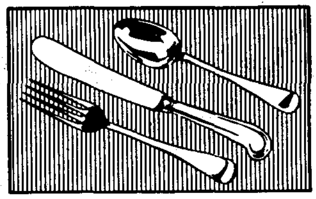

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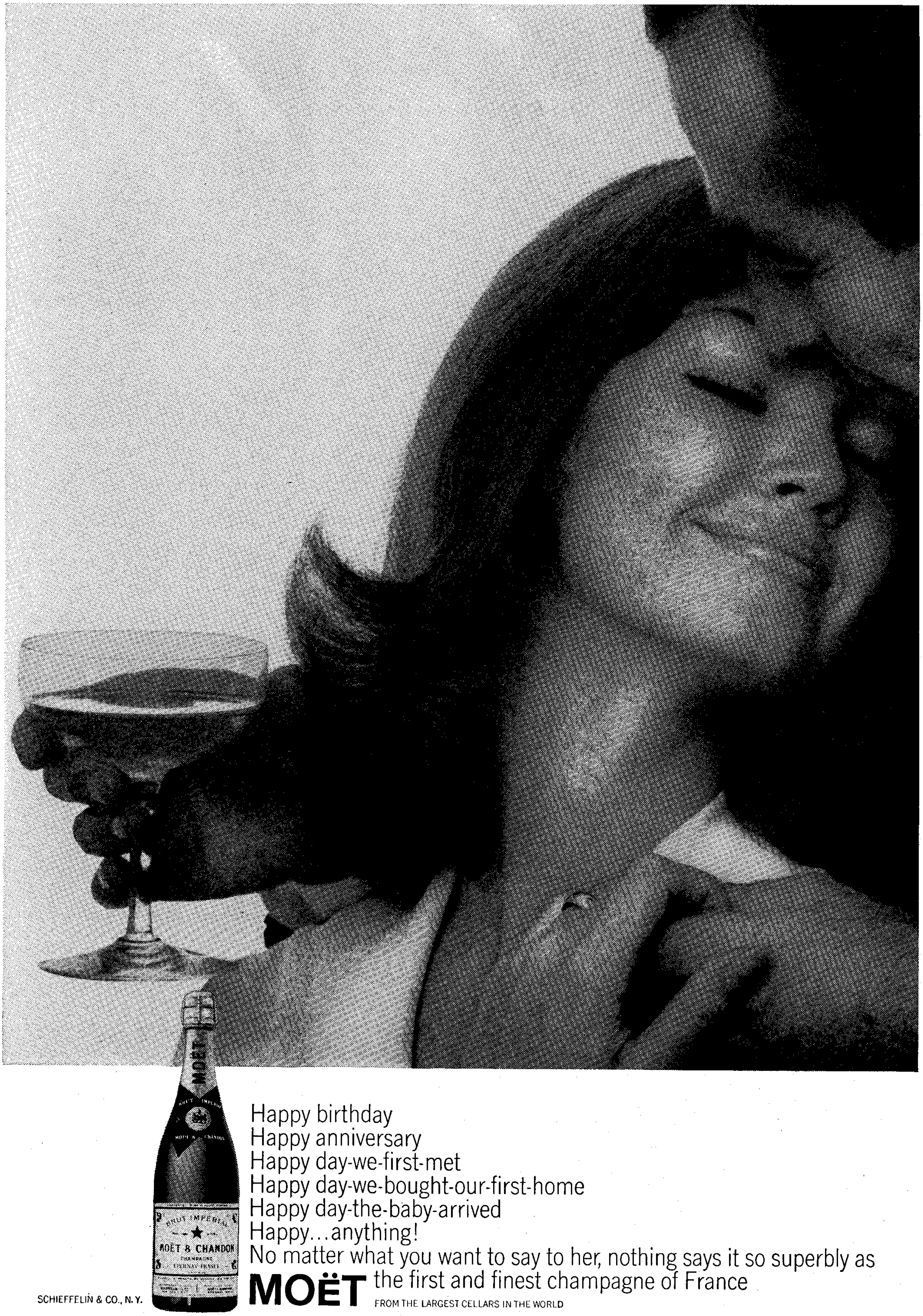
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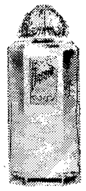

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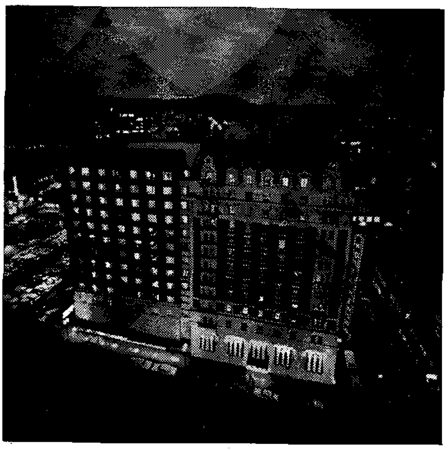
dance of their own to raise funds for the royal floats. The Queen had turned out to be a pleasant, straightforward woman named Bernice Johnson, who worked as a domestic. She had strong Zulu connections. For one thing, she was the wife of this year's King—Edward Johnson, a waiter at the Hotel Roosevelt—and, for another, her first husband, the late Alonzo Butler, had been King in 1941. (I had seen him referred to by one of the white newspapers as "the dean of the Whitney Bank barbershop porters.") For a third, Mrs. Johnson had been Queen of the Zulus twice before, William Boykins having chosen her as his consort both times he was King. Choosing the Queen has always been the prerogative of the King, but he rarely chooses his own wife. (As it happened, the first Queen, according to many sources, was a man—the King supposedly having been unable to choose among the women of his acquaintance—and was known thereafter as Corinne the Queen, though his real name was Alex Seymour.) Mrs. Johnson is also a founder and the financial secretary of the Ladies Zulu Social Aid & Pleasure Club, which has a membership of forty, including fifteen men. "The Ladies Zulus were made up in 1933, and we always let men join with us," Mrs. Johnson said when I asked her why there were men in what I had taken to be a ladies' club. "The regular Zulus meet from three to five and our meeting starts at six, so the men who belong to both can come." There are no women in the regular Zulus. Mrs. Johnson went on to tell me that she was a member of the Haminite Social Aid & Pleasure Club and the Bethlehem Social Aid & Pleasure Club, and that her husband, the King, was also a joiner, his clubs including the Young Men's Olympian Benevolent Association. In addition, I learned later, he served as the Vice-President of the Zulus and the Grand Marshal of the Ladies Zulus.

The Coronation Ball was scheduled to begin at ten o'clock, and I arrived about half an hour later, accompanied by Dick Allen, an inquiring Georgian in his thirties who, with the aid of a Ford Foundation grant, had spent the last six years establishing an archive of New Orleans jazz at Tulane University. Allen seemed to wince occasionally at the nearly deafening music produced by Guitar Ray and his Unforgetables—a combo that consisted of an electric guitar, an electric bass, a trumpet, a drum, and a saxophone that



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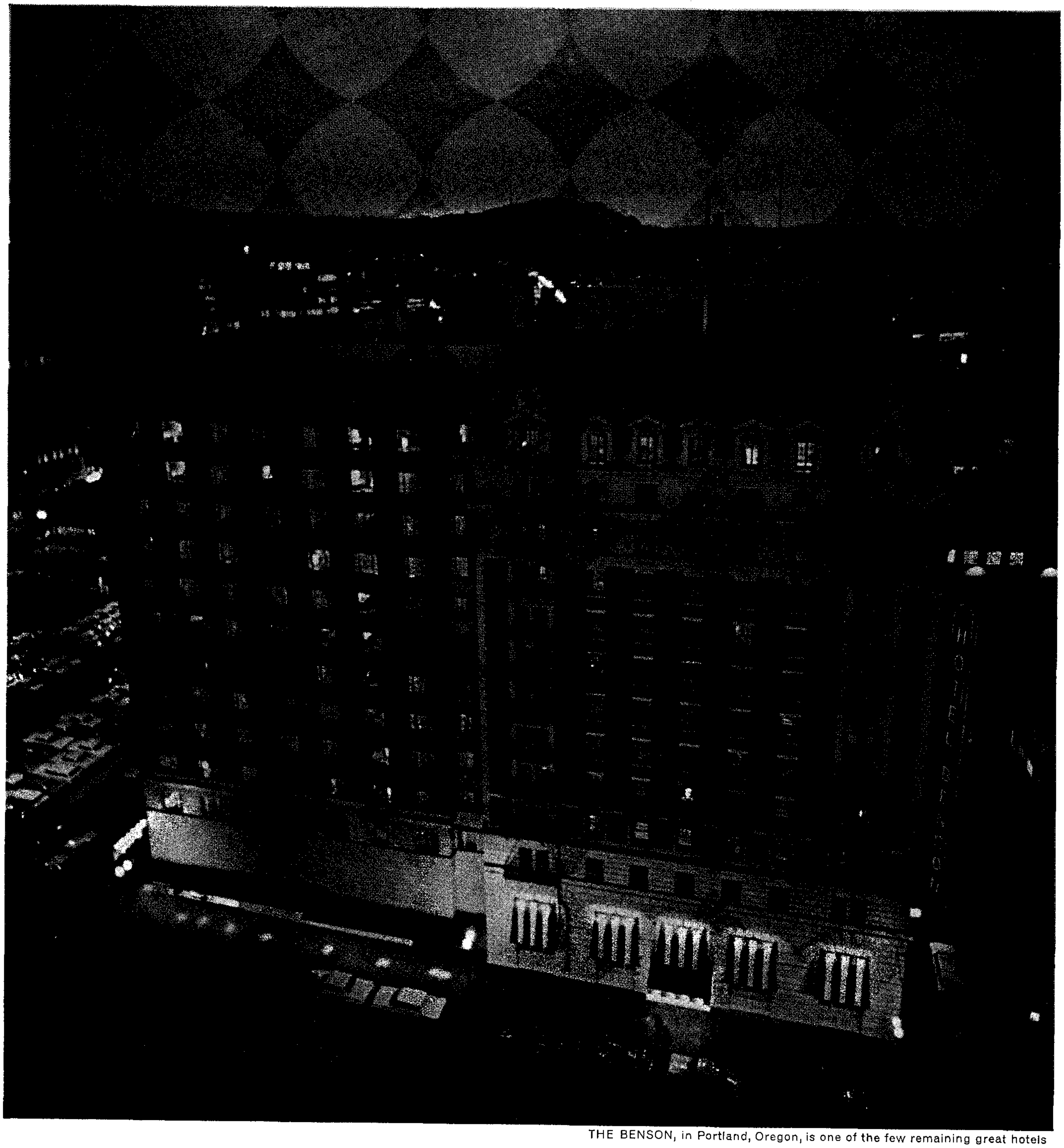

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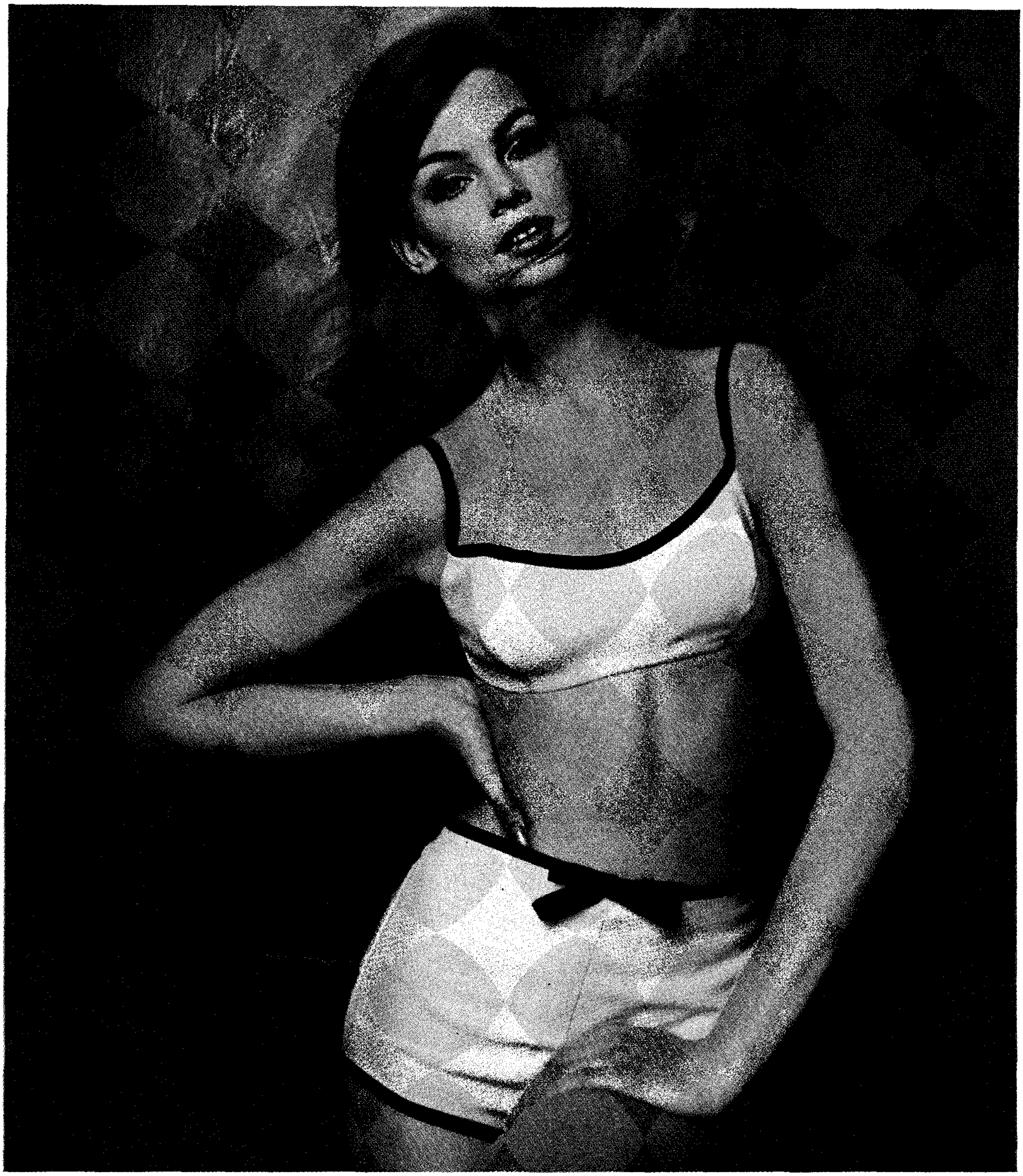

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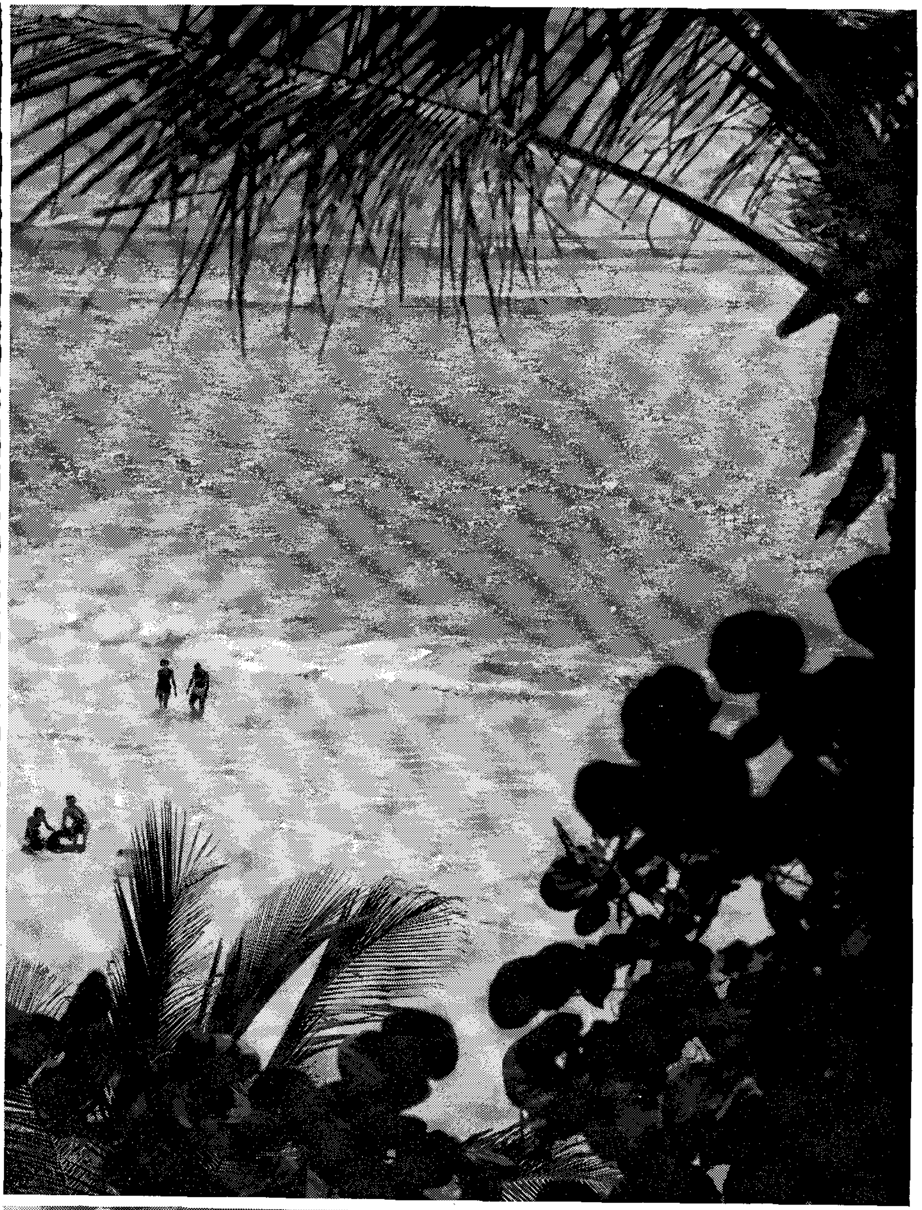
was electrified as well as it could be, through a microphone installed in the bell. The Dew Drop Inn was a large room with a bandstand near the center and with most of the rest of the space filled by thirty or forty tables. Near the door were a bar, a small dance floor, a jukebox, a pinball machine, and a machine at which one could shoot, electrically, at a bear that moved back and forth across a jungle background. Having greeted Rapheal and Baker at the door, Allen and I took one of the tables along the wall farthest from the bandstand. We were soon joined by Nathan King, the early reform movement. Although King had once informed me that "the Zulus have a bad name" and for that reason had not been included in his latest annual review of the Carnival season, he now explained that he had kept up his membership, and never missed a dance of any kind. By his own count, he had attended a hundred and twenty-six Carnival balls in 1963. Also, his feelings about being King Zulu had been mixed. "It's the greatest thrill of your life," he told me now. "You come on the boat. The horns are blowing, the sirens are screaming, and they're saying, 'Here comes King Zulu.' I expect I'll never forget it, despite what my better-class friends might say."

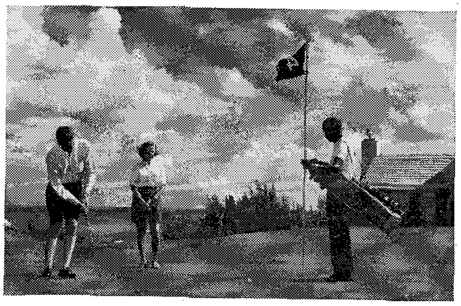
By eleven o'clock, there were no more than twenty or thirty people scattered around the room, most of them seated at tables with bottles they had brought along, and none of them attempting to dance to the music of Guitar Ray and his Unforgetables. The party was enlivened at that hour by the arrival of Milton Bienamee, the Big Shot from Africa, who had a cheery greeting for everybody, and even a few presents, including a pickaninny doll and a Big Shot coconut for Allen, who expressed deep appreciation.

"I'm the only one giving gifts," the Big Shot said, as he joined our table. "That's only a small example of what I give. And I'm going to out-look the King out there. I hate to do it, but I'm going to have to out-look the King. I've been out to improve my float. I'm going to have a battery-operated recorder on my float. When the band stops, it'll play records. They're going to *know* the Big Shot's in the parade. I'm going to act like a Big Shot." Bienamee waved a hand at Nathan King and said, "He was King Zulu one year. He had to mask twice."

"I carried a towel," said King.

Twenty minutes later—by which time the Dew Drop Inn still appeared





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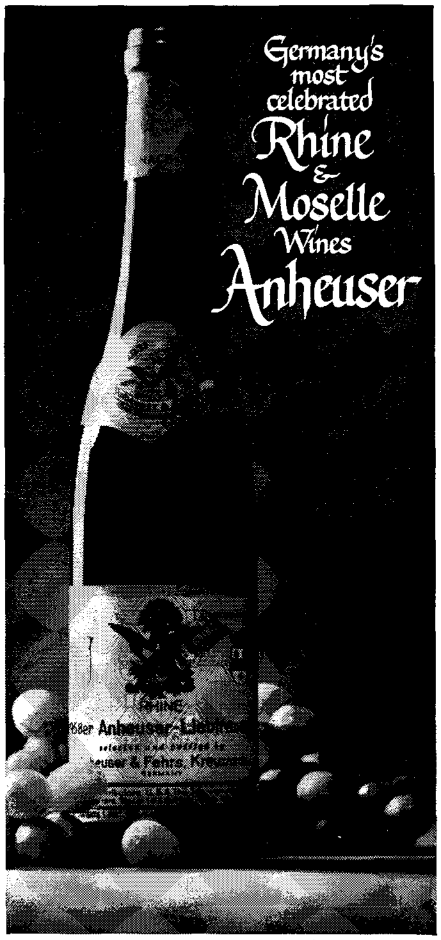
half empty, with only about forty people at the tables—President Joseph Hayes walked out on the bandstand to introduce the master of ceremonies, Harrison Baker. After remarking on the disappointingly small attendance, Baker presented Hayes with a plaque for his first year of service, "on our fiftieth anniversary," and then asked Guitar Ray to have the Unforgetables play something lively for the Grand March of the King and Queen. With the musicians playing the "Bourbon Street Parade," the Grand Marshal, James Turner, dressed in a tuxedo and carrying a black homburg, came strutting across the dance floor, threading his way between tables. He was followed by the King, in tails, and then by the Queen and four members of her court. Four or five elderly ladies joined the line, and President Hayes tried to put some pep in the proceedings by strutting in front of the King and Queen and clapping to the rhythm of the Unforgetables, but not many more people joined the line. Rapheal, I noticed, was busy counting the tickets and receipts, and many of the guests were giving the Grand March only casual attention. After the procession had made several turns of the floor, a brief coronation ceremony was held. Then there was another Grand March—a couple of former Kings and Queens and a few guests joined in this time—and Rapheal was called to the bandstand to receive a plaque and make a speech.

"Whatever is said and whatever is thought about the Zulu, I want everybody to know I am a Zulu," Rapheal said. "Whatever anybody says, we are an organization of international reputation. We have an original idea. We don't copy off anybody. And any organization that has lasted fifty years deserves a big blowout."

Baker also made a speech, saying, "I'm proud to be a Zulu. I can't be anything else but a Zulu. Of course, I belong to everything in town, but I'm a Zulu first." He had once told me that he belonged to twelve clubs.

With that, the program ended, and Hayes came over to our table with Edward Johnson, who was rather phlegmatic, I thought, for a King of the Zulus. I asked Johnson how he had happened to become King.

"On the fiftieth year, I wanted the honor of being King," he said. "Last year, I was Witch Doctor. The year before that, I was Witch Doctor. I rode with the Witch Doctor for a few years and he passed, so I took his place. Before that, I was a Duke. I've been



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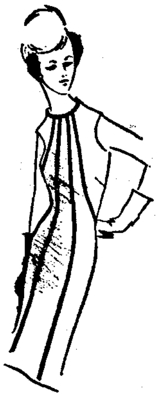

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a Zulu since 1947. I like the way they mask. Also, I like music with a funeral."

"Have you been out to see your float?" the Big Shot asked the King. "You might want to put on some additions."

The King said that he hadn't had a chance to get out to his float but that he thought it would stand up well against the Big Shot's.

"If they make me King next year, you'll witness the biggest parade you ever saw," the Big Shot promised.

"If I'm elected president again, I'm going to make the Zulu parade streamlined," Hayes said. "I'm going to streamline 'em. Of course, you can't get away from the makeup. If there's no makeup, there's no Zulu. They say King Zulu don't have to have that mask. Why? King Rex, Neptune, and all those kings are portraying something thought up by a human being a hundred years ago. Would King Rex be King Rex without that mask? Mardi Gras is a day of make-believe. Them clubs that are boycotting—I'm going to put them out of business. They're nothing but a bunch of educated fools."

"They're fighting the wrong issue," Bienamee agreed. "These Negroes who are fighting us just recently started admitting dark-skinned Negroes like me to their clubs. The ones who fight us are more prejudiced than the whites. It's one circle, and if you're not light-skinned, they shun you. I'm a man who believes in principles; I'm a thirty-two-degree Mason. If I thought there was anything wrong with it, I would refrain from it. We're degrading the race by having black faces? I've been having a black face three hundred and sixty-five days a year for forty-eight years."

Cypripedium reginae

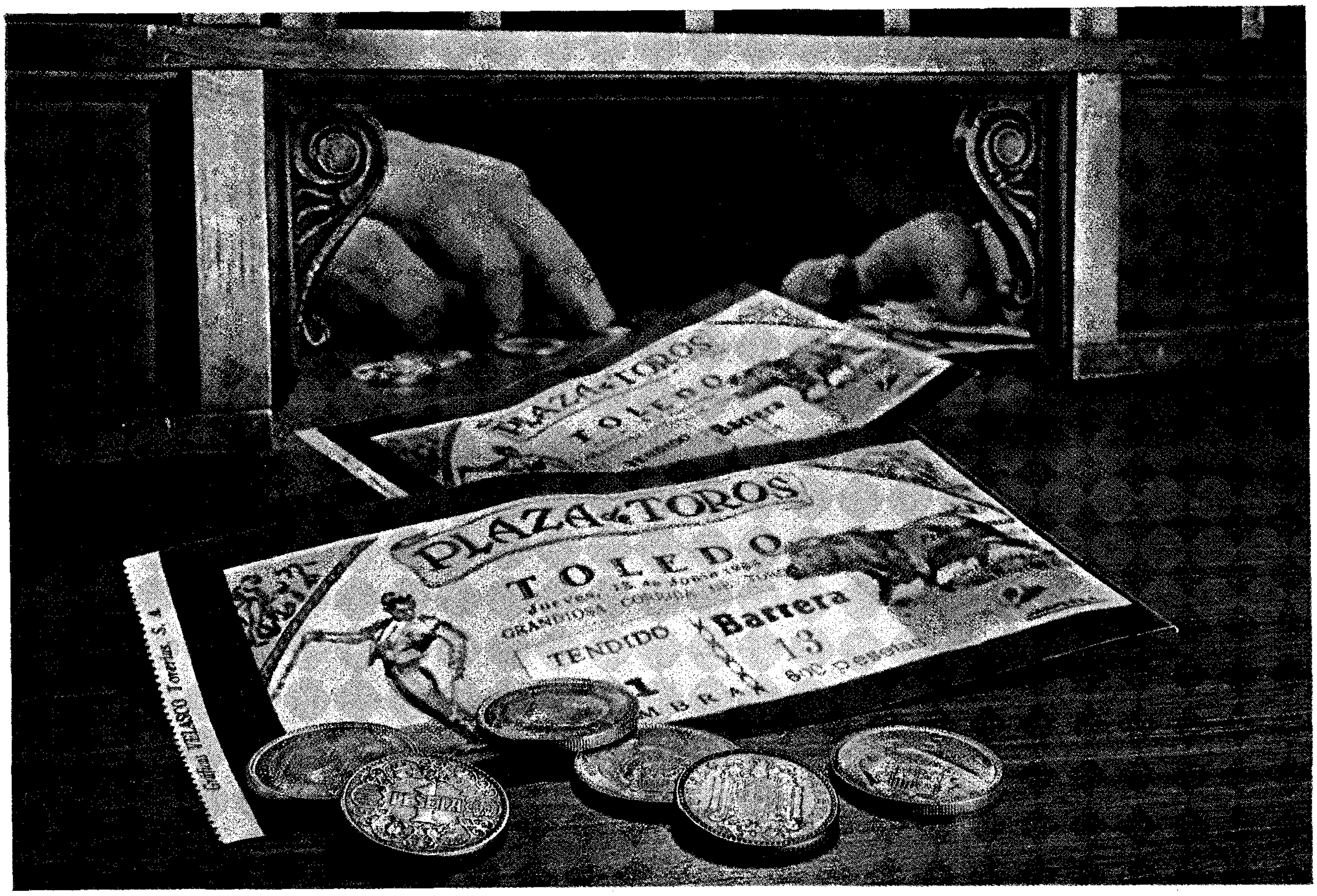
Allen and I left the table briefly to join in a champagne toast proposed by the Zulu Queen of 1963. Melvin Greene, a funeral-parlor chauffeur who is the Zulus' financial secretary, was at her table, talking about his long-held membership in the club, and I thought that in his historical frame of mind he might answer a question I had been saving. Why, I asked him, were the Zulus celebrating their fiftieth anniversary when their banner, for example, said founded in May of 1916.

Greene hesitated only a few seconds, and then said, "The Zulus were founded in 1914. That's a new banner, and when he made it he miscopied off the old banner."

It occurred to me that Greene's answer would have made an old-time Zulu beam with pride but that little else about the Coronation Ball would have been likely to cheer him. Most of the guests appeared dejected, even when they tried to inject some spirit into the affair. At midnight or so, the crowd was still less than fifty and nobody was dancing. When we went back to our table for Allen's doll and coconut, Nathan King was saying sadly, "I've seen the time when you couldn't get into this dance, and it was in a bigger hall than this."

EVEN though the Zulu parade is no longer an annual necessity for those who want to hear jazz played in the street—not only because of the police dogs and Rapheal's post-1961 policy of hiring non-union bands instead of the first-rate brass bands that used to play for the Zulu parade but also because the jazz revival that is currently taking place in New Orleans has created more opportunities to hear good brass bands elsewhere—it is still treasured by white people interested in preserving New Orleans customs. During my visit, an unusually realistic traditionalist remarked to me, "Look. To the musicians, it's just a job. To the guy who organizes it, it's a business—that's the way he makes his living. To us, it's a great parody of the other parades and Negroes and everything about Mardi Gras. To the Zulus, it's a hell of a lot of fun. I'd hate to see it go."

The Zulu parade can be taken as a parody of any white Mardi Gras parade—there are about twenty-five of them in the ten days leading up to Shrove Tuesday, and although they vary both in splendor and in social status, a strong case could be made for Kid Thomas Valentine's theory that they are "the same old soupbone over and over again"—but it is more specifically a parody of the Rex parade. While almost every club that parades has a king, Rex, since he is King of Carnival, is the logical model for anybody who wants to be "ruler of the Negro Mardi Gras." Even the arrival of King Zulu from Africa on a royal yacht is a mimicry of Rex, though in this case the mimicry has outlived the original. Before the First World



The Peseta is local currency in Spain.

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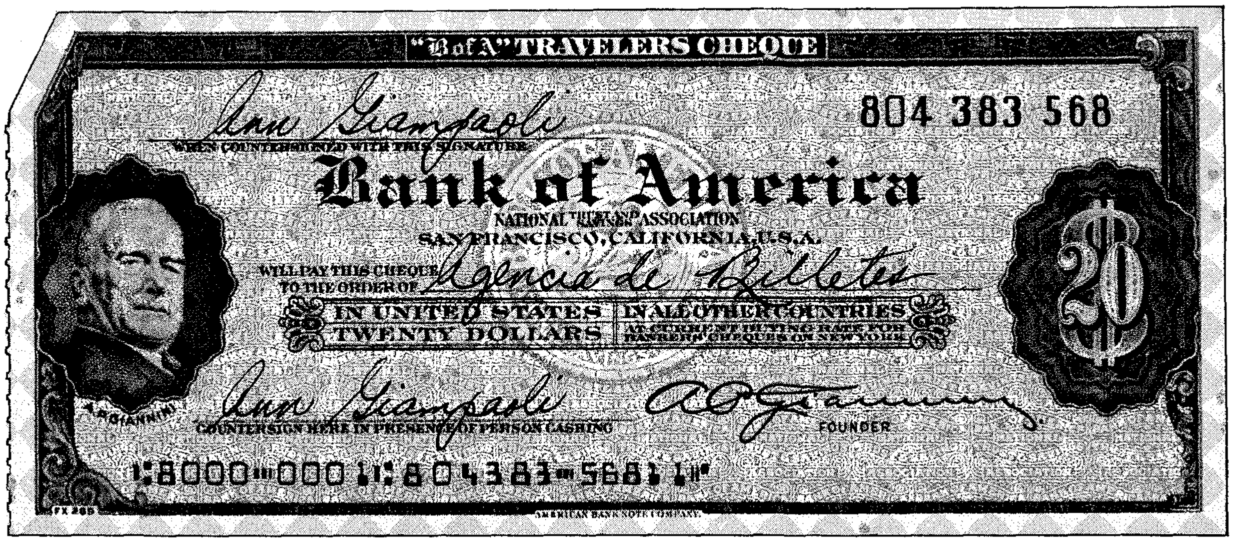

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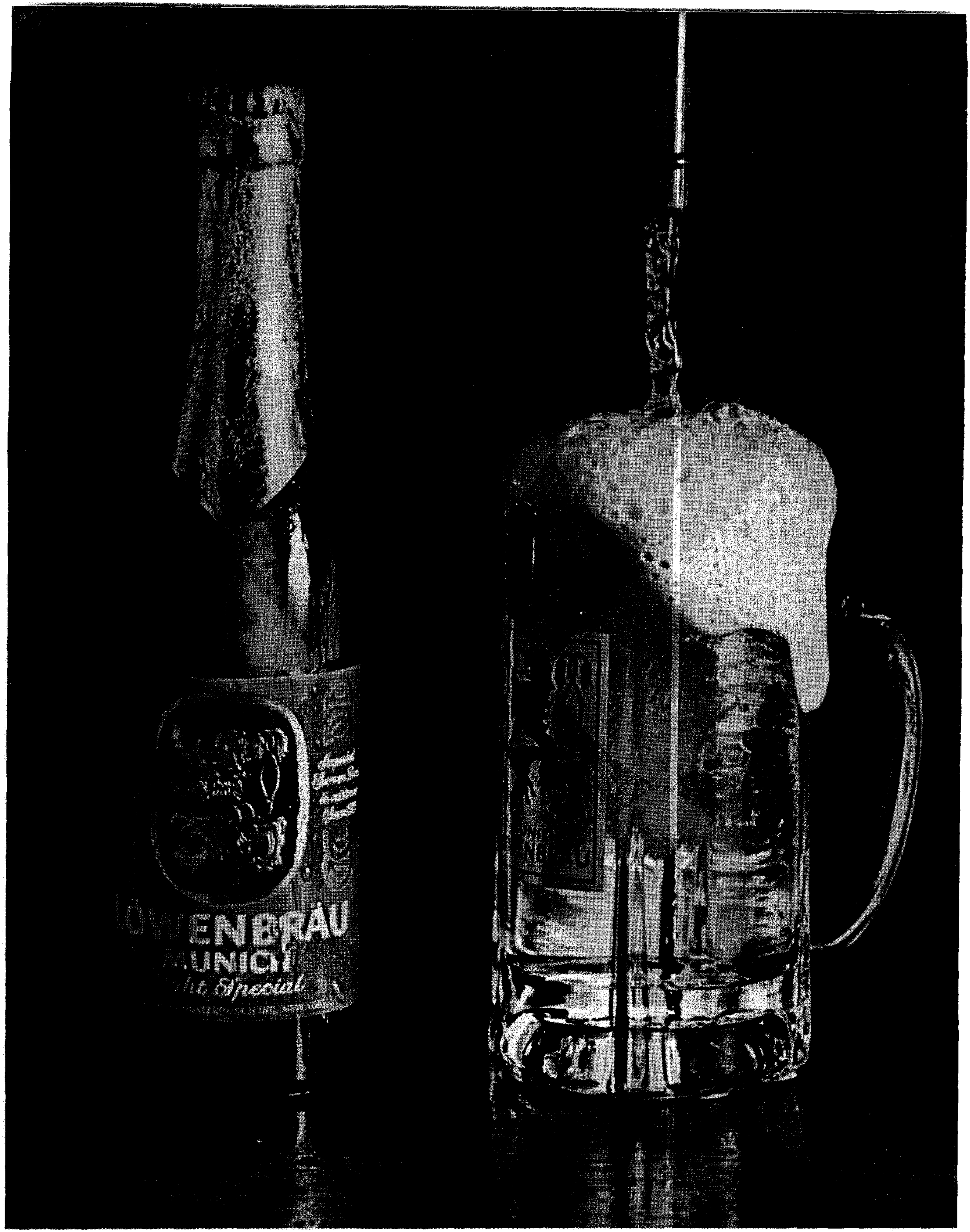
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War, Rex used to arrive from some make-believe land on a real yacht the day before Mardi Gras, to receive the keys to the city from the mayor. (Vestiges of the arrival theme remain, and a release this year from the City Hall director of public relations could almost have been written by John Bowers for the *Louisiana Weekly*. It said, "Weeks before his arrival Rex, who rules as sovereign on Mardi Gras Day, notifies Mayor Victor H. Schiro that he is on his way—by the slowest of transportation—for the Crescent City. Immediately Mayor Schiro officially alerts everyone of Rex's historic approach, so that the citizenry may pay due homage when he does arrive on Mardi Gras Day.") King Zulu has also borrowed Rex's imperious tone. "There never was and there never will be a King like me" is a traditional King Zulu arrival statement, though in the confusion at the Poydras Street Wharf the King often forgets to make it. Both Rex and Zulu are given to issuing proclamations. This year's Proclamation of Rex, an elaborately designed scroll displayed in store windows during the week before Mardi Gras, ordered, in part, that "Our Devoted People, young and old of all degrees, ages and sexes, embrace Laughter and Joy and Camaraderie." A "Proclamation from His Royal Highness King Zulu" was included in the Zulu fund-appeal letter this year, and it said, "Let's All Enjoy Carnival More in the Year '64." The thrill of being King Zulu and Rex also appears to be closer than the relative social positions would at first indicate. Unlike King Zulu, Rex is, by definition, a man who has received recognition in other ways, but he has never received a badge of unquestioned primacy that equals being Rex, and it will remain part of his identification as long as he lives in New Orleans. He plays his role with a seriousness and enthusiasm that seem remarkably close to the attitude of King Zulu, and those in New Orleans who are not enthusiasts of Mardi Gras often remark, "You can't understand Carnival until you realize that those people who are Kings really believe they are Kings."

The Zulu custom of handing out painted coconuts is an instance of a burlesque that has become costlier than the original. A coconut, even before it is decorated, costs more than the white paraders' gift of a string of beads from Japan (or, lately, Czechoslovakia), and, to judge from a speech by Rapheal on paint and labor costs, a decorated coconut is more expensive than a string of real pearls from Fifth Avenue. Zulu

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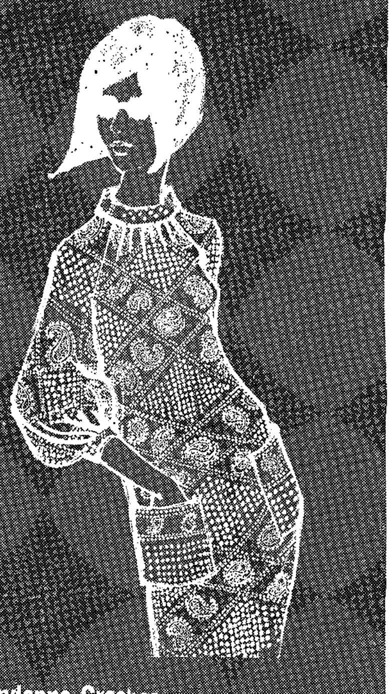
coconuts are usually painted silver or gold, and although an old custom of making them into a crude caricature of an African face seems to have disappeared, their decoration sometimes includes an outline of features along with the name of the club and the date. Most Zulu coconuts are given away during the parade—they are even more highly prized as souvenirs than Carnival beads—but some are given to parade sponsors before Mardi Gras, and in the week before last Shrove Tuesday the living rooms of both Baker and Rapheal gradually filled up with sacks of coconuts. "The Zulus are the poorest club and they have the most expensive throws," Harrison Baker once told me, shaking his head. He pointed to the pile of coconuts on his living-room floor. "That's what keeps us on the street, *those things there*," he said, "and they cost twelve cents apiece."

According to Pie Dufour, a columnist for the New Orleans *States-Item* and one of several people I heard referred to as the city's Unofficial Historian, throws are necessary to keep any parade on the street. "Without throws, you'd lose fifty per cent—no, ninety per cent—of your enthusiasm," Dufour has said, and anybody who has watched one of the spectacular parades of the white Mardi Gras clubs can hardly disagree. As each float approaches, the crowd begins to shout some variation on "Hey, Mister, throw me something"—as the papers remind the citizenry several hundred times each Carnival season, this is the traditional Mardi Gras cry—and those on the floats casually toss out their beads, their patronizing air accentuated by the fact that they wear realistic masks of a totally expressionless white face. The annual *Times-Picayune* issue on Carnival usually estimates that a quarter of a million dollars' worth of throws are tossed off the floats, and *Times-Picayune* statistics ordinarily do not include the Zulus.

Watching the parades in the week before Mardi Gras, I noticed that an onlooker, obliged to beg for the trinkets of the maskers, can sometimes reverse his role by watching from one of the balconies that line Royal Street, one of the narrow streets of the French Quarter. Since the maskers like to test their aim, he is likely to catch a good many strings of beads there, and, more important, after the parade has passed, those who had to watch it from the sidewalk often gather under the balconies to beg beads from the more fortunate. Even the crowd on the sidewalk is not entirely deprived of the privilege

the village store



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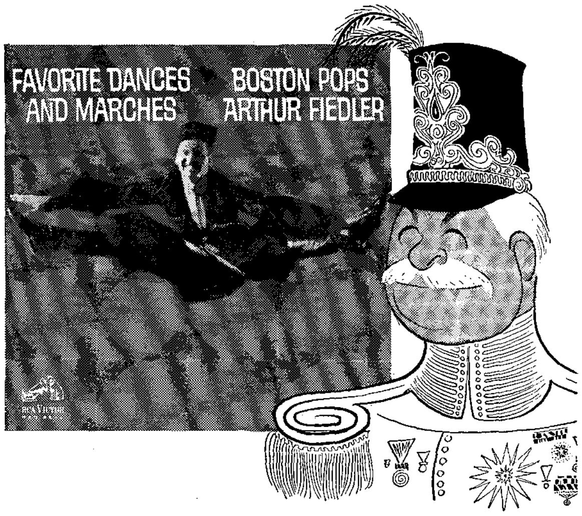
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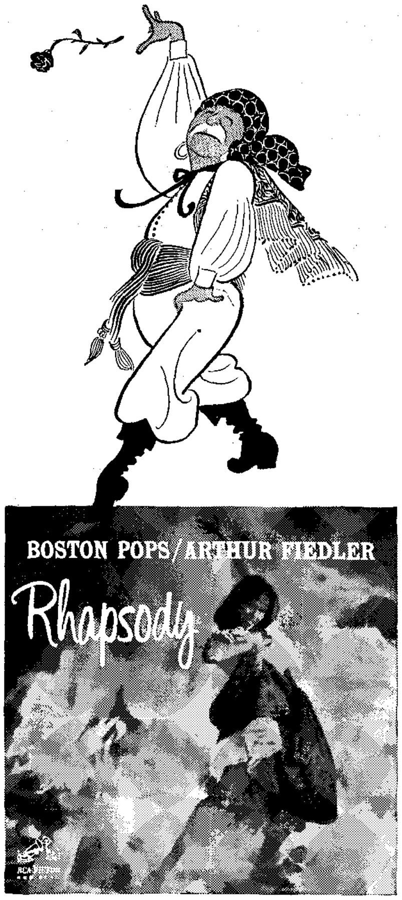
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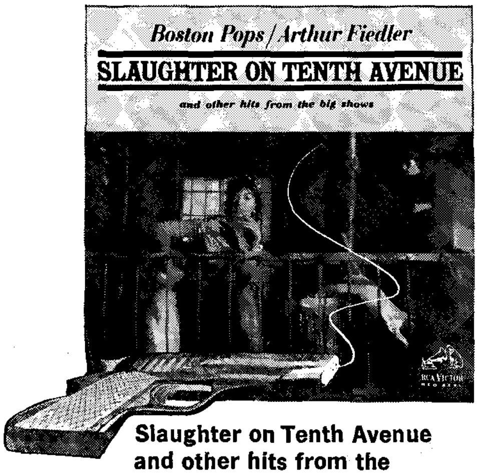
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of handing things out, for they traditionally toss coins at the flambeau-carriers—sloppily dressed and often drunk Negroes who are hired to strut along carrying torches in the night parades. The flambeau-carriers often fight over whatever is thrown onto the street, but they themselves throw nothing; there is nobody below a flambeau-carrier. To be top man in this hierarchy—a man who, powerful and mysterious behind his mask, tosses trinkets down to the beggars—is, according to everybody who has ever ridden in a Mardi Gras parade, a unique thrill. A few days after Ernest Morial had reminded me of the feeling a Zulu must have while he is riding on his float, I heard a socially prominent white man describe, in almost exactly the same words, the thrill of riding in a white parade.

The most important officer in each Carnival Krewe is the Captain, who is in charge of organizing the parade and usually leads it himself, riding out in front of the first float on a handsome horse. Four or five days before this year's Mardi Gras, the Captain of Rex, one of the city's best-known businessmen, agreed to take me on a tour of the Rex Den, where the Krewe's floats and costumes are kept. (After our talk, he explained that the identity of a Krewe's Captain is traditionally a secret, though it was an open one in his case, and that therefore he should not be further identified.) We were accompanied by Scoop Kennedy, an Unofficial Historian who works for the public-relations department of City Hall but who, I was assured by the Captain, had come along only because he happened to be a member of Rex. The Captain of Rex and all Unofficial Historians consistently emphasize the point that Mardi Gras is the product of spontaneous enthusiasm on the part of private clubs, *with no organization* or financial support from the city. They consider it bad manners to talk about the promotions of the tourist bureau, the overseeing of parades by the mayor's executive assistant, the erection of stands and decorations by the city, and the typing of Rex's proclamations in the public-relations department of City Hall.

"The real Mardi Gras is a series of private parties, and the parades are just for tradition and to share with the public," the Captain of Rex had told me on the phone. Tourists were welcome, he had added, but were merely a by-product of the Carnival. On the way to the Rex Den, I inquired about the city

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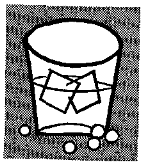

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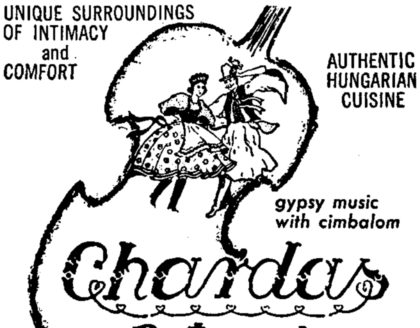

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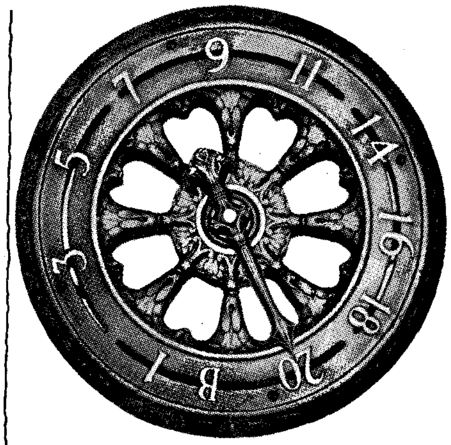
ordinance on parades, and he said, "Well, we finally had to put in an ordinance requiring parades to have fourteen floats and seven bands—I think *it* is—just to keep the rabble out, frankly. I don't know how they let Zulu through, as a matter of fact."

"I believe the Zulus are considered a marching club," Kennedy reminded the Captain.

Marching clubs are white neighborhood organizations that parade early on Mardi Gras morning to the music of a brass band. Although, being marching clubs, they have no floats, they share at least one part of the Zulu tradition, since the oldest one, the Jefferson City Buzzards, used to parade in blackface. That custom faded out among them in the middle fifties—partly, a former president told me, because "some of the boys were getting criticism for it."

"I've been thinking about it, and I'm torn about this Carnival business," the Captain of Rex said. "More people taking part in it is the way to perpetuate it—and I don't think we should discourage them from having their little shows—but the parades shouldn't be a disgrace, and when the thing starts to get commercial, it harms the whole spirit of Mardi Gras. Four clubs that I can name charged a man to be King this year."

The Rex Den turned out to be a huge three-room shed in an uptown Negro neighborhood not far from Rapheal's house. It was immaculately kept and obviously well manned; two or three workers could be seen moving about efficiently, and a time clock hung on one wall. The first room was a small one containing a desk for the man in charge and, along one side, a rack of costumes for some of the parade principals, including the Captain. The walls had been carefully decorated with pictures of past Kings and with past invitations to the Rex Ball. Beyond the first room was a vast dressing room, with rack after rack of costumes. Each rack held about a dozen identical costumes and was numbered according to the float their wearers were to ride on. Each rider's accessories and throws were stowed in a cardboard box in front of his costume. In the third room, which was even larger, the Rex floats were assembled. They were virtually complete—the theme was the Wizard of Oz, and gigantic scarecrows and witches loomed over the aisles—but workmen were putting the finishing touches on some outsize papier-mâché horses. Affixed to each float were a number of poles with hooks to hold the



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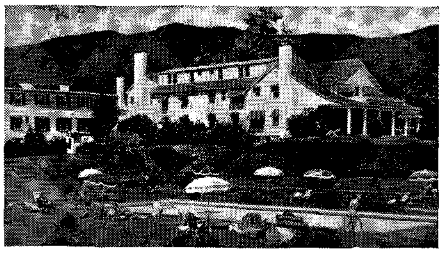

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strings of beads before they were thrown by the maskers. The Captain explained that each float had a Sergeant, and that there were Lieutenants and Dukes on horseback, all of them coördinating logistics with the Captain by means of walkie-talkies. After the parade, the Captain would handle such chores as hiring bands immediately for the following year, and two or three months later would begin planning for the next year's floats.

After our tour of the Rex Den, the Captain explained to me that the Zulu parade was "a petty little part of Mardi Gras" and a part he himself did not like. The Captain, who has the reputation in New Orleans of being a relatively progressive man, said, "I think it would be fine if we had a real Negro parade. The Zulu parade does not represent Mardi Gras. It's not a reflection of what the Negroes could do."

"If it was a white parade, we wouldn't allow it," Kennedy said.

I asked the Captain why he didn't try to stop the Zulu parade, since he disapproved of it.

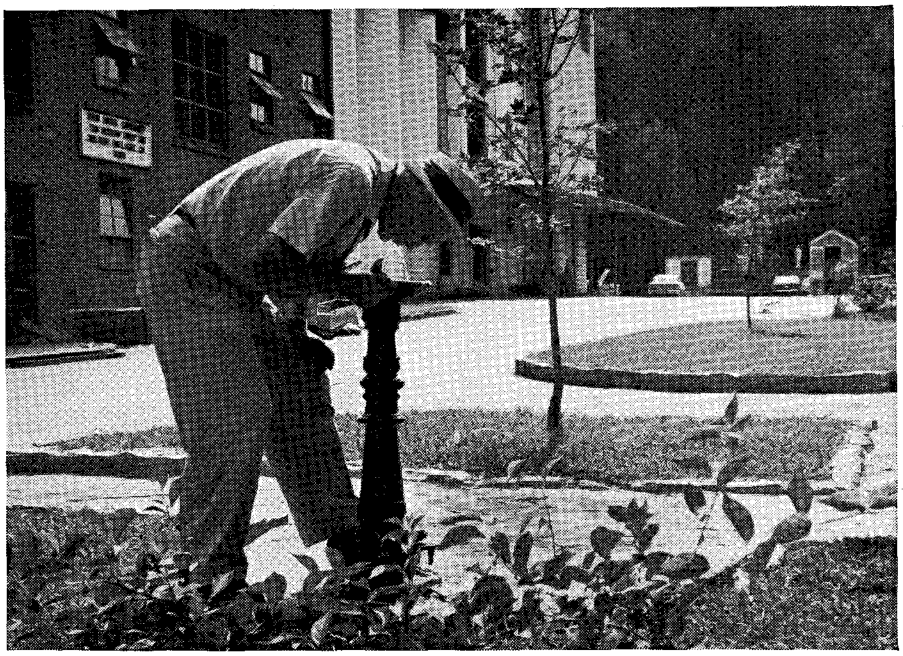
He and Kennedy agreed that because the Zulu parade was traditional, there was no possibility of discouraging white businessmen from supporting it.

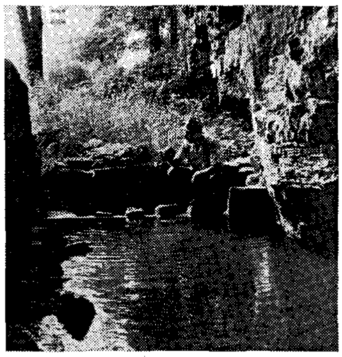
"Some people think it's necessary as a comic relief to Rex," I told the Captain.

"I don't see where comic relief comes into it," he said, in a slightly offended tone. "Rex is the King of Merriment. People come to see Rex to have fun."

THE Captain's disapproval of the Zulu parade was not characteristic of the white businessmen of New Orleans, who, I found, usually spoke of their contribution to the Zulus as an act of good will, and, in many cases, probably believed that it was one.

"The New Orleans Hotel Association sends a check to Zulu every year," I was told by Seymour Weiss, president of the Hotel Roosevelt. "It's an interesting, funny adjunct to Carnival, and the colored people don't have much money. Also, somebody might write me a letter and say, 'Mr. Weiss, I want to get some throwaways,' or 'Mr. Weiss, I'd like to have an especially good costume.' The King this year is one of my waiters, for example, and I might send him a little check. I'm always happy to contribute, and so is everybody else, I believe. There's no one I can think of in the city of New Orleans who isn't a beneficiary directly or indirectly of Mardi Gras. For instance, the Negro bands are given jobs, and the Negroes





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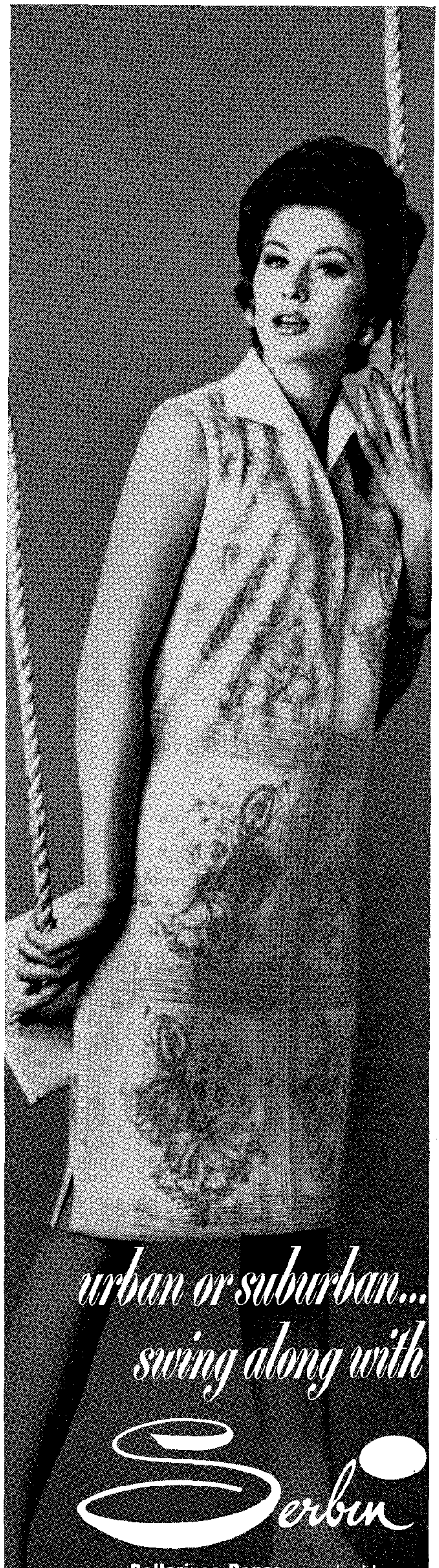

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who carry the torches are well paid. Everybody benefits, and we do everything to encourage the Zulu and other parades. I wouldn't be surprised if the merchant association sent a check."

Despite this atmosphere of largesse, I was assured by Nathan King that Rapheal's "poormouthin" was not totally unwarranted. "My company paid the expenses when I was King," the reformer told me. "I was quite popular with Old Crow whiskey, and my company decided that the more popular I was, the more whiskey they might sell. But there wasn't the bitter sentiment then. If the Zulus had seen the handwriting on the wall and changed the parade then, they might have been O.K. Some of the middle-class people from Dillard, and all, were always against them, but that one year when the Zulus didn't back out, they lost everybody else, too. Integration has had a lot to do with the way the Zulus have gone down. For instance, my company wouldn't give them a toothpick to throw away now. They're afraid of a boycott."

Why the Greater New Orleans Tourist & Convention Commission doesn't end these difficulties with a check is sadly puzzling to Baker and Rapheal. "Oh, yeah, the city likes it so much that if we're a little slowful about getting a permit they call us and write us and I don't know what all," Rapheal said to me one day. "But that's all. No money."

According to Glen Douthit, the Tourist Commission's executive director, the Zulus did come around to discuss their financial problems in 1962. "They thought the trouble was all settled and they wanted my advice on how to raise some funds," Douthit told me. "I suggested that they talk to certain people, and I gave them some advice. They were sending out a form letter, for example, and I suggested that if they were worried about a boycott they should rewrite the letter and not say 'Send check' but instead say 'Send cash.' "

The Zulu parade is mentioned only briefly in the Commission's literature—"The Negro population has its own Mardi Gras celebration, including a parade on Shrove Tuesday led by King Zulu," one leaflet says—and Douthit told me, "The Zulu parade is a fair tourist attraction, but we don't hang a peg on it. And if Zulu stopped parading, it wouldn't make that much difference. You see, Mardi Gras is so big that even if two or three organizations didn't parade, it wouldn't make that much

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difference. We would feel very bad if Zulu didn't parade, because it's something traditional, but it wouldn't be the end of Mardi Gras—just one less parade. Anybody would have to go out of his way to get a race angle on this Zulu thing."

The idea that Zulu might be just one more Mardi Gras parade brings a patient smile to the face of Daniel Thompson. He has no difficulty finding a race angle in it. "As long as the race factor is the main factor in this society, I don't know how Mardi Gras could exist without Zulu," he told me one day when I visited him at Dillard. "Zulu has the same psychological function as a clown at the circus. A man going up on a high wire is more effective if two clowns fall off first, and Rex is more beautiful because Zulu is ridiculous. The clown doesn't have to be a Negro—I think the white community could do it quite well—but in this area, where we think in terms of black and white, it's logical that it should be a Negro. This ludicrous individual, to make himself really ludicrous, has to be black. It's no accident that Zulu and Rex are on the same day. There's nothing in the South as important as being white or Negro, and you can't have an all-white Carnival or the whiteness wouldn't show. I don't mean that there has been a conscious effort on the part of whites and Negroes to perpetuate the tradition, but over the years Zulu has become an integral part of Carnival. People are conscious of Zulu only to the extent to which Zulu dies out. It's like the theme music in a movie; you don't miss it until it stops."

The role of the Zulus, Thompson thinks, is pointed up by that of the flambeau-carriers, who also continue to parade despite opposition from the Negro community. "In front of these beautiful floats, here are these stupid jackasses, dressed like bums and encouraged to clown," he said. "Why is it that the flambeau-carriers aren't dressed up? Why don't they get nice, clean-cut young men to do this? Or white derelicts? You have to recognize that the flambeaux are part of the same motif as the Zulus. They're not hired to carry flambeaux—those parades don't even need flambeaux. They're hired to clown. The same white businessmen who tell you Zulu is not important will also tell you how much trouble they have to go to hiring flambeau-carriers. Why do they go to all that trouble? Some Negro leaders see Zulu as an attempt by the whites to insult the Negro race—a conscious insult by the

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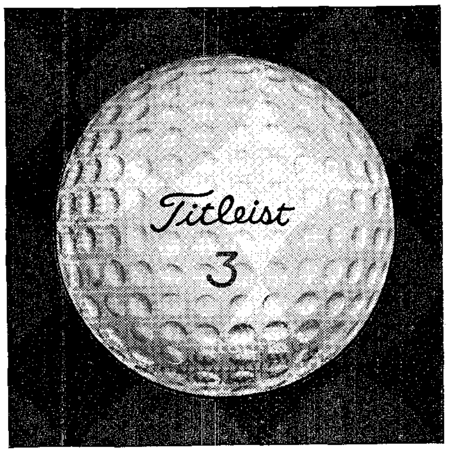

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segregationists. But there's really nothing sinister about it. Culture is not what we think but what we feel. I don't think the people who support Zulu are aware of what it means. There are a lot of reasons for being for or against Zulu, but the truth of the matter is that the Zulu parade exists because it's part of our culture."

TO judge by the attendance at the Coronation Ball, the Zulus' part in New Orleans culture appeared to be narrowing. When I asked Harrison Baker whether younger people were joining the Zulus and other benevolent associations, he said, "They just don't join a thing. That's why clubs are dying out. Oh, they have these balls, but that's the only kind of club you'll catch 'em in." Baker paused and shook his head sadly, and then said, "They don't have even prizefighting in this town anymore."

By all accounts, there was a time when the Zulus were closer in social standing to the clubs that "have these balls." "They was totally ignorant people *way* back there," Baker told me. "Then important people started getting in—doctors and funeral-parlor people, and all. But the ignorant class of people always outnumbered them, and then our president John Metoyer went along with the ignorant people, because he had a bar and they drank there. He let the ignorant people have control."

The Zulus could hardly hope to regain whatever prestige they had once had, yet they consistently seemed to acquire some members who would ordinarily not join social aid and pleasure clubs but were drawn by the promotional or social opportunities that the parade seemed to offer. Nathan King, who had boasted of being the only person who could parade with the Zulus all day and go to the ball of an upper-class Carnival club that night, seemed to be one of these, and, to hear his opponents talk, Rapheal sometimes seemed to be another, since, for all his complaints about being "just a poor little old porter," he had more education and business skill than most of the Zulus. Still, Rapheal seemed directly in the Zulu tradition, and when I attended a meeting of the Zulus the Sunday before Mardi Gras, I found that most of the Zulus were older men who were neither promoters nor public-relations men.

The Zulu meeting room was then on South Rampart, one of the principal Negro business streets, over the After

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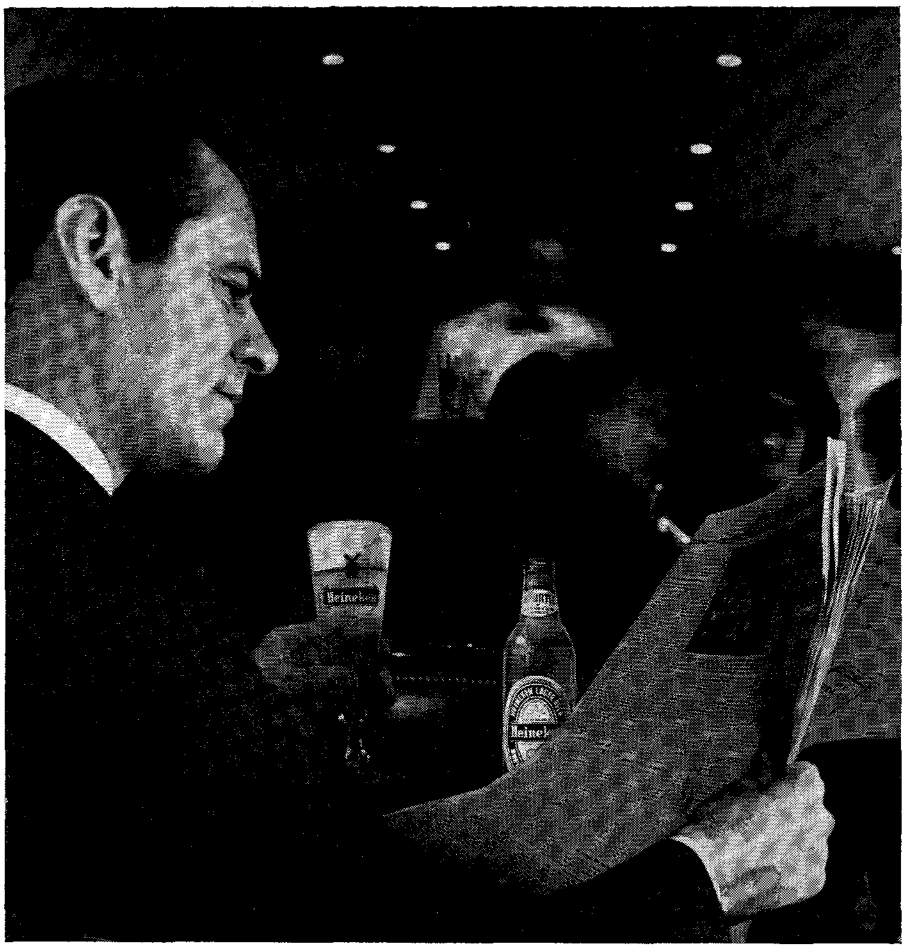
Hours Bar & Grill. On the door of the building was a sign reading, "NEATLY FURNISHED ROOMS." The meeting room, which was tiny, must have been one of the neatly furnished rooms at one time, for its furniture included a vanity table with a mirror, some easy chairs, a few straight chairs, and a dresser. It had been turned into a meeting room by the installation of a businesslike wooden table next to the window and by the presence of some Zulu memorabilia. On the mantel were a picture of William Boykins as King Zulu, and a photostat of the 1916 charter. Three flagpoles were propped in a corner, and there was an old cash register behind a chair near the fireplace. The drab walls were decorated with a calendar and two or three religious pictures that had been pasted on and were peeling off. A frayed rug covered most of the floor. When I arrived, twenty minutes after the meeting was scheduled to begin, half a dozen members were sitting around the room. One of them was Paul Johnson, the man who is credited with originating the Big Shot from Africa. "Johnson is the *original* Big Shot," Harrison Baker had told me. "They try to imitate him, but they don't come up to him. He spent some *money*."

For a number of years, Johnson has paid for an advertisement appearing in the *Louisiana Weekly* just before Mardi Gras that includes his picture, the information that he is the original Big Shot from Africa, and the promise that he will parade once more on Mardi Gras, since "there are so many of our members dying out that I didn't think that I would be living this long, but we made the promise to one another that the longest liver will keep up the spirit of the old Zulus." The ad always ends with the information that Johnson has been an entertainer all his life and once appeared in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The original Big Shot turned out to be a diminutive old man who was wearing several layers of clothing, whose pockets were stuffed with burial-society financial cards and other documents, and who had the collar and cuffs of his white shirt covered with cellophane.

"We had as high as nine floats in those days," Johnson told me when I asked him about the old parades. "We had about three hundred and fifty members then. All of them died out but me. We'd have two dances sometimes—one when they crowned the King and the other one the day of the parade or sometimes on St. Joseph's



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Day. We used to have more white people at the balls than colored."

Conversation in the room languished. There was a short discussion of how various members dispensed their coconuts, but much of the time the only sound came from two or three radios or television sets that were playing down the hall. Hayes arrived when the rest of us had been sitting around for half an hour, and after fifteen minutes of silently counting Coronation Ball tickets, he took a preliminary roll call. There were three men whose names he did not call, and these turned out to be the three youngest men in the room, who had rejoined the club for the parade.

"Around Carnival time, the attendance seems to grow," Hayes said. "And after Carnival some of the brothers seem to lose interest. I hope we can make this one of the biggest colored Carnival organizations in New Orleans, and one of the ways to do this is attendance. So I hope some of you brothers will stick with us this time."

The younger men nodded, Hayes went back to his accounts, and the conversation turned to sickness and death.

"We had two kinds of consumption," James Turner, the Grand Marshal, said, "lingerin' and gallopin'. If you had that gallopin' kind, you were dead in a day or two. They don't have that no more; they got other diseases. You want to get down the straight of it, you ought to give up drinking."

"I never did do any drinking and I've had nine operations," said Paul Johnson, the original Big Shot. "My mother lived to be one hundred and seven, and I was still buying her wine when she died. The last week of her life she didn't want no more wine and I said to my brother, 'She's gone.' "

At four o'clock, William Boykins, the treasurer, arrived, with two other members, and Boykins lost no time in telling Johnson that Milton Bienamee was infuriated because Johnson's advertisement in the *Weekly* this year had implied that he, rather than Bienamee, would be the Big Shot in the parade. Johnson fumbled among his papers for a copy of what he had meant to have printed in the *Weekly*—a report that he would be unable to parade, because he expected to have a cold—and explained, as he had explained to the room at large before Boykins' arrival, that the mistake was made by a secretary in the *Weekly's* office. "She's the one that made that humbug," Johnson insisted. "She's making me a correction

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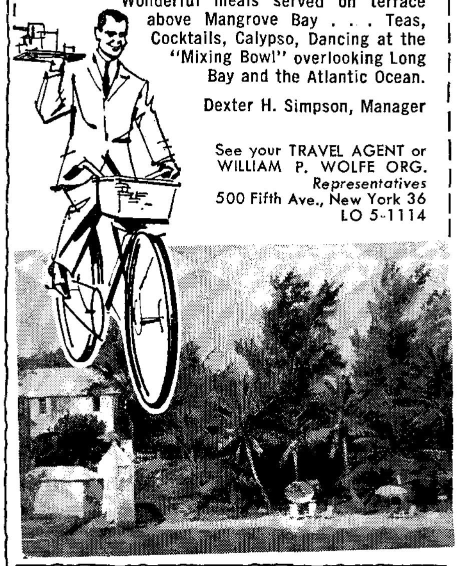

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free of charge, so you *know* she must have made a humbug."

"Humbug," as the word is used by the Zulus and some other Negroes in New Orleans, can mean trouble, argument, or physical violence. The Zulu meeting seemed to be one humbug after another. The next one was between Boykins and Emile Ware, the club's secretary, about how long Ware had been in the Zulus. Ware, a very old man who was fiddling with a large pile of notebooks and ledgers across the table from Hayes, insisted he had been a Zulu forty-two years. Boykins' estimate was nineteen years. That argument was interrupted by the arrival of Edward Johnson, to somebody's cry of "Open the door and let the King in!"

"Where ya at, King?" Boykins said, using a common New Orleans greeting.

The King, looking hefty and relaxed in informal clothes, said, "O.K. I think I'll make it."

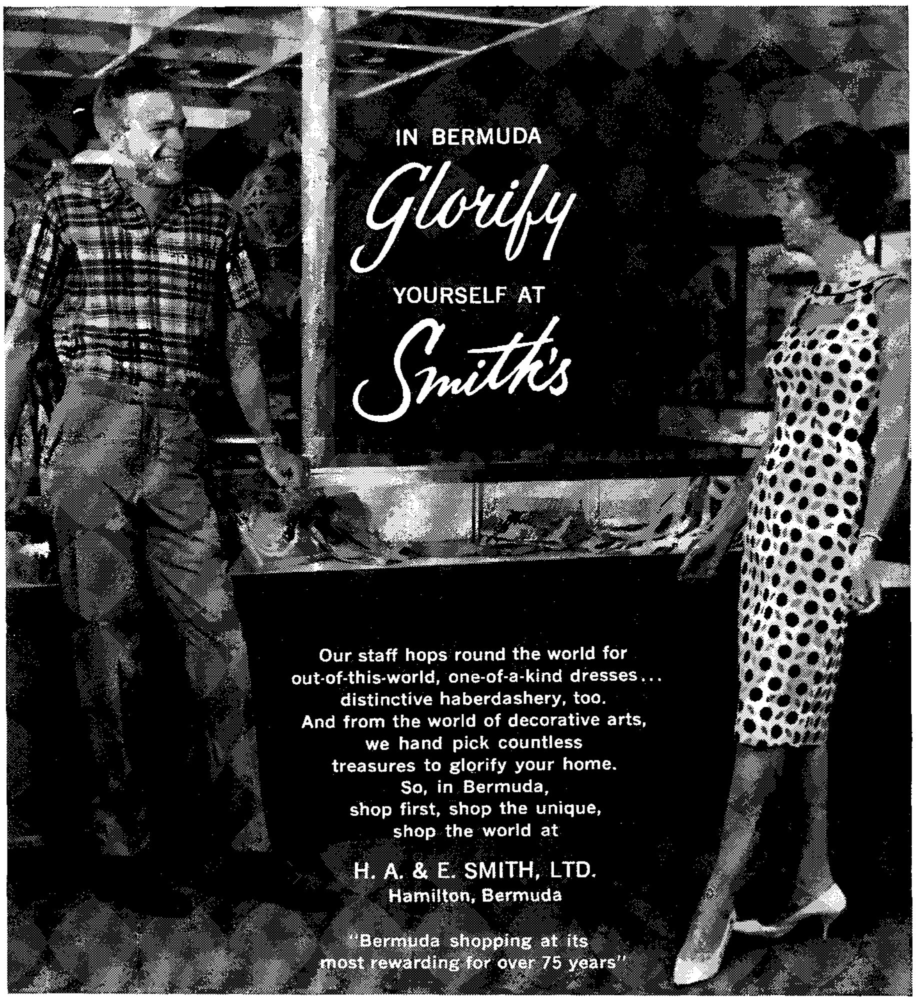
"You got a big parade, King," said Boykins.

"That ain't no big parade," the King replied. "Four or five floats. The year the pressure was on, they had *four* floats."

"That's right," said Paul Johnson, the original Big Shot. "There was more floats during the 'pression."

Because the original Big Shot pronounced "depression" without the first syllable, he was able to carry on quite a long argument in which he was talking about the economic privation of the thirties while his opponent was talking about the troubles brought about by the desegregation of the schools in 1960.

Hayes and Ware spent some time collecting dues from the men who had rejoined the club. Zulus, Boykins had told me, pay one dollar a month dues, two dollars and thirty-five cents initiation fee, and a ten-dollar Carnival assessment; they receive three dollars a week when they're sick and, when they die, fifty dollars for their beneficiary as well as the band of music for their funeral. After the collection, Hayes announced that the hymn would be dispensed with, because the meeting was an hour and a quarter late in starting, and he asked Albert Hamilton, the chaplain of the Zulus, to deliver the opening prayer. Hamilton recited a long, rambling prayer, blessing almost everybody present and always addressing God respectfully as "Sir." After the prayer was over, Hayes banged his gavel on the table and said, "I now declare the Zulu Social Aid & Pleasure



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With that, Ware read the minutes of the last meeting—or, more accurately, the minutes of the meeting before that, since, as it happened, he had turned to the wrong page. He was three-quarters of the way through his reading before he noticed his mistake—nobody else had noticed it, either—but he then turned to the proper page and read the minutes of the previous meeting, which had been concerned mostly with Carnival plans. They listed several donations that had been received and, under money paid out, mentioned an item identified as "ten per cent to Rapheal;" the treasurer later explained to me that this was the percentage that Rapheal received for collecting parade donations.

The minutes were formally accepted, and so were some new donations—fifteen dollars from the James E. Comiskey Liquor Company, and twenty-five dollars from the Winn-Dixie La. Super Markets. Hayes checked with Julian Joseph, the Chairman of the Sick, who reported that no member was sick, and then Edward Johnson stood up to ask a question: "I'd like to know if I have to get to the barge at my own expense."

"You don't mean barge, you mean royal yacht," Hayes said.

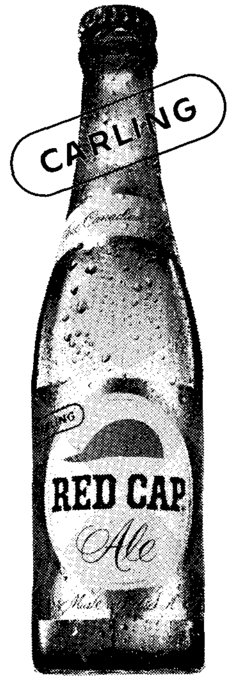
"Whatever I'm riding on, do I have to get there at my own expense?" the King persisted.

"I'm sure His Royal Highness won't have to go to his royal yacht at his own expense," said Hayes.

"How about the Queen?" the King asked, and went on to explain that the Queen had to leave their house at a different time in order to pick up the members of her court.

Hayes answered that the matter would have to be settled when Rapheal, the parade chairman, arrived. Within the next forty-five minutes, this became a recurring feature of Hayes' statements, since the meeting turned into an almost constant challenge to his rule; nearly everybody who walked in claimed that the procedure was wrong or that the parade was ill-planned or that somebody had been derelict in his duty. Things became particularly heated when Bienamee arrived, waving a copy of the *Louisiana Weekly* and obviously very agitated about Paul Johnson's ad.

Johnson read the correction promised by the *Weekly*, but Bienamee shouted, "The harm has been done! Every-



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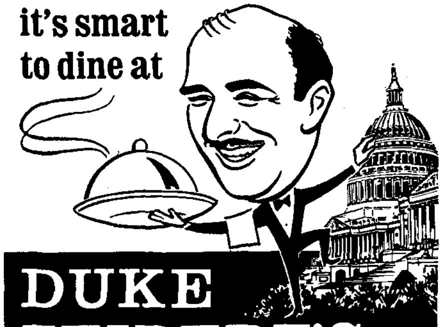

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body in the city is going to think that's Paul Johnson up there, Brother Hayes, and it's me. After all the money, all the effort to make this a success, this is a dirty trick!"

Hayes was still trying to make peace between Bienamee and Johnson when Rapheal arrived to report on his Carnival transactions—a matter that he wanted kept within the club. When I left, Bienamee seemed to have calmed down, for, in the voice of the Big Shot from Africa, he was comparing somebody else's coconuts to his. "These are the ugliest coconuts I ever saw," he said, holding up a coconut from the other man's supply. "Brother Turner, isn't this ugly compared to mine?"

THE next day, which was the day before Mardi Gras, I phoned Rapheal and, after receiving the usual greeting, asked him how he was getting along with his final preparations.

"Oh, not so good," he said.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Everything's the matter," said Rapheal. "I'm at my deadlines. I got to get some work done."

I asked him about the story for the parade.

"Up until this time, I haven't had the time to write a story," Rapheal said. "I've been trying to write something around this new float, the Royal Prognosticator, but I haven't had time to work it up, and, of course, it's too late now. The next course I use is to adopt a snappy song or a snappy saying. I haven't thought of one."

Proud though Rapheal had seemed of the elegance of the floats a few days before, he now told me that he was worried for fear the parade was becoming too fancy, and that he disapproved of the efforts of the Big Shot from Africa and the King to out-look each other. "This is not a parade of beauty," he said. "This is a comical parade. That's what made it internationally known. The beautiful float will not fit in. This is for fun. We're not supposed to portray those things of beauty. We leave that to Rex."

I suggested that Rapheal might agree with the theory that Zulu's role in the Mardi Gras was to make fun of Rex.

"There's no making fun in it," he said. "*Now* they're trying to ape after Rex. Before that, we had something original. Before, you'd look at that King, with moss on his head, then horns like a cow, and a body like a rabbit, and as you went down his body, it would change animals. Man, that was a terrible-looking sight. May-

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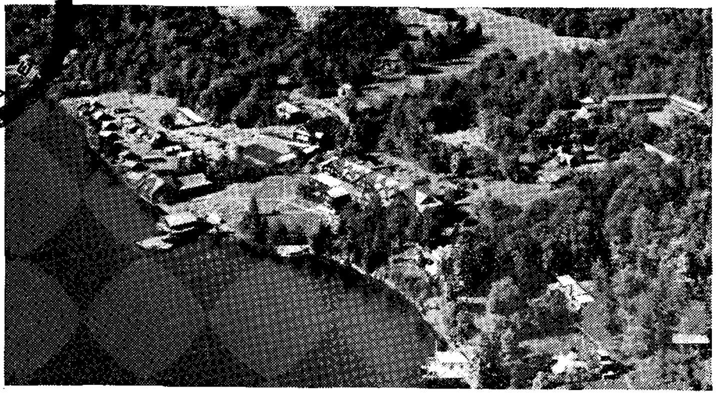

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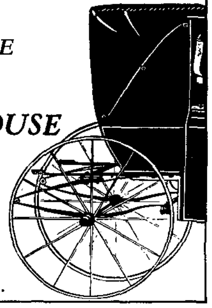

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be public opinion is forcing them to ape after Rex. That's completely out of harmony with the original idea. Either the public is doing it or these fellows don't understand, but it's easing us out of our comical role. If public opinion is doing it, then they're letting public opinion do it."

Rapheal went on to tell me that he was sending out news releases about the King and Queen and was trying to sell some more stops. "I'm just one of these fellows who try to get things together under the direction of the other fellows," he said. "We go along and do what we have to do—put on our parade. Did you hear about the boycott?"

"What boycott?" I asked.

"I think they're trying to boycott us," he said. "One of our chief aims in life seems to be making enemies as we go along."

As far as I was able to determine, Rapheal was the only person in New Orleans who could detect an attempt to boycott the Zulus. The *Louisiana Weekly*—apparently having forgotten its stand in 1961 that the Zulu parade was "disgraceful, disorderly and despicable"—had gone back to covering it as if nothing had happened. The pre-Mardi Gras issue featured a soothing story by the *Weekly's* own Unofficial Historian, who casually quoted Rapheal on an interesting point of Zulu history. The students of St. Augustine High School—a Negro Catholic high school, where the 1961 anti-Zulu petition had originated—were distributing a cartoon from the school paper showing the Zulu parade as an Uncle Tom's cabin on wheels, but when I checked with Father Eugene McManus, a teacher at the school who had been one of the leaders of the 1961 campaign, he was under no illusions about how much good that would do. "Obviously, community disapproval isn't going to do the job," Father McManus said. "There are two possible ways it could end. One of them is for Baker and Rapheal to die. But even then I'm afraid somebody would just come along and take their place. I don't think all the people here are being raised in dignity—that would be naïve. Look at the flambeau-carriers: most of them are of about high-school-dropout age, and they're just Uncle Zulu in a different garb. The second way is through the white power structure—reaching the people who give the money. Meanwhile, the Zulus are still parading. But we've dampened it—there's no doubt about it. People still go out and watch

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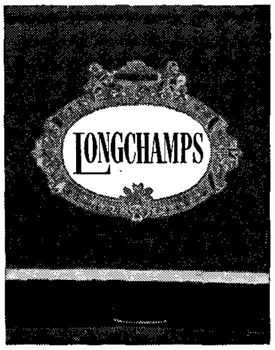

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them—curiosity seekers and people of flambeau-carrier mentality—but I think the Zulus have felt the pressure."

Most of the Negroes I spoke with in New Orleans—people who were connected with neither the Zulus nor their outspoken opponents—said they no longer attended the Zulu parade, but when I mentioned this to Ernest Morial at the N.A.A.C.P., he told me that public disapproval sometimes did not survive the Carnival spirit when Mardi Gras actually arrived. "Some people gather at this building every year," he said. "It's nothing official—they just use it as a central headquarters. They're mostly professionals, sometimes including a visitor from out of town—usually somebody important in his own community. When the Zulu parade comes by here, they love it. If it turns down North Claiborne instead of coming by, they're disappointed. If it should come by here this year, they'll be right out there in back of the floats asking for coconuts, just like the white liberals."

At about eight o'clock on Mardi Gras morning, an hour before the Zulus were scheduled to land at the Poydras Street Wharf, I drove over to the tugboat Bisso, which was tied up about a mile down the Mississippi, and found the King, a Warrior or two, and the Big Shot from Africa preparing for the parade. According to Zulu lore, the Big Shot represents the wealth of Africa. "Those coconuts of his are not coconuts—they're from his diamond mine in Africa," Rapheal had told me. "He comes over and brings gold to you poor fellows here."

Bienamee's costume lived up to his advance claims. "This is imported fur skin. The material for this cost me seventy-five dollars," he said, spinning around to give everybody a good look at his leopard-skin cape, which was trimmed with gold and had three or four large ersatz diamonds sewn on it. More diamonds served as buttons on the Big Shot's leopard-skin jacket, and he had large diamond rings on both hands. His hat was the expensive top hat he had promised, his grass skirt was thick, and his jewelry included gold earrings and a large pendant. The Big Shot was, of course, in blackface, and his identity was further obscured by large sunglasses. He carried a huge, sequinned coconut in one hand and a gold cane in the other, and he was smoking a cigar even bigger than the cigar being smoked by King Zulu.

A bit later, when the Big Shot's

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makeup was being touched up in the tugboat's galley by one of the Warriors, Hayes came in, wearing street clothes but carrying a gavel decorated with ribbons.

"Do I look like the Big Shot, Prez?" Bienamee asked him.

"You look *big* enough to have you and your wife in there, too, Brother Bienamee," Hayes replied.

Bienamee's leopard-skin jacket did make him look rather bulky, but he seemed saddened by Hayes' remark. Then Hayes relented, and said, "Milton, you look like the Big Shot."

After the Bisso had pulled out, I drove over to the Poydras Street Wharf, meeting a station wagon full of burlesque savages who were heading for the boat but had missed the sailing. Everybody got together at the wharf, and the Warriors accompanied Greene—who, as the Captain of the Zulu parade, was resplendent in a green silk costume and a plumed hat—as he jitterbugged with the King and Queen from the dock to the floats, which were waiting on the other side of the loading sheds. The sign on the Big Shot's float, I noticed, had Milton Bienamee's name on it, next to an African caricature—apparently to guarantee that anybody who had missed the correction of Paul Johnson's ad (the correction had been printed in both the *Weekly* and the white newspapers) would realize that the man in the leopard-skin cape was not the original Big Shot. Sunny Jim Poole, an immense man in a tentlike yellow costume and a top hat, shared the Big Shot's float, standing in the front like a burlesque figurehead, with one hand resting on a lion and the other on the zebra. As the participants climbed aboard their floats, the crowd was already pressing in to beg for coconuts, shouting, "Hey, Zulu, give me a coconut!" and "Hey, Your Highness, how about a coconut!" Baker was moving up and down the line of floats, selling fiftieth-anniversary medallions and an occasional souvenir coconut to the onlookers. There was a large police detail at the wharf—plus some special police from Bienamee's patrol agency—and it was dominated by four specially built three-wheeled motorcycles, each with a flat wooden bed behind the driver that held a barking, snapping police dog.

After a few minutes, Hayes shouted, "Is the King on? Is the Queen on? Is the Big Shot on?"

Everybody was on, and the floats began to move. The band and the flag-carriers had already moved out a block

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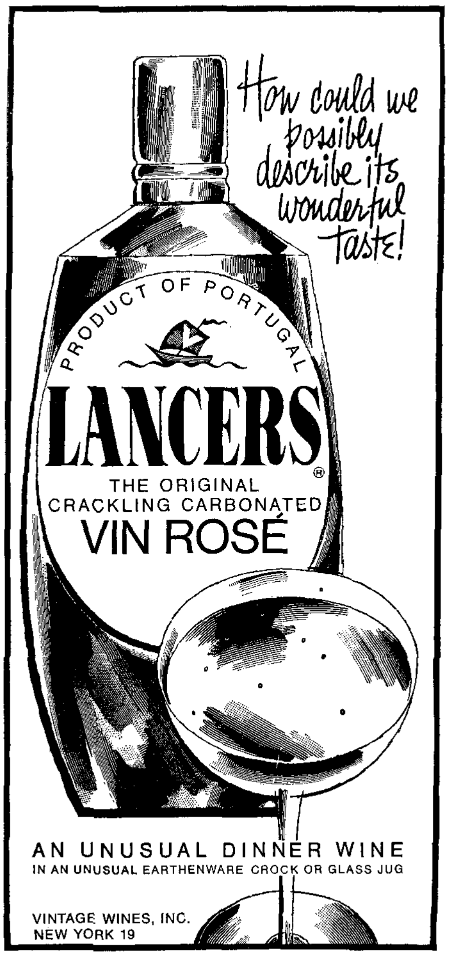
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or two, in the first of many separations, and as the King's float caught up with the band, the motorcycle policemen began what was to be their procedure throughout the day. Whenever a Second Line formed between the band and the first float, or a number of people gathered close to a float to beg for coconuts, the motorcycles would swoop in and weave in and out, scattering the crowd. The parade—led by Greene and by James Turner, the Grand Marshal, who had on tails over black tights and was wearing a pink sash—moved quickly out of the business district. A thin crowd, almost all white, watched from the sidewalk, and every time the parade slowed down and people gathered around the floats, the motorcycles chased them back. There were six or eight Warriors sitting around a pot on "The Royal Proganistor" float, and they occasionally tossed coconuts out to the crowd. The Queen and her court appeared sedate and a bit chilly in the morning air, but King Zulu was clearly in fine spirits. He bowed his head magnanimously at the crowd, never ceasing to bless his subjects with his two-handed gesture. Baker and Hayes rode in the old pickup trucks that pulled the floats, and Ware, dressed in a uniform left from the days when the Zulu parade had a burlesque police rank of its own, helped Rapheal keep things moving. Nevertheless, nobody really seemed to be in charge, and many humbugs were made. As the parade got into the uptown Negro district, a friendly crowd, one or two deep, lined the street to watch the floats pass. The cries for coconuts now took the form of phrases like "All right, throw me a coconut, man." At one corner, a large crowd had gathered to watch one of the Indian Tribes (on Mardi Gras, bands of Negroes traditionally roam the streets in intricately decorated Indian costumes), and the Zulu parade was almost stopped by a dancing Second Line between the band and the King's float. This Second Line was quickly broken up by the motorcycles and the snapping dogs.

The parade was moving remarkably fast—the floats jerked away from the first stop, Alex's Lounge & Bar, so quickly that Sunny Jim Poole almost lost his balance—and I asked Rapheal about the haste.

"We have to move fast," he said. "All this is by the hour—the special police, the flag-toters, the band. It's all by the hour." And he hurried off to investigate a tieup.

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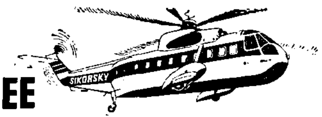

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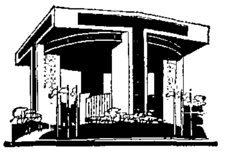

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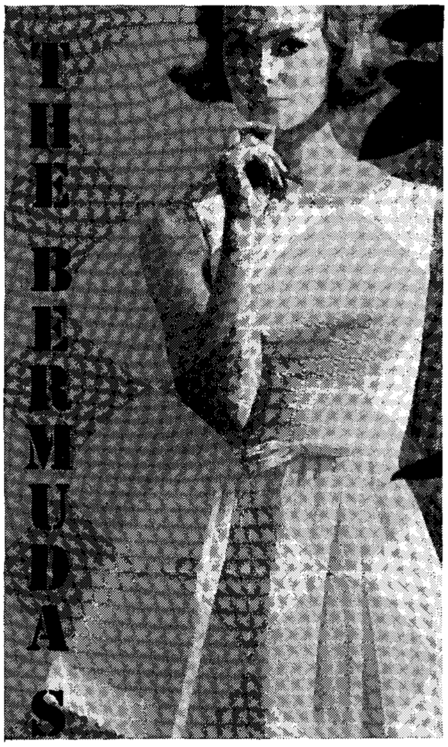

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the Poydras Street Wharf, the parade reached the Geddes funeral home, on Jackson Avenue. A group of Unofficial Historians, writing about the 1940 parade in a book called "Gumbo Ya-Ya," had described the meeting of the King and Queen there:

> Thousands waited to see the Queen greet her lord. The King posed for cameramen, and bowed to everybody graciously. He leaned over and accepted flowers and a ribbon key of welcome from Doctor W. A. Willis, whose wife sponsors this use of the funeral parlors every year. Gertrude Geddes Willis made an address: "My powerful monarch, it is a pleasure to welcome you to Geddes and Moss Undertakers. May your every wish be granted for your subjects and yourself, and may you live forever in the splendor that fits a king." She handed His Majesty a bottle of champagne, ordered the waiters to bring more for the rest of the Zulus. Then there was an awed hush as a maid led the Queen out upon the platform, and sighs passed through the dusky crowd that were a tribute to her beauty. . . . King Manuel toasted his Queen in champagne, as his float remained beneath the balcony, and she sipped some, too, smiling down on her admiring subjects in the street below. The ceremonies over, the court went inside for more refreshments. No one was permitted to follow them upstairs to their private quarters, where liquor of all kinds was consumed and a thousand fancy sandwiches enjoyed.

Some twenty years later, the Zulu parade moved past a new brick building housing the Gertrude Geddes Willis Life Insurance Co. & Funeral Home without even slowing down. Two or three women were standing in the doorway, but there were few other spectators on the street.

Despite its atmosphere of haste, the parade kept being slowed down by mishaps. One truck ran out of gas; the band and the flag-carriers often marched too far ahead of the floats; and at each of the five stops the floats threatened to become separated if either the King or the Queen dismounted for any reason. At each stop, the owner of the bar came out to pour drinks for the King and Queen, usually standing on a makeshift platform bearing a sign that read, "KING ZULU WILL STOP HERE." The crowds at the stops were enthusiastic, but any suggestion of a Second Line was swiftly discouraged by the police. At one point, as the parade passed under a long viaduct, a Second Line of about a hundred people formed—the largest of the day. As the four motorcycles swooped in and broke it up, the noises of the band, the barking dogs, the motorcycles, and the screams of the scattering Second Liners blended in a weird echo from the viaduct.

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At the stops, there was constant agitation for the parade to get moving again, but since nobody was quite certain who was in charge, the stops meant a complete collapse of the line of march. In traditional Zulu fashion, each of the officials blamed the others and swore never to take part in a parade again. Despite all the confusion, though, the Zulus carefully followed the route they had agreed upon with the police department, except for some short detours resulting from emergencies. At one point, the floats would not fit under a viaduct, which the band and flag-carriers had already passed, and had to clear it two or three blocks down the street, after which, for some reason, they did not go back to rejoin the paraders who were on foot but continued at great speed toward the center of town. "Nobody knows a thing here," said Ware, who had managed to hop aboard one of the trucks when the split occurred. "This is my last Zulu parade."

The floats turned down the street next to Canal Street—the first time the parade had been out of a predominantly Negro neighborhood for two or three hours—and became stuck in a traffic jam, whereupon they attracted a crowd of the sort that had greeted King Zulu at the wharf. During the wait, the band and the flag-carriers, to my total amazement, caught up with the floats. The musicians stood around having a smoke while the various officers looked for the Queen and her court—all of whom had left the float—and argued about who was to blame for the delay.

Walking to the next corner, I saw that the intersection was jammed with people, almost all of them Negroes. On the balcony above Larry & Katz's—a well-known old New Orleans bar—six or eight white people, including a boy of about twelve, were looking down at the crowd. One of the people on the balcony was a man holding a handful of new dollar bills. Occasionally, he would peel off one of the bills and allow it to float down to the crowd—each movement of the bill in the wind causing a geometrically increased movement of the people below as they fought to be under the bill when it landed. The man who was throwing the money sometimes handed the boy a dollar to throw, but the boy's movement was awkward compared to the man's; he had not perfected the method of casually laying the bill on the wind. The man's face was impassive as he peeled off the dollar bills—varying the game every so often by throwing a handful of change, or waiting until another man, who ap-

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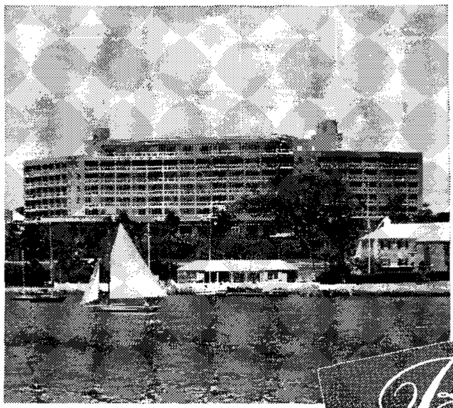

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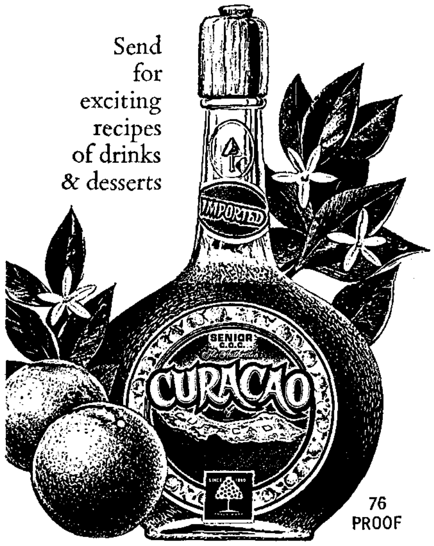

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peared to be his guest, had thrown a dollar—but sometimes he stopped to grin broadly and wave to the crowd. According to a policeman at the intersection, the man owned the bar and threw away money in this fashion every Mardi Gras.

"It's a funny way to get your kicks," said an onlooker, who was obviously from out of town.

"You mean, it's a funny way to give away money," the policeman replied, somewhat defensively. "He's already given away a thousand dollars."

When the parade officials had finally coaxed everybody onto the floats and out of the traffic jam, one of the motorcycle policemen lost his patience and rushed the floats down Canal Street, leaving the band and the flag-carriers behind once more. Somehow, they caught up again a mile farther on, during another traffic jam. By this time, the parade had moved across Canal Street into the downtown Negro district. The crowds here seemed cooler, but people lined their porches to watch the parade. The King's float lost its overhead crown on a tree branch; there were several other holdups; and, finally, two blocks from the downtown bar where the parade was to disband, the truck pulling the King's float ran out of gas.

One motorcycle policeman went back to see if he could get the float moving again. The three other policemen, after six hours with the Zulus, were in no mood to bother about breaking up some dancing that had started in the street outside the final stop.

"There might be a riot," one of the policemen said wearily. "You bring those uptown niggers downtown and you never can tell what'll happen. But all I want to do is get out of here."

Yet if the policemen were feeling harried after their chore, they were also proud of their effectiveness. "These four dogs did more than a hundred men could have done," one of the policemen said. "Although a few people were bitten."

"Without that band, we could really have moved this parade," another said.

Two blocks away, the King of the Zulus could be seen surrounded by a crowd that had accompanied the band back down the street to his stranded float. The King's float was far from what it had been. Somebody had got close enough to tear the bright foil off one side, leaving the cardboard base exposed, and the crown that had been shading the King's throne was lying incongruously on the top of one of the

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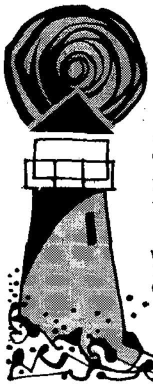

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pickup trucks. The King, however, was still smiling down at the crowd and making his gesture of blessing, as if he were opening and closing a curtain.

THE day after Mardi Gras, I phoned Rapheal to say goodbye.

"Hello and good morning," he said, and asked me if the parade had lived up to my expectations.

I told him I had found the police dogs somewhat disturbing.

"I requested the police dogs," Rapheal said. "They don't keep people from enjoying themselves on the sidewalk, but they keep them out of the line of march—keep them from knocking into the musicians, and all. The Second Line is important to me; I sell that Second Line to merchants. The dogs were first used in 1961—or whenever that trouble was—and I think it was a blessing in disguise. When it happened, I saw how necessary the dogs were."

I asked Rapheal whether he thought it possible that the Zulu parade had come to an end after all—whether a parade that had been known for its rowdiness and spontaneity was no longer the same parade if it now had to be hurried along its way, with the crowds kept in line by police dogs.

"Oh, no," Rapheal said. "I think it creates a more orderly group of onlookers is all. I think the Zulu parade will always go on. All the club has to do is to find some new material to promote the thing. I'm too old. I'm just an old hunk of failure. I told them it depends on the tenacity and the courage of the people who take over. If they have the tenacity to sell and the courage to hold on, there will always be a Zulu parade. Of course, I can't see into the future. I'm not the Royal Prognosticator." —CALVIN TRILLIN

•

Mr. O'Connor's short novel (a strange version is scheduled this fall) presents the next-to-closing act of a 78-year-old grasshopper, Waltzing Daniel Considine, who, when vaudeville's sun has set, comes to spend the cozy winter of his age at the home of his son, Tom, whom he hasn't seen in twenty years.—*The Herald Tribune.*

We'll wait for the strange version.

•

10:30 P.M.—"Under My Skin" 2
John Garfield, Micheline Prelle, and Luther Adler. A jockey who has thrown many fights makes an effort to go straight for the sake of his young son. [Good]—*TV Week.*

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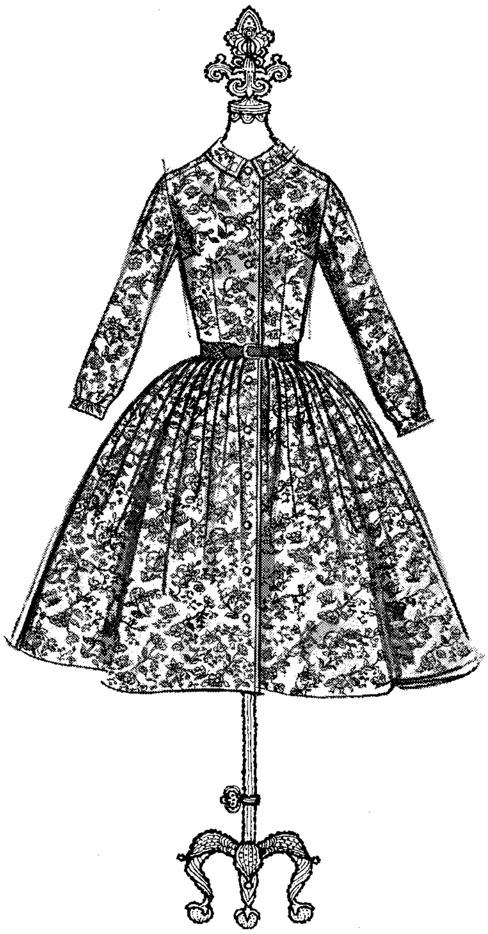

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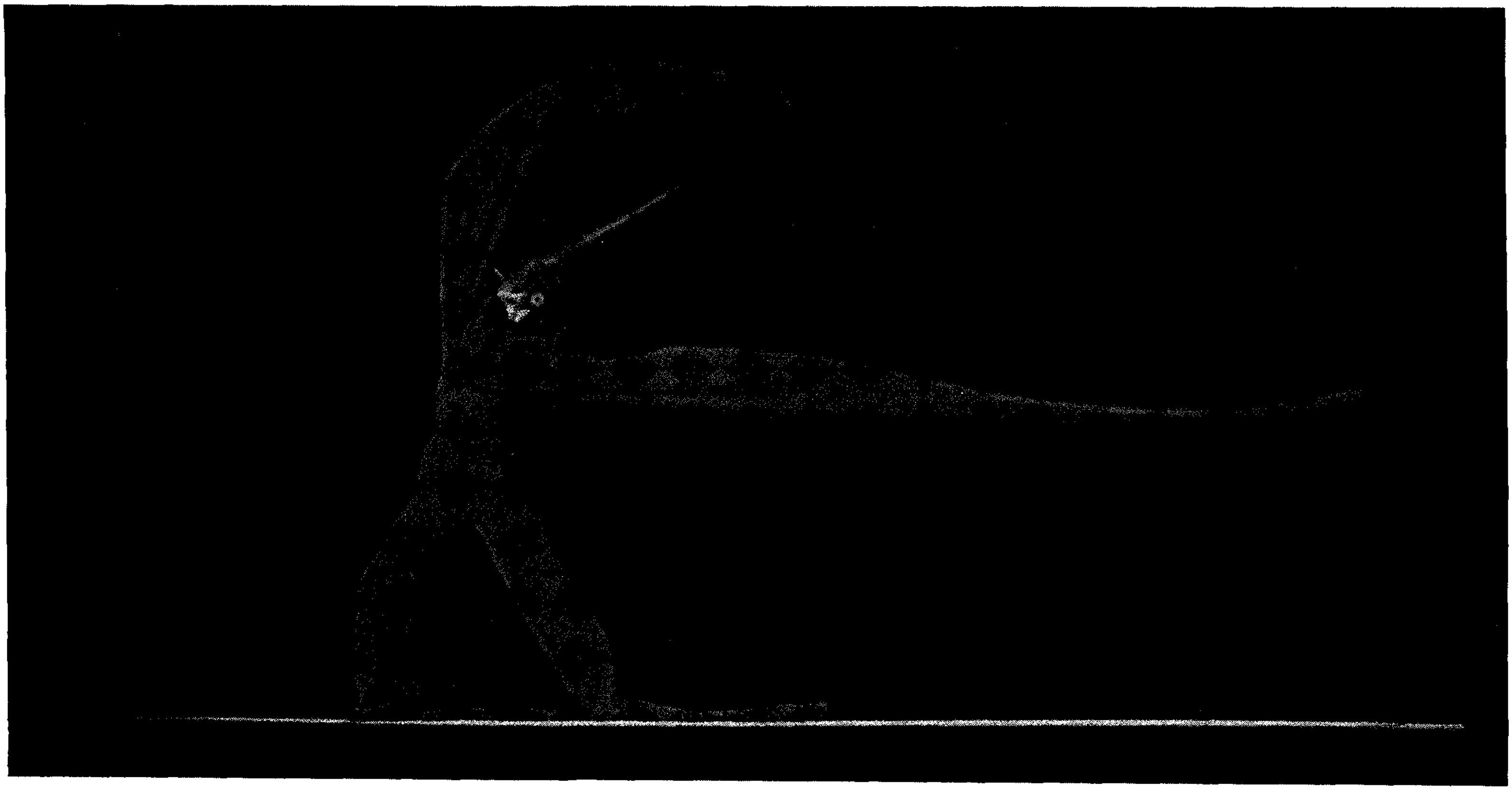

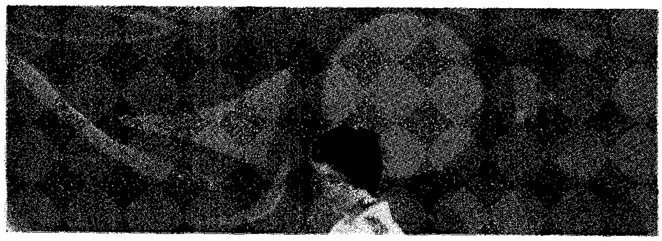

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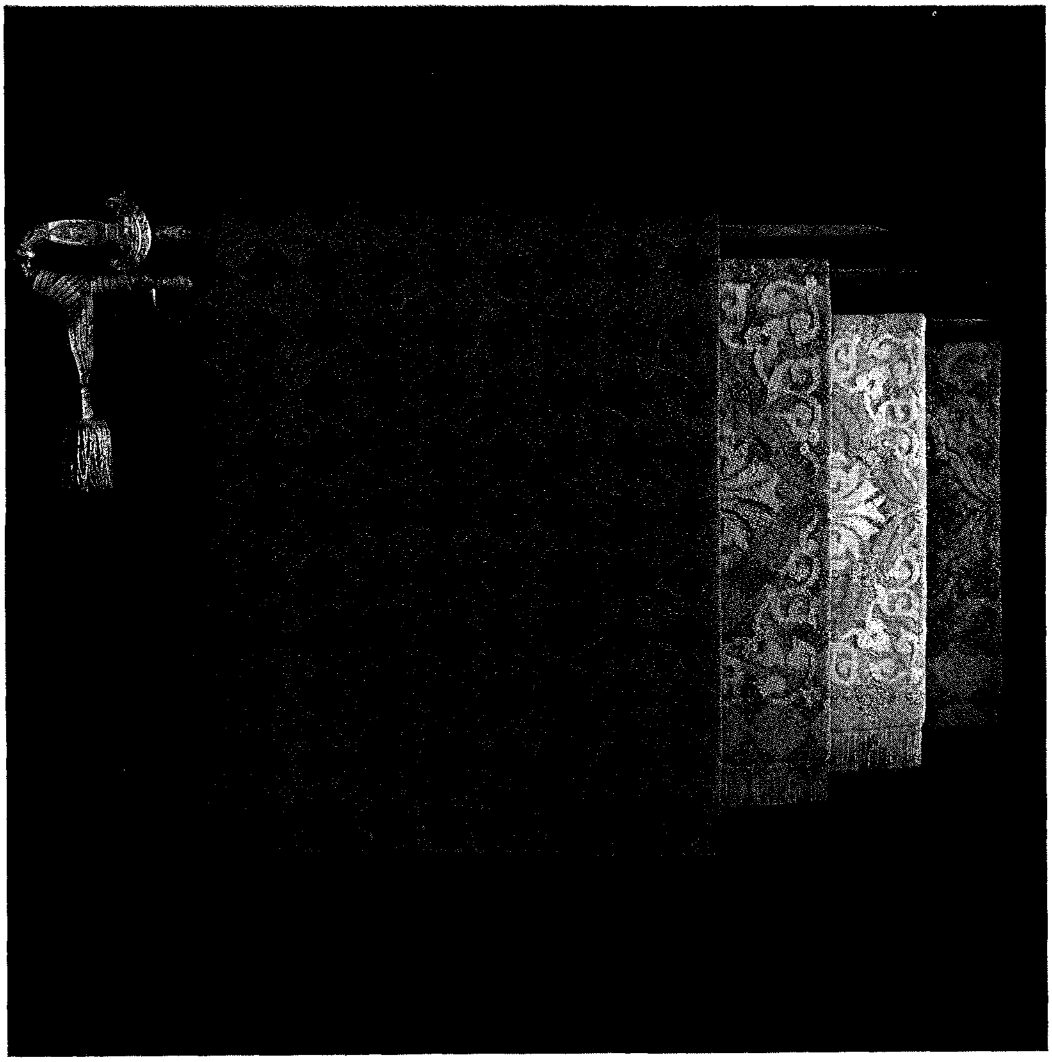

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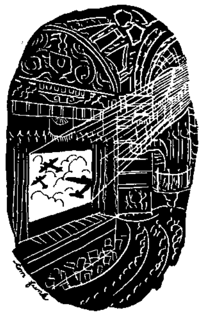
THE CURRENT CINEMA

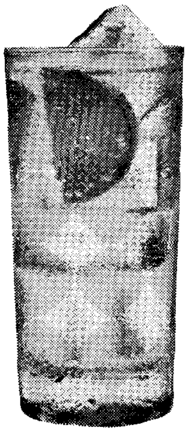
Back to Harold

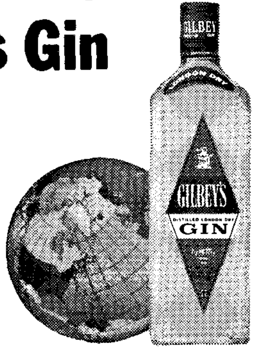


IN my nonage, I remember getting an acute case of acrophobia when Harold Lloyd moved uncertainly along a high ledge of a building that was, as I recall it, a few stories taller than the Empire State. The same sort of feeling possessed me when I watched Jean-Paul Belmondo in "That Man from Rio," a French film, leap and cavort about the new structures in Brasília, the far-out capital of Brazil. Written by a quartet named J. P. Rapeneau, Ariane Mnouchkine, Daniel Boulanger, and Philippe de Broca, and directed by the last, the film employs little rhyme and less reason as it goes about dealing with our hero, who is not only as feckless as Mr. Lloyd but as brash as Hurricane Hutch, and the assorted types he meets while trying to protect his sweetheart, the daughter of an archeologist, from the machinations of some maddened diamond seekers in Brazil. Nothing makes much sense in "That Man from Rio," but Mr. de Broca gets quite a lot out of the scenes of slapstick violence—I assure you they are many—and he unquestionably has an alert camera going for him. I'm afraid, though, that this sort of extemporaneous—or, let us say, seemingly extemporaneous—movie is not designed for the distance it is asked to go here.

"BEDTIME STORY" offers us Marlon Brando as a comedian. He certainly tries to be funny as he runs through such routines as a G.I. who manages to get a premature discharge from the Army by nuzzling up to his commanding officer's daughter; as an entry in a Riviera chase after susceptible females of any age who is pitted against an old hand at the paramour game (David Niven); as a conniver who pretends to be first feeble-minded and then paraplegic, for some purpose of the plot that will not be gone into here. Tasteless is a mild word for this enterprise.

SPEAKING of Marlon Brando, there's a young chap called James Caan in "Lady in a Cage" who has





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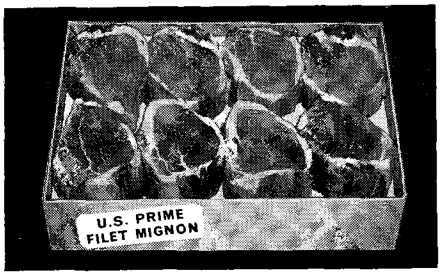

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even more marbles in his mouth than the Master. He's supposed to be a tight-panted fellow, fresh from a reformatory, whose bosom chums are a demented blonde and a psychotic Spanish-American. These three charmers, on the track of a prostitute (Ann Sothern) and a wino filthier than most (Jeff Corey), discover a lady (Olivia de Havilland) caught between floors in a broken-down elevator in her mansion and proceed to ransack the establishment. Betimes, one of the trio kills the wino, the blond idiot takes a bath (presumably her first), and Miss de Havilland, between floors, gives out with poetry about how we have come from the jungle and are going back to it. When I went to this thing, three youths ahead of me in the box-office line were turned away for being too young to stand its impact. They'll never know how lucky they were.

—JOHN McCARTEN

•

As we came around the bend in the river, we spotted a deer feeding on the shore several hundred yards down from us. It's coat was the bright orange-brown of mid-summer and it stood out against the green of the riverside grasses in a natural color contrast seldom seen reproduced by paint on canvas. The breeze was blowing up-river toward us and the deer had neither smelled or heard us; so we cut the motor to very slow and glided down as quietly as possible. We were on our way into camp and had all our gear in the boat with Mike and John sitting atop it as we drifted down-river toward the unsuspecting deer. It didn't take a very active imagination, particularly by eight and 10-year-old boys, to imagine this as a party of Iroquois warriors stalking the prey of the evening, or perhaps a canoe of French Voyeurs drifting down a wilderness river.

—*Glens Falls* (*N.Y.*) *Post-Star.*

Damned odd place for them, just the same.

•

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NOTES FOR A GAZETTEER

XLVI—DENVER, COLO.

ALT., 5,280. Pop., 493,887. The ancestor hunt is popular in Denver. Everybody is looking for his grandfather. "The way I see it, our city has come of age sufficiently to look back and seek roots," a Denver man recently told a stranger. "We're *old*, my friend—a little more than a hundred years old—and we are trying to find out what we are by trying to find out what we were." They were seated in the Denver man's office, high in a towering skyscraper of glass and steel. To the west they could see the broad bulk of the snow-capped Rockies; to the east lay the plains. "Grandpa, out there, was a pioneer," said the Denver man, lighting a cigar and pointing it toward the mountains. "He was hip-deep in covered wagons, the frontier, Indians—the whole Western kit and caboodle." The Denver man blew a smoke signal in Grandpa's direction. "Until a few years back, I didn't know much about Grandpa," he said. "Which means that I didn't know much about myself. So that when my wife discovered the old man's old shovel up in our attic, I threw myself into the history of the thing. The old man had been up in the hills, mining, and had been caught in some sort of disaster and had whittled this shovel all by himself. Damn funny-looking little shovel! But it represented initiative, hardihood, and enterprise, and I own no more precious possession. It's given me a grip on myself, and it inspires me, and will inspire my grandchildren. I may leave it to the State Museum."

Many such artifacts have been left to the Colorado State Museum, which is operated by the State Historical Society and the State Historian emeritus, Mrs. Agnes Wright Spring. "It is safe to say that the two outstanding features of Denver are Mrs. Spring and the famous high, balconied lobby of our Brown Palace Hotel," a Denver resident has remarked. Mrs. Spring spends a considerable amount of time tracking down people's grandfathers. "This delving, this seeking, has reached such proportions that I keep a little book called 'Relatives' and jot down in it pertinent facts—everything I can find out—about large numbers of Denverites," Mrs. Spring said not long ago. "For example, someone will call up and ask whether Curtis Street was named after one of his relatives. I look in 'Relatives' and try to give an answer." From time to time, Mrs. Spring dons a pioneer bonnet and a wig, and then, dressed like a relative, appears on a local television show to discuss Denver history. Mrs. Spring does her best to keep up with the destruction of the turreted red sandstone mansions of downtown Denver by racing around and taking photographs of them before they are razed to make way for tall apartment houses, complete with laundry chutes. The city, she feels, is on a history jag. Few people will buy a house without first calling her up and asking for "the history of the place." "They want the lore," says Mrs. Spring. "The Western lore. And businesses—the same thing. What is the history of the business? Did it start back when Denver was being founded? Were pioneers the original founders? Businessmen will sit at lunch and argue about, say, the Sand Creek Massacre. Were the Indians right? Was the white man right?"

"Do you think the pioneers were really after gold?" an electronics executive recently asked a wholesale distributor of frozen vegetables. They were in the Palace Arms, a restaurant in the Brown Palace, and had just polished off their Colorado trout.

"I have revised a good deal of my thinking on this matter," said the vegetable man. "I think they were just moving around, restlessly moving around, and not necessarily looking for gold. That reminds me. Some of the boys at lunch yesterday got into a discussion of Chivington."

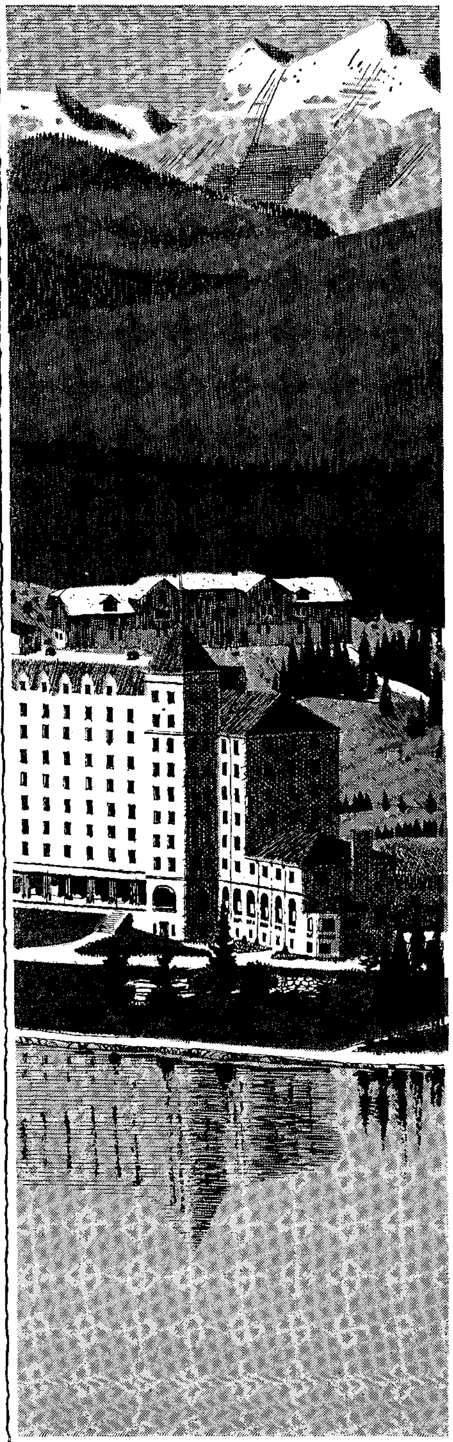
"Of the massacre?" asked the electronics man.

"The very one," said the vegetable man.

"By the way, Ernie," said Electronics, "it's pronounced *Shiv*ington, not *Chiv*ington."

"Thanks," said Vegetables. "Maybe I'll do a paper on it."

Gold has been left far behind in the rush to join historical societies, and also to enter into earnest discussions of Westerniana—mining, the overland migration, the fur trade, stock raising, and lore of the Southwest borderlands. The Denver Westerners, a group of fifty men, enjoy nothing better than a cozy evening in the company of, say, a reformed train robber. Train robbers, acting as vital links with a romantic past, hold a special place in their hearts. A while ago, the Westerners found a retired train robber, who will here be



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Le Manoir

called Kit Choo-Choo, living quietly up in Wyoming, and he was invited down for a sodality meeting. Choo-Choo had been famous for holding up trains on the Union Pacific with a toy gun filled with candy. He never robbed women and children; it was a matter of principle. "He was a dear, sweet man, and *we all thoroughly enjoyed listening to* him," a member later remarked. Mr. Choo-Choo's topic was "Crime Does Not Pay."

The American West has always appealed to foreigners, and they are now showing a greater interest in it than ever—especially in the life and times of Wild Bill Hickok, Buffalo Bill, and a great many trappers and hunters. Dutchmen, Swedes, Frenchmen, and people who live in Greenland are particularly keen about the West—nobody is entirely certain why. The State Historical Society receives many inquiries from these other parts of the world. The British began to flood Denver with inquiries after the showing in England of the movie "Silver Dollar" in the mid-thirties. The film concerned itself with the life of Horace Austin Warner Tabor, the mining prince who divorced a rather plain-looking wife, Augusta (she wore pince-nez), and married Elizabeth Monduel McCourt (her hair was golden and she did not wear pince-nez), more familiarly known as Baby Doe. The British took Baby Doe to their hearts. "I don't know where we'd be in Denver without the saga of Baby Doe," a Denver resident has said. "It has everything—it has sex, and heartbreak, and lost millions, and *fidelity*. Above all, it has fidelity, with Baby Doe true to Tabor for thirty-five long years after his death—true to the very end, freezing to death in the snows of the Matchless Mine, at Leadville, her poor body wrapped in rags." Tabor had instructed Baby Doe to hold on to the Matchless, and Baby Doe held on. Denver children absorb her story with their Pablum and trout.

DENVER is proud of many things, including the indisputable fact that it is one mile high. Denver residents go out of their way to remind visitors of this altitudinal situation.

"And don't forget we are one mile high," said a Denver resident to a visitor, seeing him to the door at the close of a pleasant evening.

"I know," said the visitor.

"But don't forget," said the Denver man.

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one mile (and many that are lower), but Denver takes a somewhat mystical view of the figure, setting great store by it not only as an implied guarantee of a continuous flow of good fresh air but as a sign of the special wisdom of the city's founding fathers. There is a widespread belief that the mile-high statistic contributed substantially to Denver's eminence as a center for federal employees (Denver has more federal offices than anyplace else outside Washington), as a wholesale and distribution center, as a rail hub, as the leading used-car market for the Rocky Mountain area, and as a mecca for jeep racers, who, with religious regularity, take their jeeps to the outskirts on Sundays and scale perpendicular heights. Denver has numerous street muggings, and one school of thought lays even these to the clear, high air. Denver is celebrated, too, for the number of young people who zoom through its streets in souped-up cars, whistling at the girls on the sidewalks and throwing pedestrians into a panic by stopping short. "Just kids enjoying the briskness of the night air," one Denver resident has said.

Many residents not only enjoy dreaming about Grandpa up in the hills, prospecting, but like to eat in an atmosphere that approximates the untamed environment in which Grandpa operated. "We have a meaningful wilderness syndrome," a Denver man said not long ago. "We like to imagine that we are eating surrounded by the beasts of the forest. Of course, we are not so foolish as to tuck our napkins into our collars in the presence of a live bobcat when a stuffed bobcat will do just as well." A popular steak house, Zietz's Buckhorn, which has occupied the same site since 1893, possibly carries the wilderness motif beyond its logical limits. "I just went in for a T-bone and some French fries, but it was like a trip to the American Museum of Natural History," a visitor to Denver recently recalled. Stuffed wildlife covers the walls of the Buckhorn from floor to ceiling. Stuffed bison, antelope, deer, moose, elk, and mountain sheep, all staring, are everywhere, and so are stuffed fish and birds. A two-headed calf and a coyote with a quail in its mouth provide additional *bon appétit* for those who sit near them. Frontiers appear to be somewhat interchangeable; one wall cabinet exhibits a full-chested penguin standing in front of a small diorama of an Indian massacre. H. H. Zietz, the proprietor, often remarks that either he or his father shot every last

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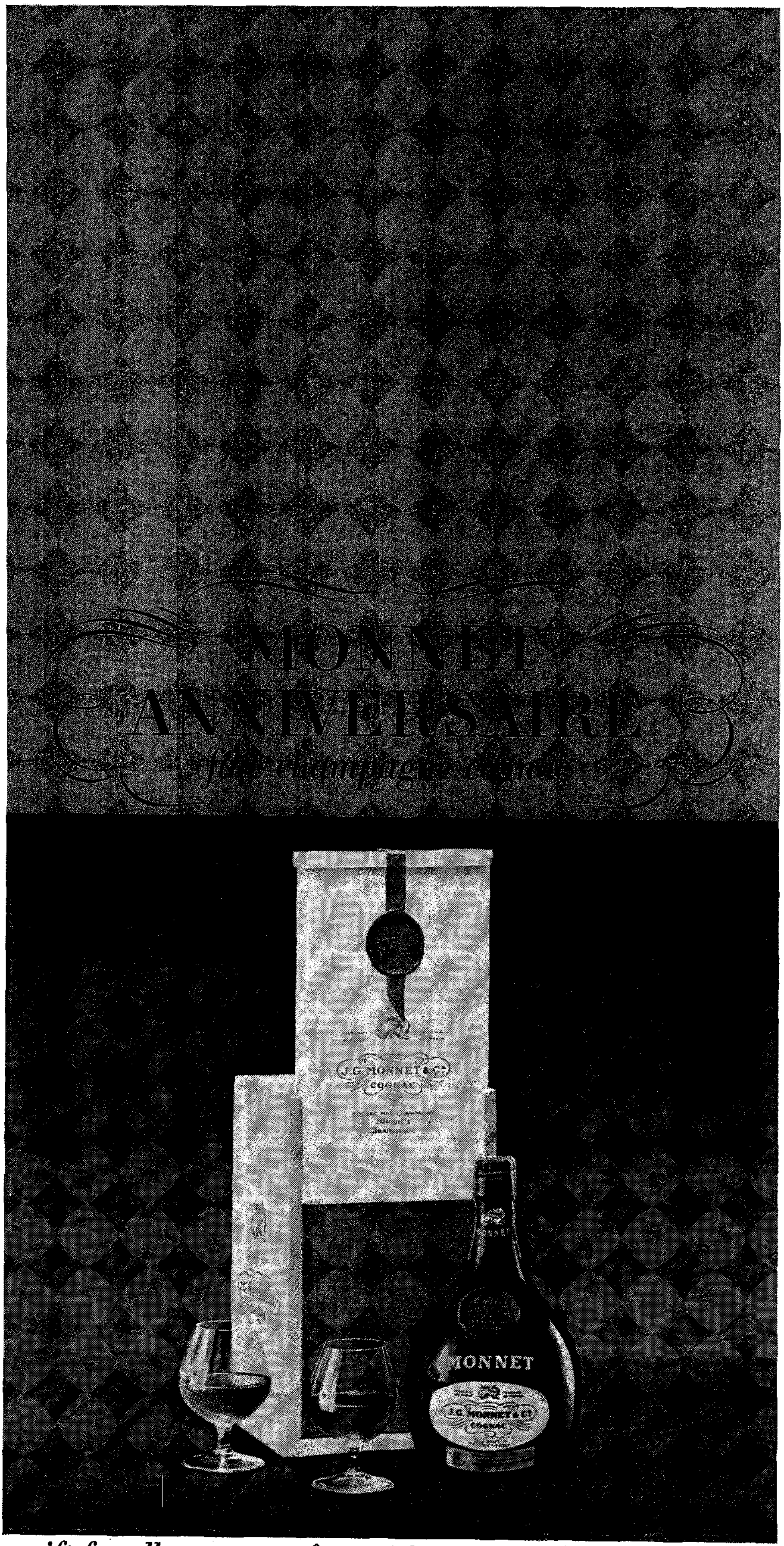

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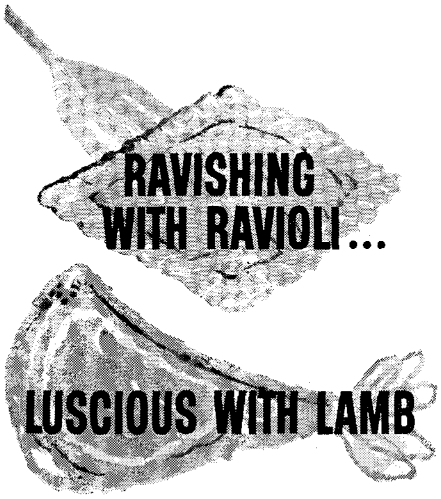

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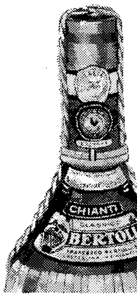

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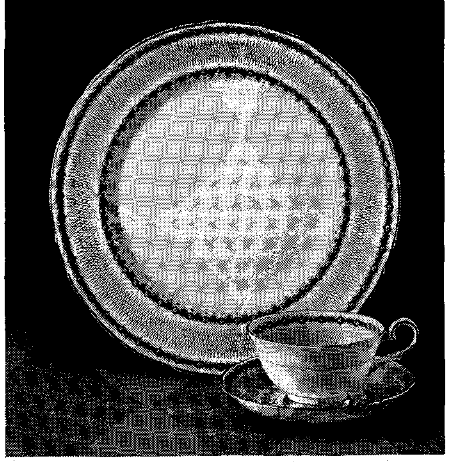

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thing in the room and that he has no intention of stopping until he passes from the picture. Mr. Zietz is a Denverite who feels no need to reinforce his frontier connections. "My father was with Buffalo Bill," he says simply.

A FAMILIAR term in Denver, as elsewhere, is "gasoline gypsies." The gasoline gypsies feel that they can get somewhat closer to Grandpa by hopping into an automobile and going up into the hills themselves than by hanging around the mile-high lowlands doing historical research or eating in the company of a stuffed coyote. A focal point for Denverites—and for gasoline gypsies from other parts of the country as well—is Central City, a storied bonanza town of the eighteen-sixties and eighteen-seventies, some thirty miles west of Denver, up in the hills. In Central City, Denverites get the unmistakable sensation that Grandpa is reaching out not only to touch them but perhaps also to strangle them. Everything that the old boy loved so much and that was so much a part of his life is there, either restored or unrestored, elegant or inelegant. There is the opera house, and the old hotel, and approximately sixty-eight thousand saloons, and there are the narrow streets of the town, hanging on the side of the hill. Most streets are straight up and down, but others are crooked and crosswise. Grandpa needed a drink just to get up and down, or across. These days, everything is done to inject verisimilitude into an otherwise implausible locale. The major crime in modern Central City is to have a piano in tune in any one of the sixty-eight thousand saloons, all of which have pianos, all of them pounded by men wearing brown derbies and candy-striped shirts with arm garters. A true note struck on a Central City piano instantly brings out the Fire Department, which arrives with hatchets and busts up the interior mechanism, occasionally stopping long enough to remove a pedal. A visitor to Central City is in constant touch with the discordant past. The pianos *are* in tune in the opera house, a stunning crimson-and-gold restoration of the original auditorium. Many of the spindle-backed hickory chairs in the opera house are inscribed with the names of pioneers and early forebears. Some two hundred of the original chairs are still in existence; they can be distinguished from reproductions because they have five spindles, not four. People inhale deeply of the past by wandering about the auditorium and looking at

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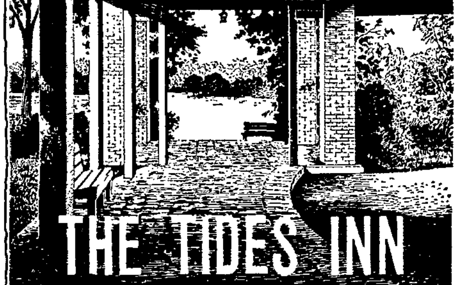

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chairs inscribed with such names as Kit Carson, Zebulon Pike, Horace Tabor, and Horace Greeley. Greeley's local roots derive from the fact that he visited the place in 1859, when it was known as Gregory Gulch; he noted at the time that no building down in Denver was more than nine months old. The Teller House, next door to the opera house, is perpetually all dressed up as though it were throwing a party in honor of General Grant, in whose honor it once threw a party. Chandeliers gleam, lace abounds, marble-topped tables are scattered about with abandon, and diamond-dust mirrors from France reflect the Victorian past. The Teller House has its General Grant Room, containing the General Grant bed. The General spent a restless night there, and complained about the noise of the pianos.

Around the corner from the Teller House is the abandoned Diamond Lil gold mine, which is open to the public, for a fee. Periodic tours are conducted by a sturdy woman with close-cropped snow-white hair who favors heavy checked lumberjackets. It is difficult to determine whether she was once herself a miner or is the daughter or granddaughter of one. In addition, her scenario requires intense concentration if it is to be followed with any glimmer of comprehension, since she assumes that all visitors to a gold mine have a thorough technical knowledge of gold mining. She gives her listeners no quarter, and she asks none. "The dang thing!" she said recently to an enthralled group gathered at the mouth of the mine. "Follow me!" Her charges walked along wet planks and into the tunnel. "You drive until you crosscut your next vein," she said. She walked several yards farther into the mine and turned to her group with a fierce look. "Count 'em and get out," she said. "Them fellows tamp it down. In the beginning, there is heavy ducats of ore, a gear with a rod, and a gear with an old horse. Them first boilers were done by man and horse." She moved along, the stunned group following. The tunnel was lighted by naked electric bulbs, and the walls were sweating. Behind lay the tunnel entrance, a gash of hopeful light. The group shuddered. Cold, fear, and bewilderment had set in. "Count 'em and get out," said the guide. "To crosscut the veins, cut the veins—and the veins vary. Some of these deposits are high-grade, some low-grade. They dug in. They drift in. These guys could go hundreds of feet to their claims. Live it up. Hold to the value. Any questions?"

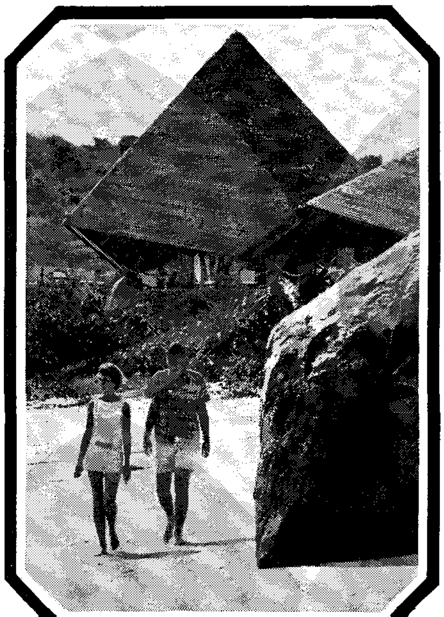
DENVER, though it seeks out its past, and vigorously defends it, also devotes a good deal of time to the future. "We're not standing still—no, sir," a man at the huge Martin Company missile plant outside Denver recently assured a visitor. They were walking around outside the giant compound of buildings and test stands, in the shadow of the mountains. "We are talking space," he said. "We are talking orbital. The big word out here is 'systems.' We're systems integrators. We oversee launch complexes. What was once a Titan I captive test stand becomes a Titan II stand and this, in turn, becomes a Titan III stand. Titan III will launch a Manned Orbital Laboratory—M. O. L. Then we break over into the space mission, the Gemini, the main focus of our current efforts." He lowered his voice. There was nobody within five hundred yards of the two men. "Now I'm talking lunar," he said. "Most everything hereabouts is classified ground. You need a pass. Deer still come down to our parking lot and stare at the test sites. Rattlesnakes everywhere!" He and his guest crossed a road opposite the parking lot and walked along the edge of a small, quiet plot of ground, off by itself, away from the systems. There were headstones sticking up out of the brown grass. "This is a pioneer cemetery for the nearby town of Waterton," said the Martin man. "We haven't disturbed the cemetery one bit." He and his visitor walked past the simple headstones—Slocums, Shellabargers, Juergenses, Titcombs. "We respect this pioneer cemetery," he said. "We feel strongly about this. No one requires clearance to attend a nonclassified funeral, and we *never* test-fire in this direction." Grandpa is permitted to sleep in some semblance of peace.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

• •

A. F. H., 685 Third Ave.—Casey Stengel played in the National League for 13 years. His career batting average was .284, with 60 homers He was with the 1931. It was set up in 1929 with presentation to Miller two seasons, top average, .293; a year and a half with Phillies, .292; two and a half seasons with Giants, best rating, .368; two years with Braves, better season, .280.—*Dan Daniels in the World-Telegram & Sun.*

It certainly *sounds* like Casey.



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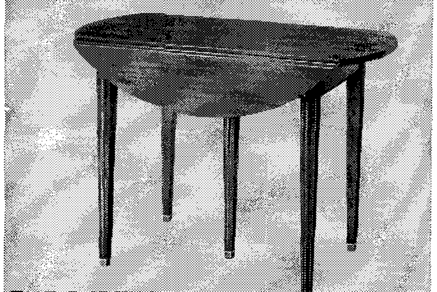

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THE RACE TRACK

Fast Girl

Miss Cavandish ran as enthralling a race in the Coaching Club American Oaks at Aqueduct last Saturday as any filly I can remember in the classic—and my memory goes way back. To all appearances, she was hopelessly out of it in the early stages—indeed, for the first quarter she was last, about twenty lengths behind. But then she began to close the gap, and, sweeping around the leaders on the turn for home, she went on to win by three lengths from Castle Forbes. Sceree was third, a length and a half behind, followed by Face the Facts, the favorite. The race topped off the Big A's triple crown for fillies, which began with the Acorn Stakes and the Mother Goose, and it was a fitting climax, since Castle Forbes won the first and Sceree won the second. Although Miss Cavandish was unplaced in either of those races, a lot of people remembered how strong she had finished, and decided that a mile and a quarter would be just her dish, so she went to the post second favorite in the betting, and paid $8.70.

Twelve three-year-old fillies ran for the Oaks, and on the whole they were a good-looking lot. Face the Facts was tops in appearance, but Castle Forbes and Bold Queen, the Wheatley pair, were also well turned out. Sceree was as fit as a fiddle, and Miss Cavandish caught the eye in spite of her color, which is a washy chestnut. (If it were black, she'd take ribbons at any show.) Bold Queen was off to a good start and led Match Point for the first six furlongs (Match Point faded and wound up last), and then came Castle Forbes, Face the Facts, and Sceree. All this while, Miss Cavandish had been making little headway. Approaching the far turn, however, she began to move, just about the same time that Castle Forbes, coming up on the rail, passed her stablemate and took command. Face the Facts also challenged at this point, and so did Sceree, but none of them was a match for Miss Cavandish. In fact, as she came down the stretch she reminded me of her sire, Cavan, and the way he won the Belmont Stakes six years ago. Harry Nichols, a Detroit businessman, bought Miss Cavandish as a yearling from the King

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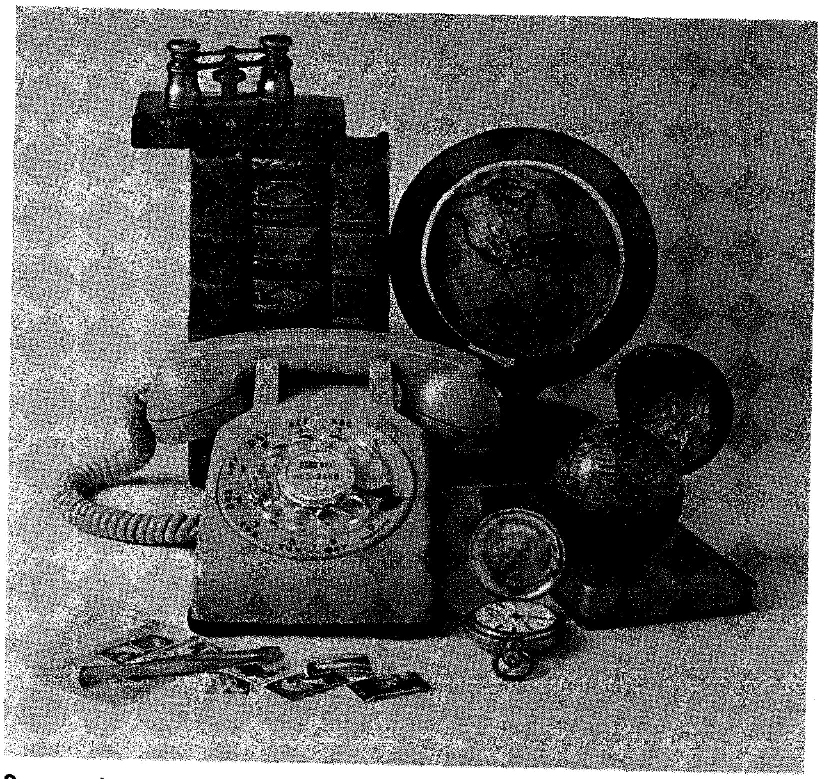

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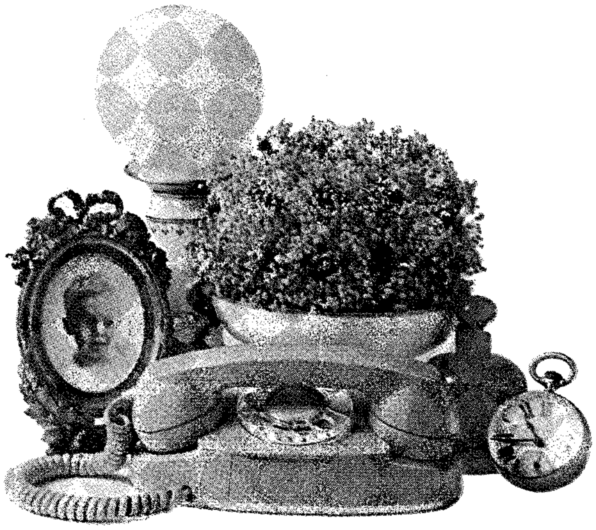

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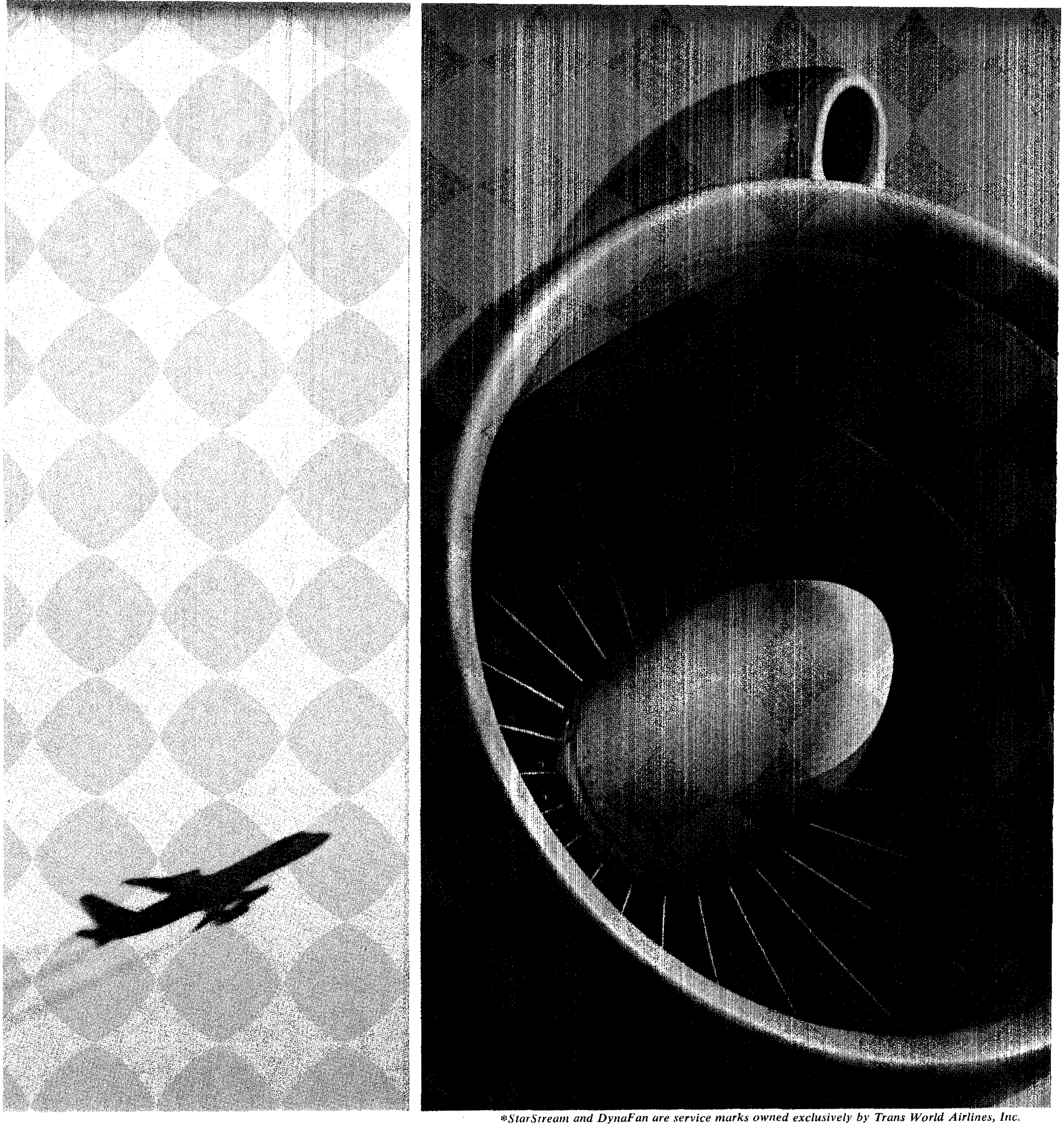

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Ranch for $1,500, and he certainly picked up a nice property. Her share of the Oaks purse was $79,543, bringing her total earnings to $128,826. Who's for going into the horse business?

There was almost as much to-do over Saturday's daily double as there was over the Oaks, for the double paid $2,240—the biggest jackpot at Aqueduct in several years. There were a hundred and sixty two-dollar tickets sold on the winning combination—two and eleven.

THOUGH the Wheatley Stable missed out in the Oaks, it clicked with No Resisting on Wednesday in the Vagrancy Handicap, last week's other important item for the distaff side. She beat Oil Royalty by a neck, with Look Ma third. The most interesting thing about the race was the headlong early pace set by Affectionately, who did the first quarter in 0:22⅕ and the half in 0:44⅗, and then, as was expected, ran out of speed. . . . It's worth recording also that Greentree's Malicious won again, in an overnight race on Thursday. He may be developing into something more than just a useful three-year-old.

AS for racing farther afield, some of the better older horses went up to Suffolk Downs in Boston last week for the fifty-thousand-dollar Massachusetts Handicap, and Smart, whose home ground is Delaware Park, won it by a head from Sunrise County. Steel Viking was third, and Saidam, the odds-on favorite, finished last. Money doesn't always send horses travelling, though; the other day, the Suffolk Downs management cancelled the fifty-thousand-dollar Yankee Handicap, scheduled for July 1st, because only four entries had been made for it.

FRANKLY, there isn't much in prospect at Aqueduct this week except run-of-the-mill racing, and you know what that is. This department is going to Toronto to cheer for Northern Dancer in the Queen's Plate at Woodbine.

—AUDAX MINOR

●

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I have just been informed that you are one of the winners of the Regents Scholarships.

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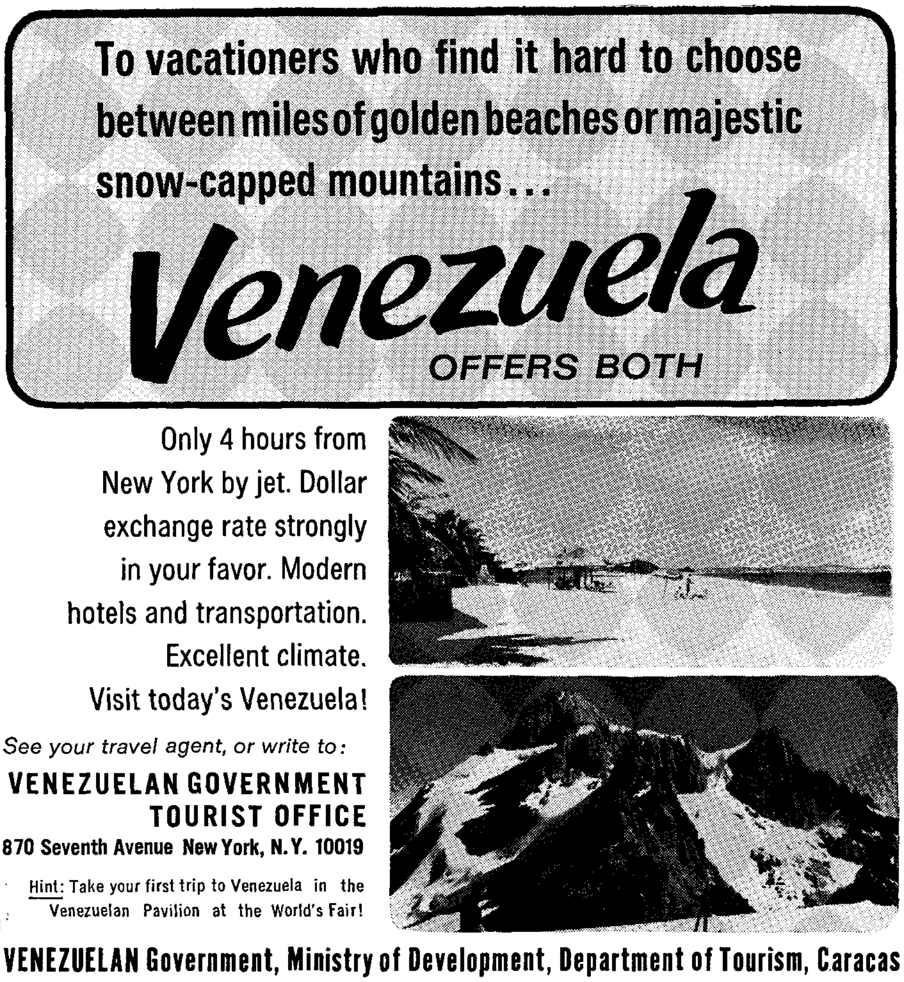
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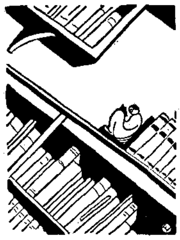
BOOKS

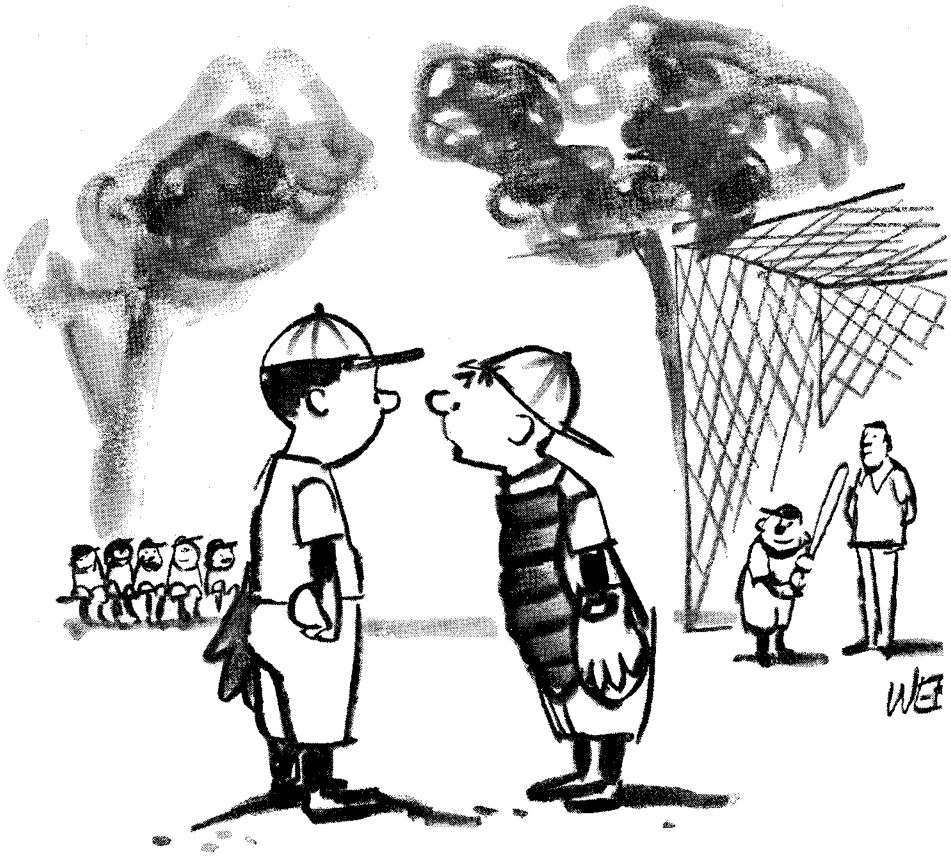
That Certain Missing Feeling



THE device of the anti-hero has been with us so long now that old-fashioned nobility may be on the verge of seeming wonderfully fresh again. There is nothing new, either, in the novel that has not only a quasi hero but a full cast of supporting characters who seem to have taken a vow before we meet them to renounce any sort of behavior that could possibly be construed as making a bid for our sympathies. Even so, a hint of the author's affection for the most disagreeable fellow generally gets through to the reader sooner or later. Kingsley Amis's new novel, "One Fat Englishman" (Harcourt, Brace & World), which deals with as unlovable a bunch of people as you could hope to meet on two continents, is often hilariously funny on various recognizable Amis levels, from satire to slapstick, but no signals of involvement on the writer's part are given. His scene has now shifted from English red-brick universities to Budweiser College, in Pennsylvania, and from the scruffy bed-sitter and the pub to the weekend gin-and-tonic drinking by well-off Americans at the side of a swimming pool. His ear for the Pinterish failure to communicate—the crossed wires of semantics that trip up the English-speaking peoples, especially after long sessions beside those swimming pools—is splendidly acute, yet something seems to have been left behind in the old country.

Roger Micheldene, the fat Englishman, is a publisher visiting the States, ostensibly to prospect for new writers for his firm. After being told about some of his methods of getting together a good spring list—including butting a promising young West Indian novelist hard in the stomach during an argument on the future of Africa's new nations at a party back home in London—we are not particularly surprised to gather that neither the enterprise nor the firm seems outstandingly successful. Roger's fatness is almost a protagonist in the story, since it often turns out to be a hindrance to what, after eating, is the principal object of his existence. Because his grossness has to be veiled as much as possible from likely young women, he has to go through agonies of sweltering, fully clothed in tweeds, on a hot October afternoon when the other guests are disporting themselves in their host's pool, one of the swimmers being his real reason for coming to the benighted country. Helene Bang is the beautiful Danish-American wife of wholly Danish Dr. Ernst Bang, a Visiting Fellow in Language Studies at Budweiser. In the intervals of waiting for this succulent girl to revive an apparently inexplicable passing fancy that she had for him during earlier meetings in Copenhagen and London, Roger makes do with the middle-aged nymphomaniac wife of a New York literary agent, Strode Atkins, a man whose appearances are mostly alcoholic and horizontal. (The literary profession, one way or another, takes quite a beating.) There is also a girl on a moonlight picnic who bites him, not at all amorously, "deep through his shirt into one of the many ample folds of flesh at his shoulder." The American who sinks the deepest, most painful tooth marks into Roger's self-esteem is a young Jewish intellectual, Irving Macher, who, though still in his junior year at Budweiser, has written a novel that Roger realizes he should make an offer for, in spite of his loathing of the author. (He consoles himself by thinking of the various ways of scrimping on advertising and such that will cut down the book's sales satisfactorily; publishers, Mr. Amis implies darkly, are up to anything.) But Macher succeeds in getting in the last bite by taking Helene, as compliant a girl as her namesake, off to New York for the weekend that Roger had hoped for, and when Roger, with some vague idea of vengeance, tracks them down, it is Macher who is in command of the situation and delivers the verdict: "I sometimes got the impression that you think some of the people in this country don't like you because you're British. That isn't so. We're out of the redcoat era now, even if you aren't. . . . It isn't your nationality we don't like, it's you." He adds that he is placing his novel elsewhere.

The list of things that Roger does not like is far longer. In life and books, fatness is usually associated, possibly falsely, with good humor, though its disadvantages may not make the pursuit of the philosophic spirit easy. In fiction, there can seldom have been a really convex male so bursting with bile directed toward such a commodious range of subjects as Roger shows him-



“Shape up*! I’ve got a Milky Way riding on this game.”*

self to be in the hundred and eighty-five pages leading up to Macher's final crunch through one of the ample folds of his spiritual epidermis. Americans, who naturally stand high on the list, figure in his irritable thoughts as "they," in the Lear collective. He also appears to have spluttering reserves of ill will for Jews, colored men, his late father ("I'm not going to go into any of that Oedipus piffle, but I really detested the bastard"), the Bangs' fearsome child, Arthur, and priests of the Catholic Church, of which he is a rather wavering member. His nightly devotions, to judge by the sample given, are carried on somewhat in the manner of an indignant customer berating a tradesman who has not delivered the goods: "*In nomine Patris, Filii, et Spiritus Sancti.* Now, look, this isn't good enough. You know what I'm like and yet you keep on at me. . . . That Mrs. Atkins business tonight—it was wrong and I hereby repent it and beg pardon, but I wouldn't have done it if you hadn't made me angry." The native American fauna is an exasperation—a bird making "an ugly and unfamiliar sound" outside Roger's bedroom window he guesses to be a blue jay "or one of the other local sorts they kept on about." There is also the deplorable flora. "In his preoccupation he nearly tripped over some wretched creeper that, for want of a fence or anything to climb up, was sprawling about on the ground. Its leaves looked sticky and were a purplish dark green in color, like an artichoke's that is starting to go off. Roger glared at it. So this was the best they could do." For Mr. Amis tells us suddenly that Roger, like Ferdinand the Bull, is fond of flowers. He is allowed a little nostalgic recollection of the white moss roses in the garden of his former home near Sevenoaks—the first sign of softening that he shows toward anything except blueberry pancakes with fresh cream and Wisconsin cheddar, and, of course, the practically edible pale-toast-colored, lemon-yellow-haired Mrs. Bang. Not quite the last sign, though. As he sits in his cabin on the ship that is just about to leave New York, after being greeted by his old acquaintance the purser—"an outstandingly," needless to say, "horrible man"—Roger unexpectedly is milked of a few tears at the thought of Helene. They are like tears falling from the eyes in a movie close-up. We watch them, but we cannot feel their wetness.

For all its exuberance, the book never takes one along on the wave of delight and belief that "Lucky Jim"

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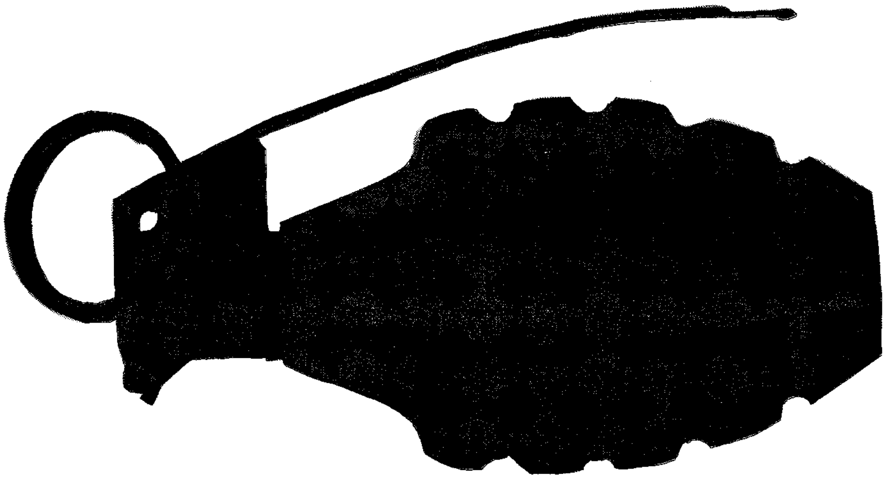

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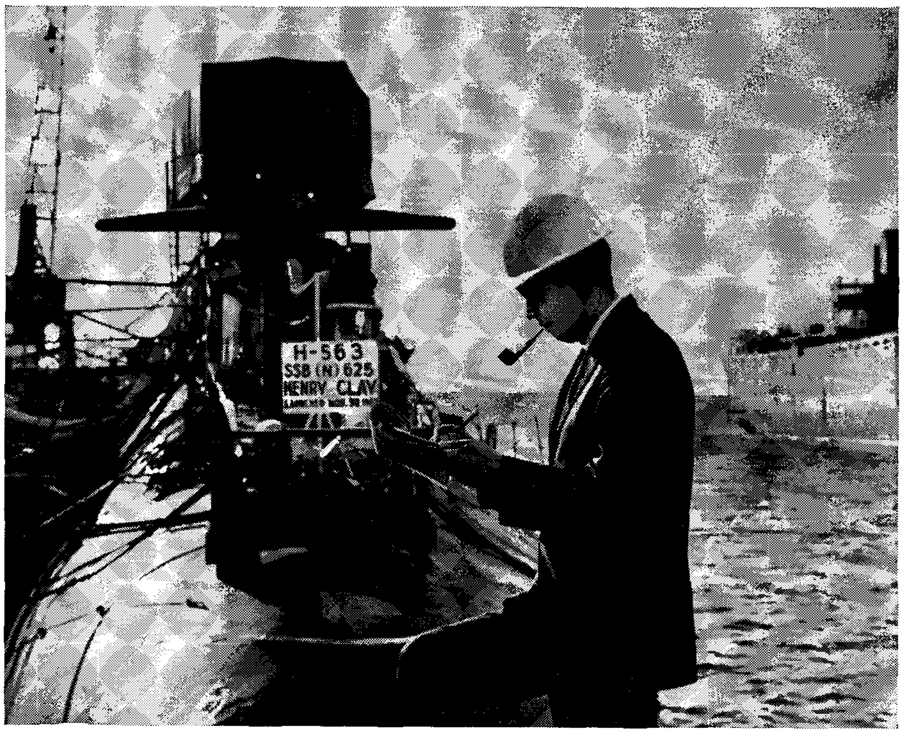

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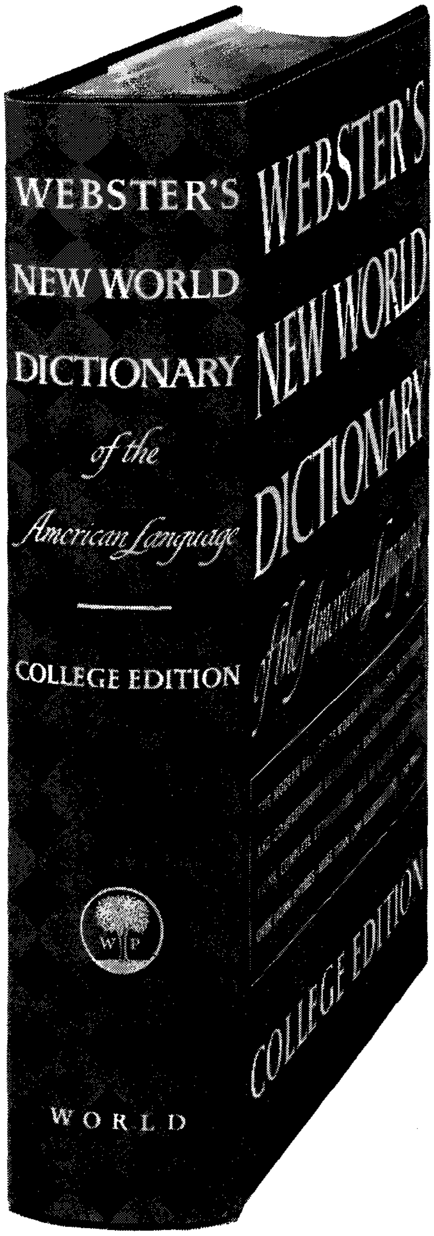

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did, and perhaps that is because large-scale destructiveness, however comic, begins to pall dreadfully if there is lacking the touch of affection that came through so endearingly in the early Amis novels. There was plenty of anger in them, too, but there was also liking. If Mr. Amis felt any liking for the hero or any of the other charmless characters in "One Fat Englishman," this particular reader did not receive the message. Roger is as hopefully lecherous as was the young Welsh librarian John Lewis in "That Uncertain Feeling," but the resemblance ends there. "That Uncertain Feeling" was a little masterpiece that told us, often tenderly as well as funnily, what it feels like to love your wife and yet find living with her in cramped quarters among babies' potties, biscuit crumbs, and unemptied teapots absolutely intolerable. There are, we are told, two Mrs. Micheldenes (one divorced, one more or less current) living somewhere in England when the fat Englishman is cast like a disgruntled whale on the American continent, yet they remain a couple of disembodied women with dated names out of *Punch*—Marigold and Pamela—whose lives with Roger are indistinct. In spite of the blueberry pancakes and the soft-shelled crabs and the quince preserve on rye bread, as well as the frequent descriptions of their consumer's shape, Roger is really oddly disembodied, too. "Why don't you go back to your island and stay there?" a fellow is goaded into asking Britain's cultural ambassador at one point. One has to hope that Mr. Amis's next set of people will turn up in the old climate of Amis country, where they move so easily and amusingly and need no descriptions to convince one that they are solid to the touch.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

NOT IN THE CALENDAR, by Margaret Kennedy (Macmillan). Margaret Kennedy always writes beautifully and with wit, and perhaps the reason her present novel is merely readable is that her heroine, Caroline Knevett, is physically too remote to be believable as a saint—a saint, that is, by Miss Kennedy's fascinating definition. That definition will not be given here—it is almost completely expressed in the character of Caroline, a woman who hates only hypocrisy and the injustice to others that is engendered by hypocrisy, and who goes through sixty-four years of life car-

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"hero" of the zaniest novel of the season. Marius was resurrected—by a Yankee—to serve as centerpiece of a Civil War Centennial celebration deep in Dixie. What happens after his exhumation is a tale to tickle everyone who is fed up to his (or her) campaign hat with the solemnities of the 100th Anniversary of the War Between the States.

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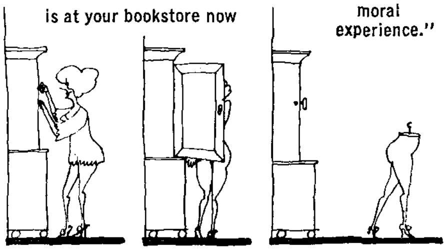

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ing nothing for the fact that in the eyes of the world she is only a well-meaning fool. The story, a leisurely one, is about English people living in England. It begins in 1883 and ends in 1938.

AN HONORABLE ESTATE, by Lane Kauffmann (Lippincott). A whipped-up account of New York City life that drifts halfheartedly around the wedding of a pretty nineteen-year-old girl and a personable twenty-two-year-old boy, both of whom are socially acceptable and financially comfy. These two, who remain so vague that it is impossible to tell whether they are naturally stupid or merely stupefied by good fortune, are surrounded by an enormous crowd of relatives, friends, acquaintances, and hangers-on, and among these Owen Hilliard, the bridegroom's father, is singled out for so much attention that he might be said to be the hero of the book. Owen—fifty, and a successful playwright who is severely disappointed in his own work—is burdened by taxes, alimony, and demanding young mistresses, and he is so out of place in this novel that if Mr. Kauffmann had not been good enough to explain his position at the beginning, we would have been quite bewildered by him. As it is, we are at a loss to understand why Mr. Kauffmann did not pull his novel together before publishing it. The time is the present.

THE HUMANIZATION OF EDDIE CEMENT, by George Deaux (Simon & Schuster). This little domestic horror story describes the predicament of a thirty-four-year-old American, Eddie Cement, who wants to be safe, and to live in safety, but also wants to be able to admire himself as a rebel against dull, mechanical society. He finds the ideal solution to his problem. He marries a dreary girl, and in the shelter of conformity provided by the wedding ceremony he rebels, spitefully, against his wife. Mr. Deaux's writing is childish but apt, and the atmosphere—of a Midwestern business community—is convincing.

GENERAL

IMPRESSIONS OF LENIN, by Angelica Balabanoff, with a foreword by Bertram D. Wolfe, translated from the Italian by Isotta Cesari (University of Michigan Press). A valuable document. Miss Balabanoff, a veteran revolutionary of Russian origin whose closest political affiliations have

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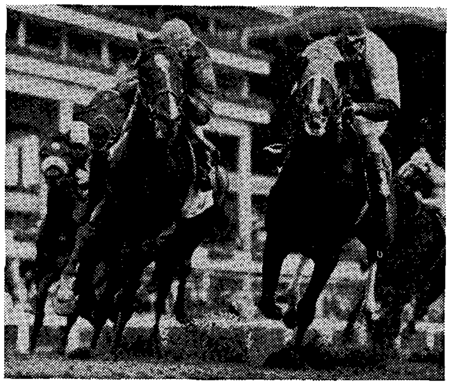

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been with the Italian Socialists, knew Lenin when he was a plotting exile and then when he was the dictator of Russia. He asked her to serve his Bolshevik state because she was multilingual, had connections with radicals all over Europe, had an entirely deserved reputation for generosity and disinterestedness—and possibly because he respected her. She gave it a try, and quickly found Russian Communism cruel and corrupt. Unlike many other disillusioned foreigners and dissident natives, who were shot, she was able to leave the Soviet Union with Lenin's permission. Perhaps his not having her killed explains a trace of kindness toward Lenin that lingers in Miss Balabanoff's memory; more likely, it is a product of her inescapable humaneness. At any rate, she is enormously convincing, because she condemns almost everything Lenin did without entirely condemning the man. As she draws him, he looks muddled and ambivalent. The book's good quick sketch of Trotsky is a bonus.

HAYES: THE DIARY OF A PRESIDENT, 1875-81, edited by T. Harry Williams (McKay). Among American Presidents, Rutherford B. Hayes has two well-known distinctions: he may have been fraudulently elected, and he served no drinks in the White House. He is, we now learn, entitled to a third: he kept a diary while President, and this is it. (Only two other Presidential diaries are known—Polk's and J. Q. Adams's.) Professor Williams points out the important problems, including reconstruction, monetary policy, and civil-service reform, that Hayes dealt with, and defines his achievements. But our trouble with Hayes lies not in what he did but in the kind of man he was—a good, sensible, self-satisfied, humorless late-Victorian worthy, of a type made most vivid to us as a character regularly teased in the plays of Bernard Shaw. Professor Williams' excellent presentation of Hayes' private mind proves that Hayes was real. The question now open is: Was he really dull or really funny?

ELIZABETHAN TASTE, by John Buxton (St. Martin's). The author, a Fellow of New College, Oxford, whose specialty is English literature, examines the arts of the English Renaissance—architecture, painting, sculpture, music, and literature—to see what the Elizabethans admired in such achievements of theirs as the

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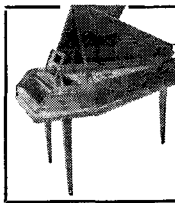

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Countess of Shrewsbury's country house, Hardwick Hall, and Sir Philip Sidney's sonnet sequence "Astrophel and Stella." The book makes a considerable contribution to one's understanding of a wonderful age, and, in addition, has the ability to extend our appreciation of some great works. Mr. Buxton writes with the eager, confident all-round learning of a latter-day Renaissance man.

THE GREAT INTERLUDE, by Francis Russell (McGraw-Hill). Twelve essays on certain public phenomena that enlivened the boyhood and adolescence of a Bostonian who came of age in 1931. The subjects are extremely varied (Boss Jim Curley, the 1918 influenza epidemic, the Boston police strike, the enigma of Warren G. Harding, Carlo Tresca), but each has sufficient place in Mr. Russell's experience to give his book something of the quality of a memoir. It might be added that one of the essays—"Sheiks and Shebas, Dance No More: The World of John Held, Jr."—is a period piece of extraordinary poignance.

ARTIFACTS, by Henry Hodges (Praeger). A book written for archeologists but actually most delightful and useful for anyone. The information ranges from the very simple (bronze is copper and tin, brass is copper and zinc) to the very complex (how beta-ray backscatter shows the presence of lead in glass). Mr. Hodges gives a table of the melting points of metals, explains the technical terms of masonry, lists the properties of different woods as both timber and fuel, identifies various weaves, lists and dates the artificial dyes invented since 1700—in short, does everything to make a complete handbook of materials and methods. With fifty diagrams by the author and a bibliography.

NOTE: Anthony Lewis's account of the precedent-setting case of Gideon v. Wainwright has been published by Random House under the title "Gideon's Trumpet." A shorter version recently appeared in this magazine as a three-part article.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

TO HIDE A ROGUE, by Thomas Walsh (Simon & Schuster). This is a truly exciting thriller about a cold-blooded but entirely rational plot to extort twenty thousand dollars from a New York City subway employees' union. It is equipped with a highly intelligent (though, of course, doomed) villain, a painfully credible Irish slob

buy him his life... he needs you!

NGUYEN VAN NHO, VIETNAMESE, AGE 9. Second oldest of four children. Father TB. Unable to work. Mother day laborer. Broke arm but continued working. Earns 41¢ a day. Insufficient to care for sick husband and children. Live in hut. Palm leaf roof, bamboo walls, beaten earth floor. Only furniture one camp cot, one bamboo bed. Parents desperately concerned for children's welfare. Help to Van Nho means help and hope to entire family.

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Warts and All

When Oliver Cromwell was having his portrait painted by Sir Peter Lely, he commanded the artist to paint him as he was, "warts and all." The phrase has become the classic way of describing dispassionate realism, realism without fear or favor.

Like Cromwell, the staff of our Research Department long ago adopted a warts-and-all approach to its work. Research attempts as far as possible to be at once well-informed and objective, to discuss both pros and cons about companies and securities – in short, to call a spade a spade.

The same applies to portfolio reviews done at the request of investors who want an opinion on whether their holdings are in line with their objectives. In short, our Research people do their best to learn the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth about company operations and prospects and then make their findings available to investors on request.

If you'd like a sample of Research's warts-and-all view of the stock market, ask for a free copy of our new quarterly *"Guide for Investors."* It's brief – just four pages long – brisk, and straight to the point. Why not see for yourself?

MEMBERS N. Y. STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES

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of a subway policeman, and much excellent subterranean atmosphere.

DEATH'S FOOT FORWARD, by George B. Mair (Random House). A swinish Russian scientist has developed a strain of bacteria capable of turning an entire population into good-natured lackeys. Fortunately, however, NATO gets wind of this nasty business in time to alert its top security agent—Dr. David Grant, an English ironclad who has intuitions that approach second sight—and send him off to Moscow, where, after stealing the heart of a Bolshoi ballerina, he tackles the scientist in his Kremlin lair. A silly story but a lively one, and the deaths—by knife, strangulation, poison, drowning, bullet, rocket, blackjack, and nerve gas—are satisfactorily numerous.

THE FIEND, by Margaret Millar (Random House). This book takes its title from the protagonist, a troubled young man who is on record as having a passion for little girls. The plot involves a nine-year-old tomboy who catches his eye, the losing struggle he wages to put her out of his mind, and her sudden midnight disappearance. It is also a cheat and a fraud. Mrs. Millar grows to like her tortured fiend so much that she impulsively turns him into a hero, and then, for good measure, gives him a retroactive whitewashing. The scene is a small city in southern California.

•

"We were jammed from the time the sale started until the doors closed at midnight," announced a Walgreen executive. "People were driving round the parking lot waiting for empty spaces. While they waited they ran across most of their neighbors!"—*Deerfield (Ill.) Star.*

A real chromium free-for-all.

•

What kind of a woman are you, anyway?
Dare to wear feathers in place of fur? Fly your own plane? Take off for Hong Kong? You're adventurous. And have we got an adventure for you! Lawry's Spaghetti Sauce Mix.—*Adv. in McCall's.*

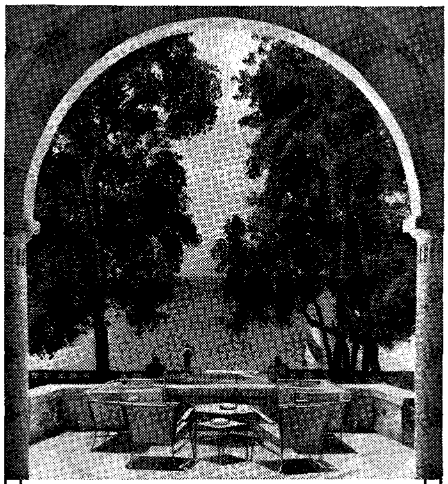
Throw it aboard our Grumman. We're leaving for Medicine Hat.

•

UH HUH DEPARTMENT

[*From the Charles Town (W. Va.) Spirit of Jefferson-Farmers Advocate*]

Something new has been added at the Blakeley Bank and Trust Company in Ranson. A huge and attractive neon sign designed in keeping with the Colonial style of the building was installed last week in a grass plot near the main entrance to the bank.



SANDY LANE HOTEL
in BALMY BARBADOS

On a 380-acre estate with 1000 feet of beach, this gracious modern hotel enjoys the cool Caribbean trade winds all year long. All bedrooms face the sea... water skiing, sailing... deep sea fishing available... 2 all-weather tennis courts, golf... dancing, 2 air-conditioned restaurants. See Your Travel Agent or Robert F. Warner, Inc., New York/Boston/Chicago/Washington/Miami/Toronto.

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BARBADOS, WEST INDIES
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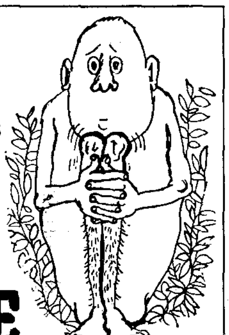

"The weekender sometimes tracks down and clutches to his heart the elusive feeling of fun. Only sometimes."

—from THE WEEKENDERS

By MAX GUNTHER, co-author of *The Split-level Trap.* His new book hilariously explores the ritualistic phenomenon we call the weekend—and that strange breed of animal, the weekender. Drawings by *Susan Perl.*

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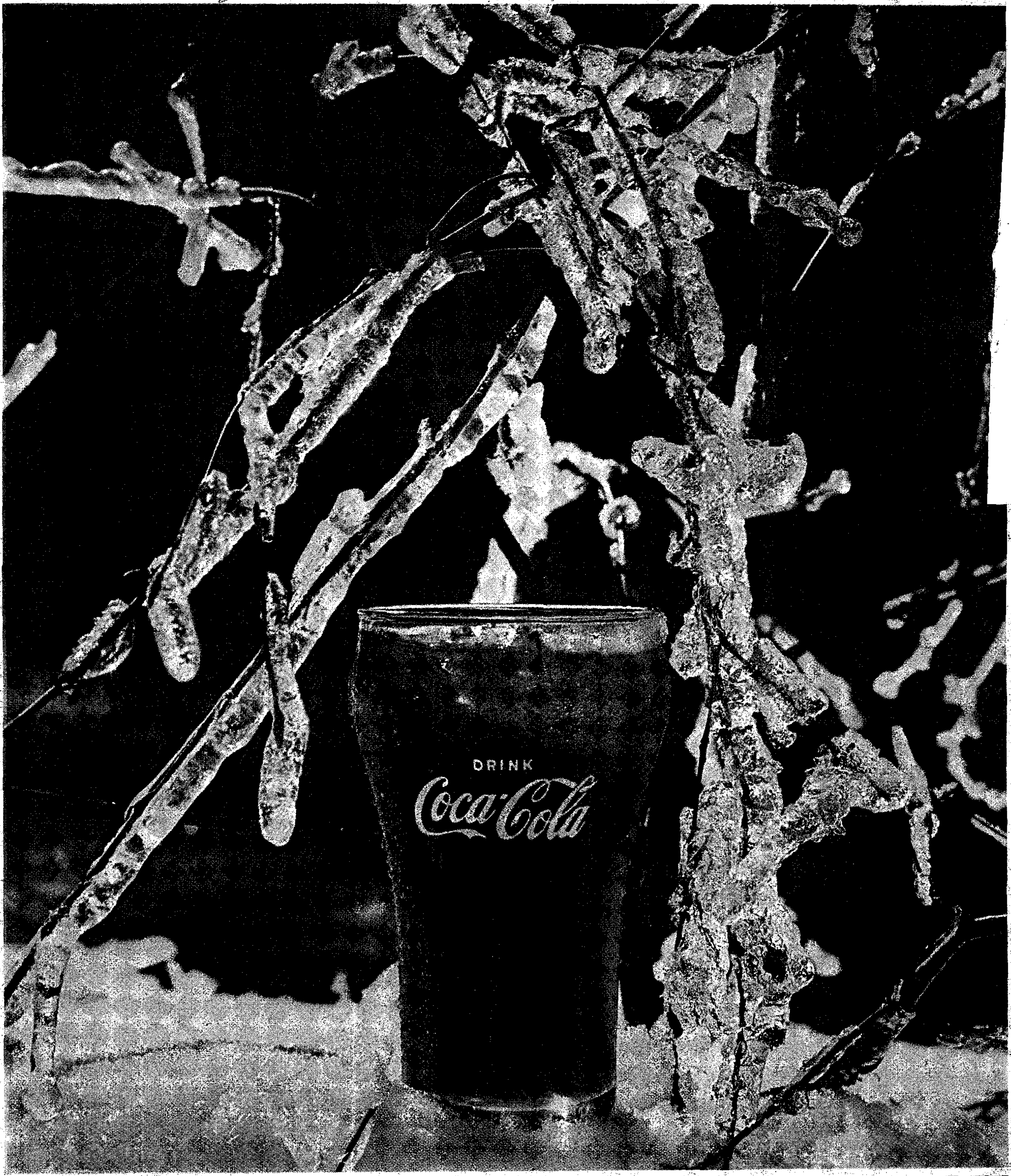

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